The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

VOL. XXVIII---NO. 68. SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1888. PRICE TWO CENTS

Twenty - Five!

25. 25.

Twenty - Five!

25, 25

Different -:- Kinds

—OF—

CORSETS!

TO SELECT FROM AT

GEORGE DEWALD

AND

COMPANY.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Bids will be received by the chairman of the building committee of the St. Paul German Lutheran congregation. March 24th, at 4 o'clock p. m., at the architects' office. and be opened on the 25th inst., at 2:30 p. m., in the congregational meeting for the building of a brick church according to plans and specifications that may be seen at the office of Wing & Mahurin, architects, No. 27 Calhoun street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

6-10-13-t3 BUILDING COMMITTEE.

Window Draperies,

Baby Carriages,

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Carpets,

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Lamps!

The above are six lines of goods in which we are, doubtless, the largest dealers in the state.

The Assortment we show, the Designs and Quality of the goods, and the Prices at which we sell, Cannot be Beaten, even in the largest cities of the country.

The rapid extension of our business is the best indication you can have that when you want any of the above lines of goods, your interests will be best and most satisfactorily served by making your purchases at one of our establishments. We are now shipping goods into nearly every county in the state.

Where bills amount to $25 and upward, we pay the frieight to surrounding towns and make no charges for packing and shipping.

Foster Furniture Co.

Fort Wayne, Lafayette and

Terre Haute.

THE DEAD EMPEROR.

The Preparations Regarding the Funeral —The New Emperor on His Way to Berlin.

BERLIN, March 10.—Regarding the funeral and other ceremonies of the late emperor nothing has been settled yet, as it all depends upon the orders of the new emperor. The will will not be opened before the emperor's arrival here, but it has transpired that Emperor William expressed a wish that the funeral should be without any pomp.

SAN REMO, March 10.—Emperor Frederick III passed a good night last night. He feels extremely well. He drove to the station at 9 this morning, accompanied by Empress Victoria, to take the special train in waiting to convey him to Berlin. The largest crowd ever seen in San Remo gathered to witness his departure. The new emperor was enthusiastically cheered by the crowd and he repeatedly bowed his acknowledgements of their greeting.

BERLIN, March 10.—The body of Emperor William has been embalmed and now lies in the state hall of the palace. The weather is warm and favorable for a return of Emperor Frederick from San Remo.

PARIS, March 10.—With a few exceptions, which meet with general contempt, both newspapers and the citizens here have done themselves credit by the dignity with which they received the news and the moderation with which they judge the death of the emperor. There is a further feeling of satisfaction in seeing the crown prince ascend the throne, whose heroic sufferings have mede him an object of interest even to his adversaries.

BERLIN, March 10.—Before the reichstag opened to-day, Bundesrath met Prince Bismarck and, with great emotion, alluded to the death of the emperor in terms similar to those which he used in the reichstag yesterday.

He specially confirmed his statements made yesterday in regard to the emperor's dying allusions to Russia and Austria. He said that the new emperor, like his late father, would take as his guiding principle the conscientious maintenance of the constitution of the empire and the treaties on which it is based, and in which Emperor Frederick will count upon the co-operation of his allies.

The funeral services were held over the remains of Emperor William in the mortuary chamber in the palace last evening. The chamber was profusely decorated with flowers. The dowager, Empress Augusta, the grand duke and grand duchess of Baden, the crown prince and crown princess of Sweden and other royal personages attended the services.

The body of the emperor lay in the same position which the monarch occupied when he expired. A crucifix lay upon his breast and an ivory cross was in his right hand.

After services at the palace the body of the emperor will lie in state at the cathedral.

DEMOCRATIC LEAGUE.

The Democratic Association of the Northwest Meets for Organization.

CHICAGO, March 10.—For the purpose of co-operating in the coming campaign the Democratic association of the Northwest was organized by the chairmen of the northwestern democratic state central committees here. The states that are to be members are Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas. The head-quarters of the association are to be in Chicago The president, secretary and treasurer, with two other members, shall constitute the executive committee.

I. M. Weston, of Michigan, was made president, and Mr. Mize, of Illinois, secretary and treasurer. The additional members of the executive committee are Messrs. Edward H. Hunter, of Iowa, and Ellis B. Usher, of Wisconsin. Adjournment was taken until March 16th.

The business of the association will be to prepare and distribute campaign documents, besides such other work as may be deemed necessary.

Those present from abroad were interviewed on their presidential preferences. All were for Cleveland. Some of them favored General Black for the vice presidential nomination, while others had no preferences.

SWITCHED.

Ordinance to Devote Proceeds of Whisky Tax Killed.

ATLANTA, Ga., March 10.—At the last meeting of city council an ordinance was passed appropriating one-fourth of the revenue from whisky and beer licenses over and above $30,000 to the purchase of free school books for school children. The ordinance was adopted by a strictly party vote, the anti-prohibitionists favoring it, while the prohibitionists opposed it. It was evident that the antis wanted to fix things so there could be no hope for the prohibs in the future by placing them in the attitude of attacking the school fund. To-day the board of alderman had a stormy session, the result of which was that the ordinance was killed.

Miss Krudopp has resumed her millinery and fancy store to 27 West Main street, where she will be glad to meet all her old customers. She is selling goods at the lowest prices.

KIDNAPPED.

The Young Daughter of an Ohio Lawyer is Stolen For the Purpose of Getting Extortion Money.

NEW YORK, March 10.—Six weeks ago Leslie McCune, the ten-year-old daughter of Mrs. Libbie McCune, was forcibly taken by her mother from a school at Ironton, Ohio. On Thursday the child was kidnapped in broad daylight from in front of her mother's residence, 140 East Twelfth street, in this city.

Mrs. McCune is almost heart-broken, and has implored Inspector Byrnes and other police officials to recover the child for her. Mrs. McCune is the widow of Walter S. McCune, a distinguished Ohio lawyer, whom she married twelve years ago. The girl, Leslie is their only offspring.

Mrs. McCune thinks the child has been abducted by a detective named Leslie for the purpose of extorting money from her, or securing a reward from the child's grandmother. Mrs. McCune thinks the little girl is either kept a prisoner in this city or on the way to Ohio.

LIKE A NOVEL.

Contest of a Will Involving a Valuable Estate.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 10.—A young girl's contest for an estate of $150,000 will come up in the probate court here Monday. The facts in the case are as romantic as the incidents in a novel. Carolina C. Sankey, eighteen years old contests the will of her adopted father, Samuel Sankey, who disinherited her just before his death. She was the daughter of a Pennsylvania farmer, and when six years old her parents died. Samuel Sankey, who was eccentric and childless, and who was on a visit to his relatives, was greatly pleased with the child and wanted to adopt her, but the relatives objected.

Then he tried to abduct her, but was caught. Finally he secured letters of adoption and came out to his home with little Carrie. He gave her a good education, but he was extremely penurious and at last grew so harsh in his treatment that Carrie had him arrested for beating her. He was convicted and fined $40.

At this time his wife died, and he became still more brutal to Carrie, so that she left his house and went to live with a neighbor. Sankey then went east, and died in Illinois at the home of his brother. Just prior to his death he made a will disinheriting Carrie, and in a codicil executed on his death-bed he left $40 to her to buy a grave stone.

The relatives of Sankey in Illinois, Michigan and Pennsylvania wrote letters to Carrie urging her not to contest the will but to accept her father's share, which would be one ninth of the estate. Her guardian, however, began a contest to the probate of the will in Chicago and was successful. The relatives carried the fight to Pennsylvania, where they claimed the adoption was illegal, because Sankey was not a resident of the state. On this ground they were knocked out and the fight was transferred to this city, with the chances decidedly in favor of the girl.

CONDUCTOR HAYWOOD.

Death of the Hero Who Rescued Alice Fischer, of the Mayo Party, from Death.

LAFAYETTE, March 10.—A man to whom Miss Alice Fischer, an actress of fame and the pride of Indiana, owes her life died here yesterday at 8:37 a. m. His name is William B. Haywood, for nine years a trusted passenger conductor on the Lake Erie and Western railroad. While at the Tippecanoe club room Sunday night a small blood vesel burst on his right temple. He became unconscious, and paralysis of the entire right side followed.

The cause of his death is traced to injuries received some time ago by the wrecking of his train near Lima, Ohio. The Frank Mayo "Nordeck" party were passengers. When the ladies' car overturned Miss Alice Fischer, who sat near the stove, became fastened between two seats. Hot coals from the overtured stove threatened her with a terrible death, but she could not move her foot. Conductor Haywood rescued her. In this effort and while assisting others, he was severely burned and bruised.

He was a Knight Templar, a member of the Order of Railway Conductors, and a member of the Sons of Veteran Camp at Bloomington, Ill. A widow and three small children survive him. He was thirty-eight years old, and a general favorite. The remains were taken to his birthplace, Leoni, Mich., this afternoon for interment.

Weekly Bank Statement.

NEW YORK, March 10.—The weekly bank statement is as follows: Reserve, decrease, $1,257,400; loans, increase, $1,896,300; specie, decrease, $917,400; legal tenders decrease, $187,000, deposits increase, $603,400; circulation, increase, $30,000. Banks now hold $11,492,300 in excess of 25 per cent. rule.

Two little boys, whose homes are on Gay street, got lost this morning on Broadway and were taken to their homes by Officer Patton. The little fellows had wandered away from home and were in great trouble when found on Broadway.

THE SLUGGERS MEET

The Fight Between Sullivan and Mitchell Results in a Draw After Thirty-nine Rounds.

CHANTILLY, March 10.—The fight between Sullivan and Mitchell resulted in a draw after thirty-nine rounds had been fought. The time was three hours and eleven minutes. Mitchell improved at the finish, but the referee declared it a draw. The fight was a desperate one, and both received fearful black eyes.

THE LOYAL LEADERS.

Meeting of the Democratic County Central Committee---The Convention June 23d.

At 1:30 this afternoon Hon. Charles McCulloch, the chairman, called the democratic county central committee to order, with Mr. H. C. Rockhill at the secretary's desk.

Mr. McCulloch briefly addressed the convention, impressing them with the importance of the elections this year and the need of union, harmony and good will. He urged that the democrats look carefully to the township elections and see to it that the victories remain within the party lines. He dwelt with eloquent [illegible] on the mission of the democratic party, the grandeur of its achievements and the glorious nature of its possibilities. He paid a handsome compliment to President Cleveland, characterizing his administration as one of the ablest, cleanest and brillant in the history of the nation. It was a magnificent addr[illegible]e speaker was fequently applau[illegible] The name of Mr. Cleveland was enthusiastically cheered and the best of feeling prevailed.

The roll call showed every township and ward precinct represented.

The delegates to the state convention were ordered to be chosen at the various township primaries.

The date of the county convention was fixed for June 23, the delegates to be elected the previous evening.

The fixing of the dates for the election of delegates to the Twelfth district congressional convention, the joint senatorial convention and the joint representative convention were left to the chairman to arrange in accordance with the dates of the said conventions.

After apportioning delegates to the county convention, as previously fixed, it was again announced and endorsed, giving Wayne township and the city seventy delegates and the county outside of the city and Wayne township 113 delegates, leaving the county precincts a handsome balance of power.

The committee voted hearty thanks to Chairman McCulloch and adjourned.

THE "Q." STRIKE.

The Attitude Taken by the Engineers at Topeka, Kan.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., March 10.—Last night the engineers and firemen on the Athison, Topeka and Santa Fe road at Topeka, Kan., through their general grievance committee, notified the manager at that point that if they persisted in violating their pledge of non-intercourse with the Burlington road that at 12:05 a. m. Sunday they would leave their engines in a body.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 10.—Postmaster General Dickinson has directed General Superintendent Nash, of the railway mail service, to proceed at once to Chicago, there to remain during the present railroad trouble.

KANSAS CITY, March 10.—Sixty members of the Switchmen's union have left their posts and refuse to work with Burlington engineers.

CHICAGO, March 10.—The yards of the Fort Wayne road at Sixteenth street are blockaded, and still the Burlington road persists in sending them freight. The switchmen refused to handle the forty cars sent them Thursday. The officials of the Fort Wayne road have been notified of the state of affairs.

NEW SWINDLE.

Citizens of Southern States Caught for Big Sums of Money by a Trick.

ATLANTA, Ga., March 10.—Some time ago E. T. Loomis came to Atlanta and started the Loomis National Library association The object of the association was to aid its members, each of whom paid $9.75 for membership, to purchase books, furniture and other articles at reduced cost.

Loomis sold the states of Georgia, Alabama and South Carolina to C. O. Wynn, of Milner, Ga., the consideration being $10,000, $1,800 of which was paid. A few days ago Loomis disappeared. Wynn swore out a warrant charging him with cheating and swindling. The matter was kept quiet, and Wynn succeeded in recovering his money, but agents throughout Georgia and Alabama are left in the lurch. Loomis' whereabouts are unknown.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, March 10.—Wheat, weaker, at 75 9-16c. Corn, easy, at 48¼c. Oats, steady; May, 31 5-16c. Rye, 62c May. Prime timothy, $2.53@2 55. Flaxseed, $1.45. Whisky, $1.15. Pork, steady, at $14.05. Lard, steady, at $7.65 May. Short ribs, $7.27½.

POPE LEO XIII.

The Illness of the Great Head of the Catholic Church Causes Apprehension.

ROME, March 10.—The pope has been slightly indisposed for the past two days. No serious symptoms have manifested themselves, but a certain degree of apprehension exists in consideration of his age and lassitude. It was caused by the exertions he was subjected to during the jubilee festivities.

IN HER STOMACH.

A Young Lady Vomits Up a Crawfish Which Was in Her Stomach For Three Years.

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio, March 10.—An extraordinary story is made public here. For three years a daughter of Mr. Joe Hicks has suffered great pain in the stomach. As time went on she grew weaker and weaker, and consumption was feared. From the nature of the pain the young lady became convinced that there was some reptile in her stomach. At times she could feel it crawling around in her stomach.

The doctors doubted that this could be the fact at first, but finally decided to administer powerful cathartics. This was done, and for a day Miss Hicks felt the creature crawling in her stomach, and suffered great pain. On examination of the fecal matter passed, a well-developed crawfish was found, which showed signs of having been recently alive. Miss Hicks believes she swallowed the creature when small while drinking at a spring three years ago.

WESTERN JUSTICE.

Three Men Burned Out of their Log Cabin and Shot by a Mob of Cow Boys.

CHICAGO, March 10.—A dispatch from Wichita, Kan., says: Three men living in Indian Territory—Julius Quinn, Wm. Antwerp and Joseph Gearge—were burned out of a log cabin Sunday night and shot down by a mob of cow boys concealed in the underbrush. The murdered men recently went to the western part of the territory and took up a site for a claim on Rabbit Ear creek, which they expected to make entry upon when the territory is opened for settlement. The land they squatted upon was in the range of a cattleman, George H. Delaney. Delaney tried many ways to get the squatters to leave the country, but failed. People in that vicinity charge Delaney's men with complicity in the murder.

INTO DEATH'S DARK VALLEY.

The Grim Reaper Continues the Call and Adds New Names to the List.

The following deaths have been reported to the city undertakers during the week:

Theresa Delagrange, 80 years, old age.

Thomas Smead, 45 years, consumtion.

Child of Jeff Toler, 1 day, exhaustion.

Hedwig Toutreck, 10 months, spasms.

William H. Gaffney, 18 years, lung fever.

Frank Lerrh, 8 years, typhoid pneumonia.

William Crotts, 2 months, exhaustion.

Roman Ehinger; 52 years, dropsy.

August Diederjohn, 28 years, consumption.

Samuel C. Freeman, 75 years, Bright's disease.

Walter G. Archer, 2 years, bronchitis.

Catherine McGuire, 11 years, inflammation of the bowels.

James Wright, 52 years, liver complaint.

Spencer Teagarden, 9 months, diphtheria.

Cleveland Teagarden, 3 years, diphtheria

Herman Lange, 16 days, liver disease.

Ann Reilley, 77 years, paralysis.

Viola Peterman, 1½ years, inflammation of the bowels.

Edward Freese, 2 years, bronchitis.

Chas. Bierman, 3 years, lung fever.

Chas. Gerken, 2 months, cramps.

Sarah A. Williams, 59 years, spinal meningitis.

Nathanie[illegible]ingel, 24 years, consumption.

Henry F. Stellhorn, 5 years, croup.

Diederich Humcke, 1 month, spasms.

Wm. Bierman, 4½ years, measles.

Neuralgia, rheumatism, erysipelas, tumors, swellings, sore throat, toothache and all other pains and aches are promptly cured by Salvation Oil. Price twenty-five cents. Sold everywhere.

C 1-4 Off—Till we move March 20th, being below cost.

21eod-tf SAM, PETE & MAX.

Foreign.

TANGIER, March 10.—The United States war ship, Enterprise, carrying six guns, has arrived here. The captain demands the immediate release of the Moor, who is under American protection and who is imprisoned at Rabat. He also demands satisfaction from the Moorish governmen for the man's illegal arrest.

C 1-4 Off—Till we move March 20th, being below cost.

21-eod-tf SAM, PETE & MAX.

BATTLING FOR GOD!

His Champions Stand on the Outer Wall and Do Valiant Service for Their High King.

Services and Sabbath school at the First Presbyterian church, at the usual hours.

Services at the Church of God Sunday evening at 7:30, by Rev. Jones. Sunday school at 9:15 a. m. No services in the morning.

Simpson M. E. church, C. H. Wilkinson, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Mr. Hayes, of the Y. M. C. A. will preach in the evening. Sabbath schoot 2:30 p. m.

"The Redemptive Scheme" is the subject of the morning at the Trinity M. E. church, north side. Sunday school, at 2:30 p. m. Services as usual at 7:30 p. m. L. H. Murlin, pastor.

St. Paul's M. E. church, Rev. Cooper, pastor. Preaching to-morrow at 10:30 a m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 in the afternoon. The public is most cordially invited to attend.

Pulpit theme at the Grace church, East Washington street: At 10:30 a. m., "The Covenant of Grace," At 7:30 p. m., "The Person of Christ." Come and welcome. T. J. Bacher, pastor.

Services at the Free Methodist church, East Creighton avenue, near Thomas street, every Sunday. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. John Harden, pastor.

The usual services for men only will be held at the roooms of the R. R. Y. M. C. A., Sunday afternoon, at 2:30, standard time. Good singing, good music and short talks. All men are cordially invited.

Services at the Evangelical church, corner of Clinton and Holman streets, at the usual hours. Sunday school, at 2:30 p. m. German at morning service and English in the evening. Rev. Miller, pastor.

Preaching at the Nebraska Mission, corner of Boon and Fry streets, to-morrow, at 10:30 a. m. by Rev. J. Miller, jr. Sabbath school at 3 p. m. At the close of the school, Rev. E. Counsellor will preach. Welcome to all.

Berry Street M. E. church, Rev. D. C. Woolpert, pastor. Public services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30. Morning theme, "The Transfiguration." Evening theme, "The Seeker Sought." Sunday school at 2:15 p. m. All invited.

Congregational church, corner of Washington and Fulton streets. The pastor will be assisted in both morning and evening services by Rev. Theo. Y. Gardner, of Elyria, Ohio. A cordial welcome to all. J. C. Cromer, pastor.

Services at the Second Presbyterian church, to-morrow, at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, at 9:30 a. m. J. M. Fulton, pastor. In the evening, the fourth lecture on "Pilgrim's Progress" will be given. All invited.

Preaching at the Wayne Street M. E. church to-morrow: At 10:30 a. m.; subject, "Christians God's Temples." Sunday school, at 2 p. m. Preaching, at 7:30 p. m., theme, "A Well in the Wilderness." Welcome. F. G. Browne, pastor.

Services at the Third Presbyterian church to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Rev. David Kennedy, pastor. Morning theme: "The Americans Choose a Leader in the Advance of Christ's Kingdom." Evening: "The Query box." All welcome.

Thrice welcome to strangers and citizens. Those who are not members of any church are kindly urged to attend the 7:30 service. Free seats and good music and no long sermon. Come promptly and secure a seat at the Baptist church.

Christian church, corner Jefferson and Griffith streets, preaching by the pastor, M. L. Blaney: At 10:30 a. m., subject, "What Have We Done and What are We Going to Do?" 7:30 p. m., subject, "The Baptism That Saves." Sunday school, at 9:15 a. m.

Quarterly meeting at the First U. B. church, on East Lewis street, this evening at 7:30. Preaching to-morrow at 10:45 a. m. and 7 p. m. by Rev. E. Counseller, presiding elder. Following the evening sermon, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated. Come and welcome.

C 1-4 Off—Our superb stock of clothing, etc., at less than cost.

21eod-tf SAM, PETE & MAX.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—Indiana: Warmer, with light rain or snow, followed by colder, fair weather.

C 1-4 Off—Till we move March 20th, being below cost.

SAM, PETE & MAX.

Fruits Lower.

Valencia Oranges, doz. 20c.
California Oranges, doz. 45c.
Choice Lemons, doz. 25c.
Malaga Grapes, pound 18c.

FRUIT HOUSE.

Dr. G. P. Barnum, the East Columbia street livery stable man, is letting funeral hacks for $2.50 and they are the finest vehicles in the city. Call on or telephone No. 48. 9-6t

Fresh Vegetables.

New Cabbage, pound 4c.
Fresh Lettuce, quarter pound 7c.
Radishes, bunch 4c.
Onions, bunch 2½c.
Spinach, peck 35c.

FRUIT HOUSE.

LIBBY PRISON.

Story of the Escape of 109 Union Officers from the Famous Bastile.

One of the Most Remarkable Incidents of the War of the Rebellion.

How the Work of Constructing the Celebrated Tunnel Was Conceived and Executed.

An Engineering Blunder Came Near Defeating the Whole Plan of Escape.

BY GEN. HARRISON C. HOBART.

THE battles of Chickamauga were fought on the 19th and 20th of September, 1863; the Twenty-first Wisconsin, which I then commanded, formed a part of Thomas' memorable line, and fought through the battles of Saturday and Sunday. At the close of the second day the tide of battle was turning against us. To avoid a flank movement our brigade was ordered to leave the breastworks and fall back to a second position, where only a few men were rallied. Being the ranking officer among those who rallied, I directed the men to cut their way through to our retreating line. I was on the left of this movement to the rear, and, to avoid the approach of horsemen, rapidly passed to the left, through a dense cluster of small pines, and instantly found myself in the immediate front of a rebel line of infantry. I halted, being dismounted, and an officer advanced and offered his hand, saying that he was glad to see me, and proposed to introduce me to his commander, General Cleburne. I replied that I was not particularly glad to see him, but, under the circumstances, should not decline the invitation.

It was now after sun-down, and the last guns of the terrible battle of Chickamauga were dying away along the hills of Mission Ridge. A large number of prisoners of war were soon gathered and marched to the enemy's rear, across the Chickamauga. Here we witnessed the fearful results of the battle. The ground strewed with the dead and wounded, the shattered fragments of transportation, and a general demoralization among the forces, told the fear-

LIBBY PRISON.

ful price which the enemy had paid for their victory. More than 1,500 soldiers, prisoners of war, camped by a large spring to pass the remainder of a cold night, some without blankets or overcoats, and all without provisions.

The next day we marched thirty miles to Tunnel Hill, where we obtained our first rations from the enemy. On the march our only food was from a field of green sorghum. At Tunnel Hill we took box-cars for Atlanta, and were marched to an open field outside the city.

The next morning we were ordered to take the cars and proceed on our way to Richmond.

On the last day of September, after traveling more than eight hundred miles from the battle-field of Chickamauga, we arrived at Richmond, and the officers of the Cumberland army, to the number of about two hundred and fifty, were marched to Libby Prison. This building has a front of about 140 feet, with a depth of about 185. There are nine rooms, each 102 feet long by 45 wide. The height of the ceiling from the floor is about seven feet. The building is divided into three apartments by brick walls, and there is a basement below. On entering the prison everything of value was taken from us. We saved some money by sewing it in the seams of our clothes before reaching Richmond. The whole number of officers of the army and navy in prison at this time was about 1,100—all having access to each other, except those in the hospital. There were no beds or chairs, and all slept on the floor. I shared a horse blanket with Surgeon Dixon, of Wisconsin, which was the only bedding we had for some time. Our bread was made of unbolted corn, and was cold and clammy. We were sometimes furnished with fresh beef, corn beef, and sometimes with rice and vegetable soup. At one time we had no meat for nine days. There was no glass in the windows. Everything was overrun with vermin. Officers were permitted to write home three times a week. Everything was resorted to to kill time. We played chess, cards, opened a theater, organized a band of minstrels, delivered lectures, established schools for teaching dancing, singing, the French language and military tactics, read books, published a manuscript newspaper, held debates. Our sick were removed to the room set apart, on the ground floor, for a hospital; and, when one died, he was put in a box of rough boards, placed in an open wagon and rapidly driven away over the stony streets.

Many schemes of escape were devised. One was for a few persons at a time to put on the dress of a citizen, and attempt to pass the guard as visitors. A few actually recovered their liberty in this manner. Another plan was to dig a tunnel into the city sewer, which was understood to pass under the street in front of the prison, and escape through that to the river. This project might have succeeded had not the water interfered. The final and successful plan was as follows:

On the ground floor of the building, on a level with the street, was a kitchen containing a fire-place, at a stove con-

GEN. HOBART 1862.

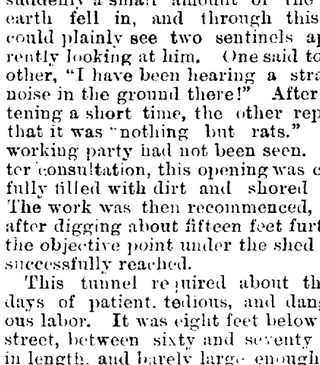
nected with which the prisoners inhabiting the rooms above did their cooking. Beneath this floor was a basement, one of the rooms in which was used as a store room. This store room was under the hospital and next to the street, and though not directly under the kitchen, was so located that it was possible to reach it by digging downward and rearward through the masonry work of the chimney. From this basement room it was proposed to construct a tunnel under the street to a point beneath a shed, connected with a brick block upon the opposite side, and from this place to pass into the street in the guise of citizens. A knowledge of this plan was confided to about twenty-five, and nothing was known of the proceedings by the others until two or three days before the escape.

A table knife, chisel, and spittoon were secured for working tools when operations commenced. Sufficient of the masonry was removed from the fire place to admit the passage of a man through a diagonal cut to the storeroom below; and an excavation was then made through the foundation wall toward the street, and the construction of the tunnel proceeded night by night. But two persons could work at the same time. One would enter the hole with his tools and a small tallow candle, dragging the spittoon after him attached to a string. The other would fan air into the passage with his hat, and with another string would draw out the novel dirt car when loaded, concealing its contents beneath the straw and rubbish in the cellar.

Each morning before daylight the working party returned to their rooms, after carefully closing the mouth of the tunnel and skillfully replacing the bricks in the chimney. An error occurred during the prosecution of this work that nearly proved fatal to the enterprise. After a sufficient distance was supposed to have been made, an excavation was commenced to reach the top of the ground. The person working carefully felt his way upward, when suddenly a small amount of the top earth fell in, and through this he could plainly see two sentinels apparently looking at him. One said to the other, "I have been hearing a strange noise in the ground there!" After listening a short time, the other replied that it was "nothing but rats." The working party had not been seen. After consultation, this opening was carefully filled with dirt and shored up. The work was then recommenced, and after digging about fifteen feet further the objective point under the shed was successfully reached.

This tunnel required about thirty days of patient, tedious, and dangerous labor. It was eight feet below the street, between sixty and seventy feet in length, and barely large enough for a full-grown person to crawl through, by pulling and pushing himself along with his hands and feet. Among the officers entitled to merit in the execution of this work Col. T. E. Rose, of Pennsylvania, deserves particular mention.

When all was complete the company was organized into two parties—the first under the charge of Major McDonald, of Ohio, and the second was placed under my direction. The parties having provided themselves with citizens' clothing, which had at different times been sent to the prison by friends in the North, and having filled their pockets with bread and dried meat from their boxes, commenced their escape about 7 p. m. Feb. 9, 1864, Major McDonald's party leaving first. In order to distract the attention of the guard a dancing party with music was extemporized in the same room. As each one had to pass out in the immediate presence of these Confederate soldiers, when he stepped into the streets from outside the line, and as the guard were under orders to fire upon a prisoner escaping without even calling upon him to halt, the first men who descended wore that quiet gloom so often seen in the army before going into battle. It was a living drama; dancing in one part of the room, dark shadows



GEN. HOBART 1888.

disappearing through the chimney in another part, and the same shadows reappearing on the opposite walk, and the sentinel at his post, with a voice that rang out upon the evening air, announcing: "8 o'clock, post No. 1," and "All is well!" and at the same time a Yankee soldier was passing in his front and a line of Yankee soldiers were crawling under his feet. The passage was so small that the process of departure was necessarily slow; a few inches of progress only being made at each effort, and to facilitate locomotion outside garments were taken off and pushed forward.

By this time the proceeding had become known to the whole prison, and as the first men emerged upon the street and quietly walked away, seen by hundreds of their fellows, who crowded to the windows, wild excitement and enthusiasm were created, and they rushed down to the chimney, clamoring for the privilege of going out. It was the intention of the parties, organized by those who constructed the tunnel, that no others should leave until the next night, as it might materially diminish their own chances of escape. But the thought of liberty and pure air, and the death damp of the dark, loathsome prison, would not allow them to listen to any denial.

The men swarmed into the room and threatened to force their way into the tunnel. An outbreak was imminent. Each of the original party was to select a companion to go out, and then the tunnel was to be closed until the next week, when it was to be opened as a free-for-all. Major McDonald and myself then held a parley, and it was arranged that the rope upon which we descended into the basement, after the last of the two parties had passed out, should be pulled up for the space of one hour; then it should be free to all in prison. This we did, and 109 prisoners escaped through this tunnel that night, of whom fifty-seven reached our lines. Having joined my fortunes with Colonel T. S. West, of Wisconsin, we were among the last of the second party who crawled through. After six days of wandering we found our way back to our lines.

It will remain a matter of doubt in history as to who first suggested the tunnel method of escape. It has been claimed that Col. Streight, of Indiana, first suggested the plan. This has been denied by the friends of Col. Rose, of Pennsylvania, who was one of the most active leaders in its construction. Col. Rose, acting in conjunction with the following persons, Maj. A. G. Hamilton, of Kentucky; Maj. Geo. H. Fitz Simmons, Indiana; Capt. Terence Clark, Illinois; Capt. John F. Gallagher, Capt. W. S. Randall, Maj. B. B. McDonald, Ohio; Capt. J. N. Johnson, Kentucky; Lieut. J. C. Fislar, Indiana; Lieut. John Mitchell, Illinois; Lieut. John D. Simpson, Indiana; Lieut. D. Garbett, Lieut. Foster, Capt. N. S. McKean, and Capt. John Lucas, Kentucky, claims to have done the most if not all of the work in the execution of the tunnel, and he also claims to have originated the project.

JOSEF HOFMANN AND ALBERT WEINSTEIN, THE TWO MUSICAL PRODIGIES.

TWO MUSICAL PRODIGIES.

Two Youthful Performers Who Play Marvelously on the Fianoforte.

Hofmann, the Ten-Year-Old Mozart, and Weinstein, a Remarkable Imitator.

Josef Hofmann, the marvelous boy pianist, who plays from memory with the technical skill of a master, and with wonderful feeling and breadth of conception, is in everything save music a thorough child. He is ten years old, the picture of health and perfectly unconscious of what a genius he is. His performances at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York have created an unprecedented sensation. Whenever they occur, thousands are unable to get into the building, vast as it is. Not a little of the enthusiasm he has aroused is due to his delightful childish manners.

Owing to the boy's tender years his public appearances are at long intervals. Some idea of his range may be gathered from his part of the programme at the most recent concert. He played the Beethoven C-Minor Concerto, Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso, a gavotte by Pirani, Mendelssohn's "Skinnerlied," and, together with his father, Weber's "Aufforderung lum Tanz." As a theme for improvisation he was given some measure of the larghetto movement from Beethoven's Second Symphony. The technical skill, the ripe understanding and the feeling which marked Hofmann's performances carried the audience by storm. In the illustration he appears leaning against the piano.

In the background is another 10-year-old boy, Albert Weinstein, who was discovered by the manager of a New York minstrel troupe, who advertised for a "musical prodigy," with the idea of burlesquing young Hofmann. Among the applicants was Prof. Ludwig Weinstein, who, mistaking the object of the advertisement, offered the service of his son. The lad was given a trial, and with such precocious brilliancy did he play that he was engaged not to burlesque, but to emulate young Hofmann's playing.

The two boys have listened one to the other, and are very good friends, though they are not to be considered together as performers, Hofmann being immeasurably superior. He is a youthful genius to be ranked with the history of piano music, while Weinstein is only remarkably clever for his years.

Wonderful as young Hofmann's playing seems to those who hear it, he is not without many precedents in precocity. Mozart when 3 years old amused himself picking out thirds while his sister was practicing; at 4 he could remember melodies and had composed little pieces, and at 6 he played in concerts and before the royal family of Germany. When 8 he was a composer whose productions were eagerly sought. Beethoven began at the harpsichord at 4, at 11 was beyond the teaching of the time, and at 14 was court organist. Mendelssohn at 9 was a public performer, and at 11 was producing fifty or sixty compositions a year. Robert Schumann began playing the compositions of others at 5, and at 6 he was making his own. Liszt began his successful career at the piano at 9 years of age, and Rubenstein at 10. Wilhelmj, Camilla Urso, and other wonderful violinists began playing in babyhood. The list of child musicians might be extended at great length, for it is a fact that the great masters generally began their careers almost as soon as they could talk.

With such instances in history, it is reasonable to expect that young Hofmann will one day be another like Mozart, or Liszt. And young Weinstein will probably develop into an excellent, if not a great pianist.

The elder Hofmann is leader of an orchestra in Cracow, Poland, and the boy's mother is a prima-donna.

HOFMANN WAS OVERWORKED.

The Father of the Musical Prodigy Has to Cancel His Engagements.

[New York special.]

It seems, after all, as if Mr. Gerry had not been wholly wrong in his surmises regarding the condition of little Josef Hofmann's health, for now comes the startling news that the concert given by the young virtuoso Saturday night marked also the end of his appearances in this country, so far, at least, as the present season is concerned. It is said that Casimir Hofmann, the child's father, wrote a letter to Mr. Abbey, saying that his son is being overworked, and that the doctors strongly advise his withdrawal from public life for a protracted period. The letter was not forwarded until after the concert, and, Mr. Abbey being away from home, the communication did not reach him until morning. It was, of course, a severe blow, the Hofmann concerts being the most successful of Mr. Abbey's present ventures. However, Mr. Abbey had a bonanza in little Hofmann. The concerts, of which fifty-six were given, netted the snug sum of $85,000. Of this the Hofmanns, besides traveling and living expenses, had received but $7,500. A much more favorable contract, it is said, has been made for next year.

DURING the burning of a mill at Carlton, Mich., recently, according to the *American Miller*, the big engine which drove the machinery continued to run all through the blaze, and by that means was saved from destruction, though there was not a wall standing on either side of it when the fire was finished. The pumps were also running, and kept the boiler supplied, so there could be no explosion. It was a peculiar spectacle to see the engine driving away at a slashing speed in the midst of the flames, but the motion somehow saved it from fire. All the rest of the machinery was a total loss.

Are Women Jealous?

There are two rare types of women who are never susceptible to jealousy. One is the perfectly human being, utterly devoid of individuality, who lives in a state of wondering amazement that she should be the recipient of her lover's least regard. She is grateful for a smile, and overwhelmed at a word of praise. She finds greater joy in loving than in being loved, and is a faint echo of the masculine mind in all her opinions and ideas. She is willing to be the mat beneath his feet, to eat the crumbs which fall from his table, to do his most menial labor. She has the nature of a serf, the devotion of a dog, and if he neglects her for other women (as he usually does) she never complains, as in his will she finds her only pleasure. Her nature is mild, patient and constant, and devoid of passion and intensity.

The other type of women who know no jealousy is quite her opposite. She is a radiantly happy creature, full of self-confidence, egotism, and satisfaction. She is pleased with life and with herself. She loves deeply, and demands as much as she gives. She expects to be told every day that she is the most adorable woman on earth, and she is sure to convince a man of the fact. It never enters her head that another woman could be as charming as herself, or that she could be displaced in the affections of any man she loves. She is a woman who has been accustomed to love and admiration all her life, and she knows how to keep her lover interested and amused. She is sure that he finds other women dull in comparison with herself, and she lends him freely to her friends, certain that he will return gladly to her.

The majority of women who lead a monotonous existence live in their imaginations, and grow morbidly sensitive.

Many a man ruins the peace of his household forever by neglecting to speak the word of praise which his hungry-hearted wife has yearned all day to hear, and bestowing it upon some chance caller or stranger.

The man who fails to notice the careful toilet his wife has made for his sake, and compliments the good taste exhibited by some neighbor, sows the seed of jealousy in a disappointed heart.

Woman was made to be loved, petted and appreciated by man. Whatever else she may achieve in life, she feels herself cheated out of her birthright unless this happiness has come to her. She is jealous of whatever may stand between her and that desired joy. I have known two mothers who were jealous of their own children. Unnatural and terrible as this may seem, I felt the greatest sympathy for both women. In each case the husband utterly ignored the wife for her offspring. She was a secondary consideration, neglected and rebuked where the children were caressed and appreciated.

I heard a woman who was a grandmother remark one day that she would never have lived with her husband an hour if he had once told her that he thought another woman beautiful or interesting. Poor man! of course such thoughts had entered his mind, and with what secrecy he must have guarded them all those years.

Jealousy of such a petty type as hers is surely the dwarfed and imbecile child of its parent. The woman whose life is full of sensible and noble duties is less given to unreasonable jealousy than the idler who dwells in a world of her own imagining.

And the woman who receives the love and devotion which is her birthright seldom feels the pangs of jealousy.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Verifying an Old Legend.

Readers of the saga of Burned Njal, translated by Sir George Dasent, can not have forgotten the terrible conclusion, the burning of old Njal's house with all his family. This deed was almost the last of a series of man-slayings, the result of an Icelandic vendetta or blood feud. The date was about the time of the conversion of Iceland to Christianity, that conversion having been rather incomplete so far. Now, people have often asked whether this event, so renowned in history, ever took place. According to *Nature*, a member of the Icelandic Archæological Society has excavated the site assigned to Bergthorsholl, Njal's house, by tradition. He found at a certain depth the ashes of a burned house and also some curious lumps of a fatty substance. Being analyzed these proved to be skyr, a kind of buttermilk, apparently, which had undergone the action of fire. Now, the saga expressly says that pailfulls of skyr were thrown by the women of the house on the fire in the attempt to extinguish it. This confirmation of tradition is very curious, if not, perhaps, very cogent.—*London Daily News.*

He Wanted to Use It Himself.

Mrs. McBride—Look a' thot, now! Ain't thot th' foine christenin' cup to be givin' a gossoon wid only foor wakes birth av loife in it? Pfwhat's this prented on th' soide?—"Tomy-father," (It's me that usty be th' divil's own wan to read; but Oi've rusted a bit.) Pfwhat's this shilf that do be runnin' achrost th' top, Michael?

Mr. McBride—Th' foine little lad av a clerk at th' shtore gev it to me, Norah; an' he says they calls it a *mushyash* cup, an' it's th' nob's own shtyle now for childer. Mushtyash is Frinch for "May yez hev a long life!" So it is.—*Puck.*

Let Erin Boycott Potatoes.

A chemical explanation of Ireland's distress is that it is due to too exclusive subsistence upon potatoes. Though a healthful luxury, this food used alone supplies too little nutrition to support people in other than a half-starved and dissatisfied condition. It is probable, therefore, that Ireland's woes would be greatly reduced if the productive soil and climate were applied to the growth of nutritive cereals instead of the tubers.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

GOLD can buy nearly everything in this world except that which a man wants most—happiness.

HOW FEW are those who really understand what the mind is good for.

GENIUS beckons a man up, and if he attempts to climb, will help him.

Foreign Fads.

MY DEAR NEPHEW: Yes, you are right—Americans do a great deal of blowing about the progress we have made in manufacturing of all kinds, including everything from a ten-penny nail to an eight-day clock. But still, it seems to me, that these same people, when it comes to purchasing for their own use, always want the foreign-made commodity. And it appears, too, that instead of home-made products being better than those made abroad, they are not half so good; the latter being generally so much superior as to command a price which places them beyond the reach of any but the most wealthy classes. We have French wines and brandies, also French cooks; we import Irish whisky, and with it a good many Irishmen to help us drink it. The best cigars, so they say, come from Cuba, while anything English, from a lord to a coachman, commands a premium when brought to this side of the water.

Go along the streets of any American city. You are hunting a restaurant, the chances are it will be called an "English Kitchen." Hotels are conducted on the European, or rather the you're-roped-in style, and so it is every way you turn. Here is a sign: "John Jones, English Bootmaker, former Bootmaker to the Queen." Across the way is Cutem & Fitem, English tailors, and next door is an American doing business, but selling nothing but imported goods. It is rare that you see American goods of any description advertised as such. A lot of pickaxes made in Massachusetts but brought to Chicago would be advertised as a fresh importation. We have French clocks, Swiss watches, English cutlery, and German cheese. The clothes we wear are made from imported goods, and cut after Paris or London styles. I tell you, come to think of it, this country don't produce much to be proud of. But if our people ever get over this infernal craze for foreign stuff, and patronize home enterprise, America may some day amount to something. The other day I was going along the street in Chicago and I saw a tailoring establishment, and by the way, it seemed to be a big one, the proprietors of which advertise themselves as American Tailors. I tell you, I was astounded; I never saw anything like it before in my life. I put on my glasses, and took a second look to satisfy myself that I was not mistaken. I feel, since seeing that sign, that there is yet hope for this country. Yours sincerely,

UNCLE SAM.

Push.

"Push, eh? Wall, I ain't overly strong, but I ain't goin' to let a little thing like that scare me off when I am dry."

HE PUSHED.

"Thunder and lightning! if the blamed thing was fastened. What in the nation did they put PUSH on it for?"

The Pig and the Lady.

A Lady who was Passing along a Lane came upon a Pig rolling in the Mud, and called out in Disgust:

"Wretched Creature, but What a Miserable Life you must lead!"

"On the Contrary, no one takes more Comfort," rejoined the Porker.

"But you roll in the Mud."

"Just like a Pig. Had Nature intended me to boss a Greenhouse I should not be here."

Moral: The above happened a hundred years ago. All of the pigs to-day want to be Canary Birds.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Race of Yankee Whittlers.

We whittle less, perhaps, than we used to, although the Athenian is personally acquainted with a number of good citizens in different small towns in New England who cannot discuss politics, religious affairs, nor the latest local gossip without mechanically chipping away at small pieces of wood. One estimable hardware merchant in Maine, whose store is the favorite "half-way" house for the older citizens of the town, of which he himself is one, keeps constantly on hand a small box of pine pegs, about the size of a large bung, for his own and the use of his friends.—*Boston Advertiser.*

THE STRICKEN PRINCE.

A Biography of Frederick William, Heir to the German Throne.

Incidents of His Happy Marriage to Princess Victoria.

Grief at the Death of an Idolized Son—Gallant Military Record.

THE world's interests and sympathies are once more bound up on the life of a single individual. This time it is the Crown Prince Frederick William of Germany who is stricken down by a disease which all men know must at last end in death. How long before the end comes, that we know not. Till it does, the bulletins from San Remo will be awaited with that cruel expectancy with which we are so familiar since the sad days that brought about the end of the great life on the heights of Mount McGregor. The two cases are very similar: The one, a ruler by heredity, the other by selection; both soldiers modest and brave, both stricken with the same dread disease—cancer of the throat. Both led great armies to many battles; both were silent, thoughtful men, both honored for their greatness of character, their magnanimity in victory, their lovableness in private life. In both cases medical science seems to be quite incapable of arresting the ravages of the terrible malady. Even nature herself has no remedy, and the unfortunate human being stricken by it has simply to wait for

THE CROWN PRINCE—THE NEXT EMPEROR

death. In the case of the Crown Prince, the doctors disagree as to how long they think the illustrious sufferer may live. Dr., now Sir Morell Mackenzie, believes he may live from eighteen months to two years, while Drs. Schroeter and Howell think he may last for four or five years. But all agree that the disease is incurable. The Prince received his death warrant calmly. "I thank you, sir, for being so frank with me," he said to Mackenzie, when he heard the sentence. For a Hohenzollern, death comes to him early. He was born on the 18th of October, 1831, in the New Palace at Potsdam, and he is therefore in his 57th year. As a boy he was sickly, and his life was often despaired of, but he grew up to be strong and manly, and his life's

PRINCE WILLIAM, ELDEST SON OF CROWN PRINCE.
(The Future Emperor.)

story will be when it is written, a record of worthy deeds and generous aspirations. His death will be a sad blow to the hopes of non-military Germany. He seemed as if created to carry on the work of German unity to its completion, to inaugurate an era in German history that would be marked by a development of the higher capacities of her people, checked by the wars that were necessary to bring the empire to its present position in the world. In the hearts of millions there is a warm response to the words of the aged Kaiser reported by cable: "May this heavy affliction upon my house and our fatherland soon pass away, through God's omnipotence and grace."

The Crown Prince's present visit to Italy is in great contrast to his former sojourns in the land of sunshine. He has paid more visits to that country than any German ruler since the days of the Hohenstaufen Fredericks, who, however, generally crossed the Alps for the purpose of conquest by force of arms. Pegli was the favorite place of sojourn for the Prince and his family. He was also fond of Portosino, on the Riveria di Levante, a quiet idyllic hamlet to which he took a great fancy, and spent several summers there in a house built by Lord Carnarvon—a modest villa of two stories high, but commanding a beautiful view extending to the Gulf of Rapallo, Camogli, Sestri-Levante, and in clear days to the harbor of Spezzia. There he lived a calm, contemplative life in the midst of his family more like an artist than a prince. Among the simple fishermen he was a great favorite. They could hardly believe their senses, however, seeing this earnest, dignified man, the son of one of the greatest potentates of Europe, wandering around like a common mortal, smoking a short pipe, climbing over the rocks with his children on the sea shore, rowing about on the water in a small boat, or taking moonlight walks in the garden of his house or under the trees that surrounded it. "Look you," the Crown Prince said to Herr Bamberg, who visited him there, "I have never felt better and happier than I do here. This solitariness soothes and strengthens me." As a matter of fact, the Prince was always happiest away from Berlin, and there is reason to fear that his present malady has been developed earlier than might have been the case by the unpleasant state of affairs at the Berlin court, just as the unfortunate business affairs were of influence in hastening the death of General Grant by the same disease. A gentleman who attended one of the court balls in Berlin, a year ago, said: "The Crown Prince, who is now close on to 57 years of age, has considerably aged during the past two or three years. His look has lost the bright merry twinkle which was formerly its distinguishing feature, and his whole aspect bears traces of worry, annoyance and anxiety." He certainly has up to the present had anything but a pleasant time in Berlin. He has never been able to agree with Prince Bismarck and his policy, and is not in sympathy with the military party at the court, which knows that with his coming to power, he would devote more attention to the commercial, intellectual and artistic development of the empire, and to endeavor to relieve the country as much as possible from the present burden of militarism. Not that he would weaken the strength of the empire, but he certainly would strive to bring Germany more into harmony with the progressive spirit of the nineteenth century. Hitherto, with the exception of the brief time in which he was made regent, after Nobiling's attempt upon the life of the Kaiser, he has been kept as much as possible in the dark as to the policy of the government. As a matter of fact, the Crown Prince's eldest son, Prince Wilhelm, is the favorite, both with the Emperor and Prince Bismarck, who see in him the salvation of the empire by the means through which it was created, that is, by the sword. The excited state of the European bourses during the last few weeks shows in what light Europe would look upon the advent of this young, reckless, hot-headed Prussian junker to power in Germany.

Prince William is only 28 and fitted in no way to fill the imperial throne. He has shown no ability for anything but military matters and for the carrying on of scandalous amours, the results of which have brought agony to his wife. His life, in fact, has been a continuous scandal. Still, time may work changes even with him, as it has done with other members of Hohenzollern dynasty; but before that time comes he may work irreparable injury to the cause of German unity. Germany has willingly enough submitted to Prince Bismarck's tyranny and his attacks on constitutional government, remembering his great services and in the hope that with the Kaiser's death constitutional principles would, under the benign rule of Frederick William, be allowed to develop, but these sentiments of gratitude will have no *raison d'être* under a young Prussian Lieutenant whose training has been in the spirit of an age long since past in German history.

A ROYAL WEDDING.

Marriage of the Crown Prince to Princess Victoria, in England.

It would take too much space to give all the details of the Crown Prince's life. Some events connected with it, however, are of more than ordinary interest. First, his marriage, which has had a remarkable influence upon his life. In 1858 (Jan. 21) the Prince left Berlin for England, where he was to wed Princess Victoria. He was accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Prussia, Princes Frederick Carl, Albrecht and Adelbert, the King of the Belgians, and the Duke of Coburg. The marriage took place on Jan. 25, and prosy Baron Stockmar was made happy in seeing his plan of the houses of Prussia and England joined in more intimate relationship. Prince Albert wrote, "The young people seem to be heartily in love with each other, and the innocence and unselfishness of the young man is very touching. Tears flowed freely." When the Prince took his bride away from England, "Farewell, Rose of England" was the inscription over the triumphal arch built at Dover. "Keep her well! Be true to her! God bless you!" were the words of greeting sent after him by the good men of Dover as the "Victoria and Albert" sailed away. In the first week in February the Prince entered Berlin in state with his bride. The Princess Hohenlohe wrote that no princess ever had such a hearty welcome given to her in Berlin. The Crown Prince himself telegraphed to Queen Victoria: "The whole royal family is enchanted with my wife. F. W." He did this probably to soothe the fears of the Prince Consort, who delighted in philosophizing, and had written to his daughter: "Just because they were so enchanted and enthusiastic, at first, the public will pass over to the sharpest criticism and anatomical dissection." It must be allowed that this philosophical remark bore much truth in it, for the Princess never became very popular with the Prussian aristocracy. Her

THE CROWN PRINCE IN THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

influence on the Prince, however, has been remarkable. To her must belong the credit of making him what he has long been, a model husband and father, which was not always the case with the Hohenzollerns. Soon after the marriage, it will be remembered that the Princess ran away from Berlin, on discovering some rich present that she

PRINCE HENRY, THE CROWN PRINCE'S SECOND SON.
(Future Admiral.)

had seen in her husband's secretaire, and which she had imagined was intended for herself as a birthday gift, worn by one of the fair ladies of the court. She got as far as Cologne, en route for England, before her flight was discovered, and there a telegram from the King ordered her to return at once to Berlin. She had reluctantly to obey the royal command. When she returned she was kindly received by the Empress, who is said to have made the remark: "My dear, you should not have married a Hohenzollern if you had expected otherwise."

THE MEETING ON THE FIELD OF KŒNIGGRATZ.
(Battle of Sadowa.)

The Princess, like a sensible woman, set to work earnestly to win a firm hold upon the Prince's affection and esteem, and she succeeded in making him what he now is, the noblest, gentlest, and most moral of the Hohenzollerns. They have now six children in life, and two are dead. Prince Wilhelm was born January 27, 1859. Princess Charlotte was born July 24, 1860; Prince Heinrich (the future Admiral of the German navy), August 24, 1862; Princess Victoria, April 12, 1866; Princess Sophie, June 14, 1870; Princess Margherita, April 22, 1872. Prince Waldemar, who was born February 10, 1868, died in 1878, and Prince Sigismund died two years before. On the 25th of January, 1883, the Crown Prince and Princess celebrated their silver wedding in Berlin amid great festivities.

PRINCE WALDEMAR'S DEATH.

First Great Sorrow of the Royal Couple—Touching Scenes.

One of the greatest sorrows of the Crown Prince's life was the death, in 1879, of Prince Waldemar (born February 10, 1868, therefore ten years old). He was greatly beloved by him and the Crown Princess, taking the place in their hearts of Prince Sigismund, who had been called away two years before. He was also a favorite of the Kaiser. On March 22 he had visited his imperial grandfather to congratulate him upon his birthday. Two days afterward he was suddenly attacked by inflammation of the throat, with signs of diphtheria. On the 27th the young Prince died. The Crown Princess was long inconsolable, and the Prince himself was almost heartbroken, for he was fond of his children, and Prince Waldemar had especially grown around his heart. The burial ceremonies at Potsdam were very touching. After the service the Crown Prince went up to the little coffin and knelt down beside it and prayed for a long time in silence. Then he kissed the burial pall and started to leave; but he could not go away from the spot; he turned to give one last look; then gathering himself together, passed out with firm tread, the tears coursing down his cheeks. Flowers were then placed upon the coffin and then the imperial and princely mourners passed out. A short time afterward, however, the Crown Prince again entered the silent church. This time he held by the hand the Crown Princess; and both together knelt at the side of the coffin and they waited until they had seen it placed beside that of Prince Sigismund. In response to an address of condolence sent by the municipal authorities of Berlin, the Crown Prince wrote: "God's hand has stricken us sorely, and death took from us the younger of our sons. His pure and strong nature rejoiced us every day; in him there seemed to be united all those talents that gave us the right to cherish the brightest hopes for him in the future."

THE AUSTRIAN WAR.

Gallant Conduct of the Crown Prince on the Field of Kœniggratz.

The Crown Prince has taken part in three great wars—the Danish, Austrian, and French. In the former, however, he was only a spectator attached to the headquarters of Marshal Wrangel. His first leadership was given to him in the Austrian campaign. In that war the main thing to do was to prevent the forces of South Germany joining with those of Austria that had been gathered in Bohemia. King William led three separate armies, the first called the army of Bohemia, 100,000 men under Prince Frederick Charles; the second the army of Silesia, 116,000 men under the Crown Prince; the third the army of the Elbe, 40,000 men commanded by Herwarth von Bittenfeld. Moltke's plan was, "March separately—strike combined;" and in seven weeks the war was over. On the 23d of June Prince Frederick Charles crossed the Austrian frontier, and six days later he was joined by the army of the Elbe. They were at Gitschin. On his left the Crown Prince with his army was at Koniginhof, a day's march away, while the Austrians had retired in Koniggratz ready for battle. The plan of attack was very simple. Prince Frederick Charles with his three corps was to assault Benedeck with his five; while Bittenfeld was to fall upon the left flank of the Austrians and the Crown Prince attack their right. But the Crown Prince was twenty-five miles away, and it was four in the morning before Colonel von Frankenstein, after a terrible ride, arrived at the Crown Prince's headquarters with the King's command to join Prince Frederick Charles. The battle began at eight o'clock in the morning, the King, Moltke, and Bismarck being on the field. The needle-gun worked terrible havoc among the devoted battalions of Austria, but they kept their ground, and for a long time the scales of battle hung pretty evenly. For a time it seemed as if victory would rest on the standards of the Hapsburgs, and the Prussians looked for the coming of the Crown Prince as eagerly as Wellington had once looked for the coming of Blucher. "Would to God the Crown Prince would come!" Suddenly Bismarck lowered his glasses and drew attention to certain lines in the distance. All telescopes were pointed thither. At first the lines were pronounced to be furrows. "They are not furrows," said Bismarck, "the spaces are not equal; they are advancing lines." It was the Crown Prince's army, that had been delayed by the condition of the roads, which the rains had made all but impassable. Only twenty-five miles; but it took the army nine hours to do the

PRINCE WILLIAM, JUNIOR.
(Also a Future Emperor.)

distance, and the Crown Prince lost 25 per cent. of his men through exhaustion by the way. The Crown Prince lost not a moment in getting his forces into action. Violently assaulted on both flanks and fiercely pressed in the center, the Austrians began to slacken their fire, to give way, and then to retreat. The battle was won, and the honors of having decided it were the Crown Prince's. Bismarck himself admits how critical was the situation of the Prussians at one point of the battle. "He met Moltke and offered him a cigar," says a historian. "The strategist carefully selected the best weed in the Chancellor's case, and the latter took comfort, thinking to himself that if Moltke was still calm enough to make a choice of this kind, things could not be going so bad with them after all." After the victory, late in the evening, the Crown Prince met the King, who embraced him affectionately, and decorated him on the field with Prussia's highest military order, "Pour le Merite." That meeting, which is the subject of one of our illustrations, has become as historical as that of Blucher and Wellington.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

"Unser Fritz's" Part in the Memorable March to the French Capital.

"Unser Fritz's" part of the Franco-German war is almost too well known to bear repetition. As in the Austrian campaign, the German forces were divided into three armies, under the command of General Steinmetz, Prince Frederick Charles and the Crown Prince. Under the Crown Prince's command were the two Bavarian army-corps and three Prussian ones, one division in Baden, one of Wurtemburg, and two cavalry divisions, over 200,000 men. He had the honor of striking the first blow by falling upon the French at Weissenburg on August 4, and two days later assaulting MacMahon at Worth and causing the Duke de Magenta's hosts to tumble back partly upon Strassburg and partly upon Chalons. To the Crown Prince was given the duty of pursuing the Duke de Magenta towards Chalons. With him co-operated the Crown Prince of Saxony at the head of the Fourth Army (of the Meuse), and between these two armies marched the royal headquarters. He arrived at Sedan in time to close up the ring formed by the German army on the 1st of September, and was with the Emperor on the hill when Baron de Raelh, Napoleon's aid-de-camp, arrived with the letter from the Emperor expressing his willingness to surrender his sword. On the following day he assisted at the celebrated meeting with Napoleon at the Chateau de Bellevue. From there he pressed on to Paris, making his headquarters first at St. Germain and later at the villa "Des Ombrages" at Versailles. "Unser Fritz" was immensely popular with his men, and especially with the Bavarians, and of this popularity many amusing anecdotes are told. After the battle of Weissengburg, he dismounted and asked Gen. Blumenthal if there was anything to eat. While the General was hunting up food, the Crown Prince was very much aston-

THE CROWN PRINCE IN TYROL.

ished to hear firing commence again. He sent his aid-de-camp to know what was the trouble. The officer returned and reported that it was only the Bavarians, who were shooting "Victoria." The Prince sent word back that when "Victoria" was to be celebrated he would send the orders to do so himself. A Bavarian General then put in an appearance and asked permission that his soldiers should be allowed to continue, because, he said, the Bavarians had a time-honored custom of shooting their guns off after every great victory. When the Bavarian General left, with the permission requested, the Crown Prince turned round and, laughing, said to Blumenthal: "I think they ought to have a chance at any rate, for it must have been in the thirty years' war when they had such an opportunity before."

There is another anecdote told of how after the victory at Worth, and a Bavarian regiment was passing him, one of the men called out a "Nah Koniglich Hoheit; if we had you with us in '66 we should never have been licked by the cursed Prussians." After the war the Crown Prince took prominent part in the triumphal entry of the Bavarian troops into Munich, where he was greeted with such immense enthusiasm that King Ludwig was greatly offended, and at the banquet given in the Rathhaus the same night failed to put in an appearance. The young dreamer was already far off on his way to his mountain retreat at Hohenschwangen. He was also present at the triumphal entry of the Prussian troops into Berlin, and sat beside his father, surrounded by the brilliant group of princes and generals who watched the victorious troops passing down the Unter den Linden. During the war the Prince was a favorite subject for painters and poets, and one of our pictures represents him as he was often seen when he was with his army at Versailles, with his pipe in his mouth and taking matters most philosophically.

Uses of Paint in Paris.

Business people in Paris have long since formed a color speech by which certain trades are easily recognized. First of all, the color-shops are distinguished by being painted outside in squares and stripes of the most brilliant colors. Viennese leather, bronze, and trinket shops have begun to use the American colors, yellow and black; then the Spanish wine shops use yellow and red, the Italian green, white, and red. The business places where furniture carts for removal are kept are painted yellow, as well as the wagons—why, not even the proprietors know. Pastry shops are light-brown outside, and within white and gold, so that one is involuntarily reminded of the pastry itself. Milk shops are white and blue both inside and out. The washerwomen now begin to paint the outside of their ironing shops a bright blue, while the carts that take the linen to the washhouses in the country are bright green. Wine houses are all painted brown, or a dull red, which is exactly the color of the vin ordinaire mixed with cranberry juice and logwood. Still darker is the color of the charcoal shops, which the dust soon renders completely dark. Bakers are fond of light brown and white, with much gilding and large mirrors. Many of their shops are decorated with paintings representing goddesses of plenty, gleaning, and similar subjects. —*London Daily News.*

Queer Things in Dresden.

The authorities of Dresden, Germany, will not allow a piano to be played in a private house after 10:30 at night, and they punish with a fine any person found throwing an article of refuse, however insignificant, into the street. Flagmen are stationed at the corners of streets intersected by horse-car lines to warn persons of the approach of a car. Drug stores are closed at sundown, and when a druggist is called up in the night he appears with all the politeness of a dancing master to thank the customer for his courtesy in patronizing his store. *Pittsburg Dispatch.*

At the Museum.

Mrs. N.—My dear, I wish you to observe this beautiful statue of Apollo; and this is his wife, Apollinaris."—*Life.*

Good things have to be engraved on the memory; bad ones stick there of themselves.

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This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y. jan24

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$65 *A MONTH and BOARD* for three bright Young Men or Ladies in each county. P. W. Ziegler & Co., Chicago, Ill.

GOOD SALESMEN would find advantageous employment in selling the well known cigar of Messrs. Meyer, Moore & Co., who are continuing the business of the New York and Havana Cigar Co. Liberal terms. Salary or commission. Apply to Meyer, Moore & Co., 35 Stone st, N. Y.

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the popular favorite for dressing the hair, Restoring color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

HINDERCORNS.
The safest, surest and best cure for Corns, Bunions, &c. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Never fails to cure. 15 cents at Druggists. Hiscox & Co., N. Y.

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Wholly unlike artificial systems. Any book learned in one reading.

Classes of *1087* at Baltimore and *1005* at Detroit, large classes of Columbia law students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, etc., etc. Endorsed by Mark Twain, Richard Proctor, the scientist; Hons. W. W. Astor, Judah P. Benjamin, Judge Gibson, E. H. Cook, principal State Normal College, Dr. Brown, etc. Prospectus post free from PROF. LOISETTE, 227 Fifth ave., N. Y.

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March 30-eod & w 1yr.

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Daily Sentinel

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E. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1888.

EMPEROR WILLIAM met with but one conqueror—death.

THE senate passed the Grand Army pension bill handsomely.

THE Allen county democrats met today to prepare for the coming battle.

Is it not possible that the republican municipal successes in Maine are due to Mr. Blaine's withdrawal?

A STRIKE among workmen employed in New York breweries is considered probable about April 1. This is no joke.

THE C., B. and Q. strikers offer to arbitrate, but the company is deaf to their appeals. This places the burden of the strike on the corporation.

THE New York legislature is now endeavoring to affect a reduction of telephone tolls. Indiana tried this experiment once upon a time and then apologized.

THE Standard Oil company has begun the preliminary work for the building of an immense pipe line from Lima, O., to Chicago, a distance of over 200 miles, for the purpose of transporting both crude and refined oil. The line is mapped out to pass through Fort Wayne.

THE *News* is vexed because the city papers give the strike news in detail. It is doubtful if the *News* can instruct or enlighten its cotemporaries in this particular, neither can it make them ignore the fact that the Pittsburg, Wabash and Nickel Plate engineers and firemen are closely allied to the strikers on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road and likely at any moment to be implicated with them. The truth is too apparent for suppression.

THE PENSION BILL.

The G. A. R. Dependent Pension Bill Passes the Senate.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—The senate passed the dependent pension bill which has been pending for two days. The bill as it came from the pension committee was the one recommended by the G. A. R. at its national encampment at St. Louis. Certain republican senators vigorously endeavored to amend it so as to make it substantially the bill that the president vetoed last year. The most persistent of these were Teller, of Colorada. Dawes, of Massachusetts; Wilson, of Iowa; Hiscock, of New York; Plumb and Ingalls, of Kansas, and others. They wanted to amend the bill so as to make all ex-soldiers who were partially disabled beneficiaries. Hawley and Manderson, both ex-soldiers and Grand Army men, contended for the G. A. R. bill which does not contain the objectionable features of the vetoed bill.

The bill was, however, amended in several immaterial particulars, but as it was, it substantially contains all the important features of the bill recommended by the G. A. R. The belief is that the president will sign it if the house concurs in it as it goes from the senate.

The vote on the bill on its passage in the senate this evening was forty-four ayes to sixteen in the negative. The democrats voting for the bill were Messrs. Blodgett, of New Jersey; Faulkner and Kenna, of West Virginia; George, of Mississippi; Gorman, of Maryland; Hampton, of South Carolina; McPherson, of New Jersey; Payne, of Ohio; Pugh, of Alabama; Turpie and Voorhees, of Indiana, and Walthall, of Mississippi.

It is noticed that nearly three times as many ex-confedarate soldiers voted for the bill as there were union soldiers.

A Singular Co-incidece.

W. H. Vangorden, a conductor on the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad, and a brother-in-law of Mr. H. Stewart, of the Bargain Cash store, at this place, says the Monroeville *Breeze*, met with an accident, last Friday, by having one of his legs broken and otherwise, by a wreck on the road. The same day, Mrs. Flutter, mother of Mr. Stewart, had the misfortune to have three ribs broken, by falling down stairs, at her home in Fort Wayne. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart took the evening train for the bed-side of the suffering.

Mamie Armstrong Dead.

WABASH, Ind., March 9.—At 2 o'clock this afternoon pretty Mamie Armstrong, the sixteen-year-old girl who attempted suicide on Tuesday, died from the effects of the dose of arsenic. Before expiring she expressed regret for the rash act and a keen desire to live, and promised that she would never attempt suicide again. Wm. Armstrong, father of the girl, has not visited her bedside once during her illness, and is apparently as unconcerned as ever over her fate.

Card of Thanks.

To the Editor of the SENTINEL:

We wish to return our heartfelt thanks to our friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us in our sad affliction, and also to the Catholic Knights and the City band, hoping that God may reward them for their kindness.

MISS LOUISA EHINGER AND FAMILY.

Wayne lodge No. 25, F. & A. M., will meet this evening, to confer the master masons degree on two candidates.

Special Notice.

The Livery and Hackmen's Protective association have reduced the price of hacks for funerals and weddings to $2.50. 22-tf

ECHOES OF THE DAY.

Saturday's Budget as it Comes From the Railroads and Manufacteries of the City.

The trains were on time at the depots this morning.

The ticket agents report railroad travel as very light.

G. N. Rhodes, a popular Pittsburg engineer, is seriously ill.

It was a wet and muddy day around the shops and railroads.

The Bass foundry and machine works paid off their employes to-day.

J. S. Winnett, representing the Wisconsin Central, was in the city yesterday.

The Wabash had a force of men cleaning their tracks at the depot this morning.

J. C. Kensill, of the Pittsburg boiler shops, is still kept from duty on account of sickness.

James McCoy, the train dispatcher, of the Nickel Plate, is visiting friends at Buffalo, N. Y.

John Gilbert, traveling passenger agent of the C., M. and St. R. railroad, was in the city yesterday.

Charles E. Taylor, the machinist at the Bass works, was on night duty last night and is not working to-day.

News is very dull around the shops and railroads and it might be added that such is the case with business also.

This week the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad received twenty-five cars of steel rails. As far south as Ridgeville the old rails will be replaced by the new.

W. H. Greegoss, of Cincinnati, the traveling passenger agent of the Baltimore and Ohio, was in the city last evening looking after the interests of his road.

The Bass works sent a car load of wheels west to-day. They went to Chicago and from there will go over the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy to some point on its line.

S. B. Clay, who has been in Texas for the last few weeks, where he was called to testify in an important railroad suit, has returned home and will resume his position in the Bass machine shops.

Frank Mannix and E. C. Hill, two of the competent machinists of the Pittsburg shops, upon whom the discharge ax recently fell, have secured positions at Laporte, Ind., and left for that place to-day.

Over thirty roads in the United States on Sunday last put in force the new rules for the government of the movement of trains, which were adopted at the meeting of general superintendents some months ago.

J. B. Brown, the pleasant and popular employe of the Pennsylvania company, who looks after the purchase of castings at the Bass works, was being congratulated to-day over the arrival of a bright-eyed and beautiful girl baby at his home.

President Milliard, of the Indianapolis car works, thinks that this is to be a good year for car works, unless the strikes assume more serious phases than now seem probable. It is estimated that the car works and railroad shops of this country will build 150,000 to 200,000 cars, requiring 400,000 tons of bar iron and 600,000 tons of forged and cast iron.

The troubles on the Burlington road are far reaching in their influence and affect railroad business all over the country. It is hoped they will soon be settled, but while they last readers should be kept posted on affairs there, and if Fort Wayne papers refuse to publish the information, it will be sought after in the dailies of larger cities. Hence no harm can be done in giving facts.

Statistics gathered from several locomotive works in this country show that the average locomotive in use on the trunk lines, in the best locomotive works requires 1,300 days' labor, the average out-put per man; in another, 1,400 days; in another, 1,450 days, and in some of the shops, where the machinery is inferior, 1,900 days; and in one it takes 2,100 days, or, in other words, it will take the labor of one man from 1,300 to 2,100 days to build a first-class locomotive, the days of labor varying with the facilities of the respective shops.

Railroad officials are much elated because the Wabash and the Chicago and Alton have declared peace, for the time being, at least, and on next Monday, the 12th inst., will advance rates between St. Louis and Chicago to about the old basis. The war between the two roads for sixty days past has been a bitter one, and while not of so sensational character as that of the Northwestern lines, it has disturbed rates in this section as well as that traversed by the two roads. The belief prevails that this is the entering wedge of an adjustment of the troubles between other western and northwestern lines.

Results of High License.

[Chicago Tribune.]

High license has completely wiped out the bats in the family grocery stores, which were, as has been well said, "the pest of the home and the curse of the family." There is not one of them in existence in the city now.

March, April, May

Are the months in which to purify the blood, as the system is now most susceptible to benefit from medicine. Hence now is the time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, a medicine peculiarly adapted for the puspose, possessing peculiar curative powers. It expels every impurity from the blood, and also gives it vitality and richness. It creates an appetite, tones the digestion, invigorates the liver, and gives new life and energy to every function of the body. The testimony of thousands, as to the great benefit derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla, should convince everybody that it is peculiarly the best blood purifier and spring medicine.

TOOK POISON.

A Fort Wayne Girl Tries to Take Her Life.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* yesterday had this startling news:

"Miss Lizzie Starkey, seventeen years of age, lately arrived from Fort Wayne, Ind., and stopping at the Congress house, No. 322 State street, made an attempt at self destruction by taking a dose of Rough on Rats at 8 o'clock, Tuesday morning. After swallowing the drug the girl went to the house of her sister, close by, and informed her of her action. The sister sent for a doctor, who ordered her removal to the county hospital. It is thought her life will be saved. The young girl was about to become a mother."

The *Times* adds:

"Lizzie Starkey, seventeen years old, was taken to the county hospital, early yesterday morning, dying from the effects of rat poison taken with suicidal intent. The girl came to Chicago seven months ago from Fort Wayne, to join her sister and seek employment. She formed the acquaintance of a North Market street bartender, who accomplished her ruin and deserted her. She took the poison in the Congress house, on State street. She cannot recover."

An Imperative Necessity.

What pure air is to an unhealthy locality, what spring cleaning is to the neat housekeeper, so is Hood's Sarsaparilla to everybody, at this season. The body needs to be thoroughly renovated, the blood purified and vitalized, the gems of disease destroyed. Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other blood disorders are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the most popular and successful spring medicine.

WABASH ENGINEERS

Threaten to Go Out if the Court Compels the Road to Haul Burlington Freight.

Orders have been received by the engineers on all divisions of the Wabash road, that if Judge Gresham decides that the Wabash will have to handle "Q" cars the men will at once go out. Engineer Meyers and his fireman of the first district, have been ordered to Chicago by the general superintendent via. Huntington and the Chicago and Atlantic railway. The case will be considered by Judge Gresham Monday next.

The extraordinary popularity of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the natural result of its use by all classes of people for over thirty years. It has proven itself the very best specific for colds, coughs and pulmonary complaints.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

I think Ely's Cream Balm is the best remedy for catarrh I ever saw. I never took anything that relieved me so quickly, and I have not felt so well for a long time. I used to be troubled with severe headaches two or three times a week, but since using the Balm have only had one and that was very light compared with other former ones. J. A. Alcorn, Agent U. P. R. R., Eaton, Colorado.

I find Ely's Cream Balm good for catarrh of long standing.—M. N. Lasley, 1,934 West Chestnut St., Louisville, Ky.

FITS: All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr Kline, 931 Arch St. Phila. Pa

Blew His Brains Out.

FINDLAY, O., March 9.—A fifteen year old son of John Hartman, of this county, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. He had been left at home with the younger children while his parents went to a neighbor's. He put the children to bed, kissed them good night, took up a rifle and went to his room, wrote a note that he was tired of life and then blew out his brains with the gun. His death was instantaneous, as life was extinct when the terrified children reached the room. No cause for the act is known beyond the fact that he was possessed of a suicidal mania, having made two previous attempts upon his life, once with paris green and another time by hanging.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and relieves consumptive persons in advanced stages of the disease. Price 25 cts. *Caution.* The Genuine *Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup* is sold only in *white wrappers*, and bears our registered Trade-Marks to wit: *A Bull's Head in a Circle, a Red Strip Caution-Label*, and the fac-simile signatures of *John W. Bull & A. C. Meyer & Co.*, Sole Prop'rs, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

SALVATION OIL,
"The Greatest Cure on Earth for Pain,"
Will relieve more quickly than any other known remedy. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Lumbago, Sores, Frostbites, Backache, Wounds, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, &c. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 Cents a Bottle.

J. C. PELTIER,
UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER
17 W. Wayne St.
Telephone No. 174.
May 22 1y

EATEN BY WOLVES.

Two Men Said to be Devoured in Dakota Territory.

FARGO, Dak., March 9.—Word has reached here that a man and his son living at Poplar Grove, near Fort Totten, were eaten by a pack of wolves last week. The facts, as near as could be obtained, are that the father and son left their house with shovels to tear the snow from a hay-stack not more than twenty rods distant. The father and son were at once fiercely attacked by a pack of sixteen wolves, which literally ate them alive, while the wife and mother gazed through the window at the horrible sight, knowing it was certain death to go out. After the brutes had eaten all the flesh off they came up to the house, and ran around it several times and went away.

INFANTILE SKIN DISEASES

Our oldest child, now six years of age, while an infant six months old was attacked with a virulent, malignant skin disease. All ordinary remedies failing, we called our family physician, who attempted to cure it: but it spread with almost incredible rapidity, until the lower portion of the little fellow's person, from the middle of his back down to his knees, was one solid rash, ugly, painful, blotched, and malicious. We had no rest at night, no peace by day. Finally, we were advised to try the Cuticura Remedies. The effect was simply marvellous. In three or four weeks a complete cure was wrought, leaving the little fellow's person as white and healthy as though he had never been attacked. In my opinion your valuable remedies saved his life, and today he is a strong, healthy, child perfectly well, no repetition of the disease having ever occurred.
GEO. B. SMITH,
Att'y at Law and Ex-Pros. Att'y, Ashland, O.
Reference: J. G. Weist, Druggist, Ashland, O.

THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN.

Are born into the world every day with some eczematous affection, such as milk crust, scall head, scurf, or dandruff, sure to develop into an agonizing eczema, the itching, burning and disfiguration of which make life a prolonged torture unless properly treated.

A warm bath with Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, and a single application of Cuticura, the Great Skin Cure, with a little Cuticura Resolvent, the New Blood Purifier, is often sufficient to arrest the progress of the disease, and point to a speedy and permanent cure.

Hence, no mother who loves her children, who takes a pride in their beauty, purity and health, and in bestowing upon them a child's greatest inheritance,—a skin without a blemish and a body nourished by pure blood—should fail to make trail of the Cutiura Remedies.

Sold everywhere. Price: Cuticura, 50 cents; Cuticura Soap, 25 cents: Cuticura Resolvent, $1,00. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by Cuticura Medicated Soap

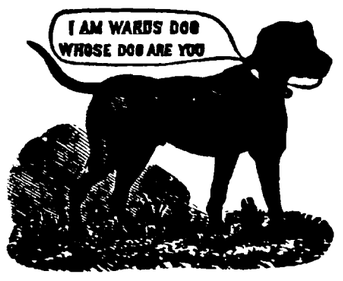
CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH.

No single disease has entailed more suffering or hastened the breaking up of the constitution than Catarrh. The sense of smell, of taste, of sight, of hearing the human voice, the mind,—one or more, and sometimes all, yield to its destructive influence. The poison it distributes throughout the system attacks every vital force, and breaks up the most robust of constitutions. Ignored, because but little understood, by most physicians, impotently assailed by quacks and charlatans, those suffering from it have little hope to be relieved of it this side of the grave. It is true, then, that the popular treatment of this terrible disease by remedies within the reach of all passed into hands at once competent and trustworthy. The new and hitherto untried method adopted by Dr. Sanford in the preparation of his Radical Cure has won the hearty approval of thousands. It is instantaneous in affording relief in all head colds, sneezing, snuffling and obstructed breathing, and rapidly removes the most oppressive symptoms, clearing the head, sweetening the breath, restoring the senses of smell, taste and hearing, and neutralizing the constitutional tendency of the disease towards the lungs, liver and kidneys.

Sanford's Radical Cure consists of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box of Catarrhal Solvent, and one Improved Inhaler, price $1.
POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

Kidney Pains,
Strains and Weaknesses,

Relieved in one minute by that marvelous Antidote to pain, Inflammation and Weakness, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only pain-killing strengthening plaster. Especially adapted to instantly relieve and speedily cure Kidney and Uterine Pains and Weakness. Warranted vastly superior to all other plasters. At all druggists, 25 cents; five for $1.00; or, postage free, of Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston Mass.



Unprecedented Bargains.

Hanging Lamps, $2.50 each to $20 each
Decorated Chamber Sets, $3 to $30.
Dinner Sets, 140 pieces, only $10.
Best Iron Stone China Dinner Plates 70c per dozen.
Best Iron Stone China Cups and Saucers, 70c per dozen.
Best Iron Stone China Bowls and Pitchers, 75c.
Best Iron Stone China Covered Chambers, 60c each.
Good Lamp Chimneys, 3c each.
Decorated Chamber Sets, $3.00.
Bargains in Glassware at half price.
Fifty-six Pieces Tea Sets, $3.50.

SILVER PLATED
Castors, Tea Sets, Butter and Pickle Dishes, 1847 Roger Bro's. Knives Forks & Spoons, at
WARD'S
Cheap Crockery Store,
No. 8 West Columbia Street.

DON'T SCOLD

a man for groaning when he has Rheumatism or Neuralgia. The pain is simply awful. No torture in the ancient times was more painful than these twin diseases. But—oughtn't a man to be blamed if, having Rheumatism or Neuralgia, he wont use Ath-lo-pho-ros, when it has cured thousands who have suffered in the same way? It has cured hundreds after physicians have pronounced them incurable.

"The skill of five physicians could not cure me of Rheumatism which had settled in the hips, neck and shoulders. So intense was the pain that sleep was almost impossible. The first dose of Athlophoros gave me relief, and the third enabled me to sleep for four and a half hours without waking. I continued its use and am now well."
REV. S. H. TROYER, New Albany, Ind.
Send 6 cents for the beautiful colored picture, "Moorish Maiden."
THE ATHLOPHOROS CO. 112 Wall St. N.Y.

Arrival and Departure of Trains

PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY.

Under Schedule in Effect January 22, 1888.

Trains leave the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago station at Fort Wayne as follows:
(STANDARD TIME.)

EASTBOUND—For Pittsburg, Baltimore Washington, Philadelphia and New York, 5:30 a. m., †2:20 p. m., *8:00 p. m., *9:00 p. m. Crestline Accommodation, †7:00 a. m.

WESTBOUND—For Chicago, *5:00 a. m., †12:45 p. m., *5:20 p. m., *1:30 a. m. Chicago accommodation leaves at †6:30 a. m. For Plymouth, †4:00 p. m.
*Daily.
†Daily, except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.
[Fort Wayne Division

FROM NORTH.		GOING NORTH
10 30 am—Ar—	Cincinnati Ex.....—Lv.	
	Detroit Ex..... "	4 40 pm
3 40 pm "	Detroit Ex..... "	11 30 am
5 20 pm "	Way Freight... "	6 40 am

All trains daily except Sunday.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R.

GOING EAST.		GOING WEST
Lv. 2 00 pm	Express	Lv. 2 00 pm
Lv. 6 10 am	Accommodation.	Lv. 6 45 pm

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect Oct., 1887.

GOING NORTH.

For Grand Rapids and North.....	Lv.	2:40 am
" " "	"	8:05 am
For Grand Rapids.....	"	2:10 pm
From Grand Rapids.....	Ar.	6:00 pm

GOING SOUTH.

For Richmond and Cincinnati....	Lv.	5:35 am
" "	"	1:00 pm
" "	"	11:20 pm
From "	Ar.	6:25 pm

Trains daily except Sunday.

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISNILLE

FROM SOUTH		GOING SOUTH
9 30 pm—Ar—	Ind. & Cin. Ex....Lv—	5 30 pm
4 10 pm "	Cin & L Mail..... "	10 50 am
5 30 pm "	Freight..... "	5 30 am
6 00 pm "	Freight..... "	

Trains daily except Sunday.

WABASH RAILWAY.

WESTWARD.

No.		Arrive	Depart
45..	Pacific Ex. daily.....	4 50am	5 00am
41..	Kansas City Ex.....	1 45am	1 50pm
43..	Fast Mail, daily...	8 14pm	8 17pm
33..	Lafayette ac.....	.....	4 00pm
35..	Toledo ac.....	10 30 am	.....

EASTWARD.

No.		Arrive	Depart
42..	N. Y. Ex. daily.....	6 40am	6 45am
46..	Cannon ball ex S'y...	1 45pm	1 55pm
44..	Limited Ex's daily..	6 10pm	6 25pm
34...	Lafayette ac.....	11 00am	.....
39...	Toledo ac.....	.....	4 00pm

Nos. 41 and 46 have new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.
Through New York Palace Sleeping cars, Dining car and new free chair cars on 42 and 43.
Free chair cars, dining car and Buffalo sleeping car on 44 and 45.

MASONIC TEMPLE.
—TWO NIGHTS—
MARCH 9th AND 10th!
Engagement of the eminent character actor and the charming comedienne
MR. and MRS. GEORGE S.
KNIGHT.
FRIDAY EVENING
Mr. Knight's Great Creation,
:-: RUDOLPH :-:
(Baron Von Hollenstein.)
Bronson Howard and David Belasco's master production.
"A Character Born to Live."
SATURDAY EVENING
The Merry Musical Comedy
Over The Garden Wall.
The Funniest Play of all.
Sale of Seats Wednesday. Prices, 35, 50 and 75c.

The Grand Success this Season,
Fun, Mirth and Melody!
TWO NIGHTS,
Tuesday and Wednesday.
MARCH 13 AND 14.
The world famed artists, the
Hanlons
In the their great farcial comedy, an original European sensation,
—THE NEW—
VOYAGE EN SUISSE!
Halon Bros.,-Sole Props. and Managers.
Remodeled. Reconstructed.
The Funniest Play ever Witnessed.
Introducing the most realistic and wonderful mechanical stage effects ever produced. Replete with comedy, sensation, startling surprises catchy songs, bright and pretty music. The great railroad explosion. Fun in a sleeping car. The stage coach disaster. A brilliant company of artists.

That's So

Relief is certain for the despondent feelings of the dyspeptic, the constipated habit of the sedentary, the headaches of the nervous and bilious, by the simple use of Simmons Liver Regulator,—easy to take, not nauseating or disgusting, not more bitter than a glass of beer and far more grateful. It is no intoxicating beverage, but it tones up the system, settles the stomach, assists digestion, regulates the bowels, and stimulates the Liver. Take it once and and you will discard all other medicines.

"I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent that Simmons Liver Regulator has. I would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve."—P. M. JANNEY, Minneapolis, Minn.

The certainty with which this remedy acts has astonished the Medical Profession and secured for itself unbounded praise. Its virtues consist in being so gentle a cathartic, tonic and alterative, that in its operation it does not interrupt the usual duties of life, but acts so naturally that the system is not upset or afterwards constipated. It attacks all bilious disorders and sluggishness of the Liver; is harmless, and can be taken at any time without fear of injury.

"I have been a user of Simmons Liver Regulator for years, having made it my only family medicine. It is a sure, good and reliable medicine. My mother before me was very partial to it."—Rev. JAS. M. ROLLINS, Pastor M. E. Church, Fairfield, Va.

Sold by all Druggists. Prepared by J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets SIZE OF PELLETS — The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a **laxative, alterative,** or **purgative,** these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy,** for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza,** and **Catarrhal Headache.** Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of *Ithaca, N. Y.*, writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., *2902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, *Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

LADIES

Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home, with

PEERLESS DYES.

They will die everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package—40 colors. They have no equal for strength, brightness, amount in packages or for fastness of color, or non-fading qualities. Msey do not crock or smut. For sale by Thieme & Gross, druggists and chemists, 94 Calhoun st., and H. V. Mordhurst, druggist and apothecary, 54 Calhoun st. mar 9-dawly.

PITH AND POINT.

NOTHING so vividly reminds us of the brevity of life as a thirty-day note.—*Drift.*

A MAN knocked senseless in a prize fight isn't knocked very far, generally.—*Siftings.*

THE man who only asked fair play, made his living by playing at fairs.—*Texas Siftings.*

YELLING at a street car for a hastening lady is a sort of charity bawl.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

LOVE is an old, old story, yet few of the girls murmur "chestnuts" when they hear it.—*The Epoch.*

WHEN a man owes a good round sum he sometimes finds it extremely hard to square up.—*New Haven News.*

A YOUNG woman wrapped up in herself is a delicate parcel, and it not infrequently happens that she is a pa sell.—*Pretzel's Weekly.*

THE clinic student knows that pills
Are not divisible from pelf;
The rule of medicine is this—
"Physician, heel thyself."
—*Tid Bits.*

TEACHER—Correct the sentence: The liquor which the man bought was drank. Smart Boy—The man which bought the liquor was drunk.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

MRS. CHARGEITPLEASE—Good morning, Mr. Tapemeasure. I should like to see something in the way of a small check. Mr. Tapemeasure (fervently)—So should I.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"THE Family Buttonhole Attachment" is being extensively advertised, and it comes across the sedge-grass of the average mind that something new has been invented for baby's mouth.—*Tid-Bits.*

WIFE (to unhappy husband) — I wouldn't worry, John; it doesn't do any good to borrow trouble. Husband—Borrow trouble? Great Cæsar, my dear, I ain't borrowing trouble. I've got it to lend.—*Epoch.*

A MATCH vender entered a butcher shop, when the following brief dialogue was heard: Vender—Hello, Chops! How's your liver to-day? Chops—Three cents a pound. How's your lights?—*Lowell Citizen.*

FORGOTTEN something: Waiter (holding out his hand in a meaning sort of way)—Haven't you forgotten something, sir? Departing guest (grasping hand and shaking it heartily)—Good-by—good-by!—*New York Sun.*

DR. BIGBILL—You may thank your stars, sir, that physicians in these days don't bleed patients afflicted with your malady as they used to. Patient dubiously—I'm not so sure they don't, doctor.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AUTHOR—Are you going to the theater to-night? Friend—Certainly; especially as they are to present the dramatization of your new book. By the way, it will be rather dull for you, won't it? Author—Lord bless you, no! I don't suppose I'll recognize all the characters!—*Detroit Free Press.*

A BRIGHT St. Paul boy of five summers took a notion the other day to read Shakespeare for amusement. When his sister asked him what play he had been reading he had to stop to think. Finally a light broke in upon his memory, and he answered—A great deal about not much.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

THE study of "Volapuk" is becoming a fashionable craze. The best method of learning to speak it is to fill your mouth with hot coffee and cold mush, while a cheap boy tickles your nose with a feather until you sneeze. The expression will be recognized by learned Volapukers wherever found.—*Arcola Record.*

A PHYSICIAN who had attended a man during several weeks of illness, called one day and presented his bill. "I can't pay this," said the ex-patient. "Why? It's correct." "I don't doubt that, but I haven't any money. Had to pay a life insurance assessment this morning and it took every cent I had." "What, is your life insured?" "Yes, and at one time when I did not expect to live but a few hours longer I told my wife to see that you were paid just as soon as the company paid the amount of the insurance." "My dear man," the doctor suggestively replied, "I wish I had known that. I think I would have gotten my pay."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

AN error gracefully acknowledged is a victory won.—*Gascoigne.*

THE INCURABLE CURED!

HOPKINSVILLE, KY., Feb. 24, 1887.

Gentlemen—Seven years ago a sore developed on my nose from a finger nail scratch. I tried a few simple remedies, but the sore would not yield. I grew worse every year for seven years. Many thought I had a cancer. Over a year ago I commenced taking S. S. S., and two dozen bottles entirely cured me. When I began with Swift' Specific I was in very poor health, and could hardly drag about. After I had finished the course of S. S. S. I was strong and buoyant, and had a good appetite. I regard it as a most valuable medicine for ladies in weak, delicate health. It is a household medicine with me. Yours respectfully,

MRS. R. W. WILSON.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., April 2, 1887.

Gentlemen—For twenty years I have had a sore on my left cheek. It had gradually been growing worse. The many physicians whom I had consulted were unable to do me any good. Last fall a year ago I began using S. S. S. At first it inflamed the sore, and it became more virulent than ever; so much so, indeed, that my family insisted that I should leave off the medicine. I persisted in using the S. S. S. At the end of two months the sore was entirely healed. Thinking that the evil was out of my constitution, I left off the medicine; but in November, ten months after, a very slight breaking out appeared. I at once began again on S. S. S., and now that is also disappearing. I have every faith in S. S. S. It has done me more good than all the doctors and other medicines I ever took. Yours truly,

A. R. SHANDS.

WINSTON, N. C., April 12, 1887.

Gentlemen—Two or three years ago a cancer came on my face. It soon grew to be quite large. It wore on me, and my general health was very poor. Last September I began a course of S. S. S., which I have continued to the present time with the happiest result. The cancer has entirely disappeared, there being no evidence or symptom of a cancerous character left. My general health is good now, and my appetite better than it has been in years. I am 62 years old, and to-day I am working in the field planting corn. Yours truly, JONAS LIMKBACH.

Gentlemen—I had a sore on my upper lip for eight years. Seven different doctors attempted in vain to heal it. One gave me a small vial for five dollars, which was a "certain cure." It is needless to say that it did me no good. About two years ago I became quite uneasy, as people thought I had a cancer, and I took a course of eighteen bottles of S. S. S. The result has been a complete cure. The ulcer or cancer healed beautifully, leaving scarcely a perceptible scar. From that day I have been in excellent health, the Specific having purified my blood thoroughly, increased my appetite and perfected my digestion. In a word, I feel like a new woman, and, best of all, the eight year ulcer is gone entirely. Yours sincerely,

MRS. W. P. CANNON.

Trenton, Todd Co., Ky., Feb. 25, 1887.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Old-Time Treasuries.

Since the days of Clovis of France, in the fifth century, the fortune of the king was called "treasure" and the place where it was kept "the treasurv." Then the Chancellor of the Exchequer had always to sleep beside his strong box. When Philippe-Auguste, in 1196, set out for the crusades he appointed several "first lords," each with a different key, to guard the State cash-box, in addition to setting a Knight Templar to watch over them. In 1302 the treasury was transferred to the Louvre, and it is in the new Louvre at present since the communists burned down in 1871 the ministry of finance.

The ancient receiver-generals, or treasurers, had specific rights, such as to go in mourning on the sovereign's death, to speak standing up to the King, to sit in Parliament as councilors, to be judged only by their peers, and to be indicted solely by the Chancellor of France. These privileges were but peacock's feathers compared with the robust advantages of a receiver-general under the third republic.—*Notes and Queries.*

Novel Enough for a Fad.

"What curious substance have you in that vessel?" asked Society, meeting a stranger coming out of the dissecting-room.

"Brains," replied Truth. "Brains which I have just taken from a poor dead scholar."

"Let me look at them," said Society, eagerly. "I never saw any before. Let me look at them; how are they worn!"

"In the head," replied Truth.

"Out of sight?" asked Society.

"Entirely."

"Take them away; I have no use for such ornaments."

And so Truth went on into the college with her brains, and Society went on her way without any.

P. S.—She doesn't need any. They would be to her a fatal gift, more dreadful than the shirt of Nessus, shirtmaker to the Athletes.—*Bob Burdette*

That tired feeling and loss of appetite are entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the peculiar medicine. Try it and see.

Odd Incident in Court.

The result of the attachment for debt of the property of a Webster County, Ark., man brought out an odd incident in court. Among the property attached was a small herd of cattle, and to them the debtor's wife made claim. She swore that when she and her husband were engaged to be married he was not able to give her an engagement ring, and instead gave her a likely yearling heifer. The calf grew and prospered and multiplied, and the result was the herd of cattle to which the good wife laid claim.—*New York Sun.*

Ladies

In delicate health, and all who suffer from habitual constipation, will find the pleasant California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, more easily taken and more beneficial in effect than any other remedy. It acts promptly yet gently on the bowels, kidneys, liver and stomach and does not sicken or debilitate. For sale by Thieme & Gross.

Found in a Cow's Stomach.

George Morgan butchered a cow the other day and took out of her stomach the following articles, which have been examined by a reporter: Forty-two nails and pieces of nails, four buttons, one brass safety-pin, one pin with black rubber head, one copper cent, three pieces of watch chain—one piece six inches, one four inches, and the other one an inch long; three large pieces of glass, one piece of oyster shell, four pieces of brass wire, three pieces of iron, three pieces of brass and a piece of hoop-skirt. If anybody can kill a cow with more articles inside of her than this we should like them to trot her out.—*Tuscaloosa* (Ala.) *Gazette.*

Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in the spring of the year, to purify the blood, invigorate the system, excite the liver to action, and restore healthy tone and vigor to the whole physical mechanism. Remember that quality, not quantity, constitutes the value of medicine.

A Feat in Skating.

Luxemburg is a splendid country seat of the Emperor of Austria, located near Vienna. There is a magnificent park, with a spacious lake. The lake is now frozen and used for skating. The other day a Viennese went skating with an ink bottle attached to the back of his skate, the opening adjusted in a manner to allow the ink to flow out in a regular stream. With that writing apparatus he skated the name of the Crown Princess on the ice in lines which a pupil of a Chicago business college might look upon with envy.—*Chicago News.*

Opinion of a Leading Editor.

Almost all the diseases that afflict us from infancy to old age have their origin in a disordered liver. A really good liver medicine is the most important in the whole range of pharmacy. We believe Simmons Liver Regulator to be the best among them all. We pin our faith upon the Regulator, and if we could persuade every reader who is in ill health to buy it, we would willingly vouch for the benefit each would receive.—*Ed. Cincinnati Gazette.*

IT IS better to go through life like a sunbeam than to chill those around us with the frost of ill nature.

Syrup of Figs.

Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Co., San Francisco, Cal., is Nature's own true laxative. This pleasant California liquid fruit remedy may be had of Theime and Gross, druggists, large bottles at fifty cents or one dollar. It is the most pleasant, prompt, and effective remedy known to cleanse the system; to act on the Liver, Kidneys, and bowels gently yet thoroughly; to dispel Headaches, Colds and Fevers; to cure Constipation, Indigestion, and kindred ills.

Notice.

All parties knowing themselves indebted to Drs. C. B. and Geo. C. Stemen will please call and settle on or before March 1, 1888. 16-tf

The Metal Workers' Wage Scale.

PITTSBURG, March 9.—Several lodges of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel workers are holding meetings to discuss suggestions for next year's wage scale. It is stated that so far there has been no tendency shown to ask for an advance of wages. People interested in the matter take this to indicate that the association generally will not demand any advance on the present scale. The amalgamated officials, however, refuse to say anything about what the opinion of the workmen or themselves are regarding next year's scale.

More of Ives' Transactions.

TERRE HAUTE, March 9.—Yesterday W. R. McKean bid in 11,160 shares of the Terre Haute and Indianapolis and 4,446 shares of the Terre Haute and Logansport stock pledged to secure the payment of a balance due on the Ives deal for the Vandalia for $450,000. He was the only bidder.

To Assist Nature

In restoring diseased or wasted tissue is all that any medicine can do. In pulmonary affections, such as Colds, Bronchitis, and Consumption, the mucous membrane first becomes inflamed, then accumulations form in the air-cells of the lungs, followed by tubercles, and, finally, destruction of the tissue. It is plain, therefore, that, until the hacking cough is relieved, the bronchial tubes can have no opportunity to heal. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Soothes and Heals

the inflamed membrane, arrests the wasting process, and leaves no injurious results. This is why it is more highly esteemed than any other pulmonary specific.

L. D. Bixby, of Bartonsville, Vt., writes: "Four years ago I took a severe cold, which was followed by a terrible cough. I was very sick, and confined to my bed about four months. My physician finally said I was in consumption, and that he could not help me. One of my neighbors advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and before I had taken half a bottle was able to go out. By the time I had finished the bottle I was well, and have remained so ever since."

Alonzo P. Daggett, of Smyrna Mills, Me., writes: "Six years ago, I was a traveling salesman, and at that time was suffering with

Lung Trouble.

For months I was unable to rest nights. I could seldom lie down, had frequent choking spells, and was often compelled to seek the open air for relief. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which helped me. Its continued use has entirely cured me, and, I believe, saved my life."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Intelligent Readers will notice that

Tutt's Pills

are not *"warranted to cure"* all classes of diseases, but only such as result from a disordered liver, viz:

Vertigo, Headache, Dyspepsia, Fevers, Costiveness, Bilious Colic, Flatulence, etc.

For these they are not warranted *infallible*, but are as nearly so as it is possible to make a remedy. Price, 25cts.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa,* from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins by grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

March 12-mas1y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FREE!

A 26-PAGE ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

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March April May

Are the best months in which to purify your blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier.

At no other season does the human system so much need the aid of a reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla, as now. The impoverished condition of the blood, the weakening effects of the long, cold winter, the lost appetite, and that tired feeling, all make a good spring medicine absolutely necessary. Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted for this purpose, and increases in popularity every year. It is the ideal spring medicine.

"I must say Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine I ever used. Last spring I had no appetite, and the least work I did fatigued me ever so much. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and soon felt that I could do as much in a day as I had formerly done in a week. My appetite is voracious." MRS. M. V. BAYARD, Atlantic City, N. J.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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L. O. HULL,

Now Offers the Latest Novelties in

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For Spring of 1888. See Them.

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TELEPHONE NO. 285.

The Union National

GAS :-: GOVERNOR

WILL REDUCE YOUR GAS BILLS 15 to 40 Per Cent.

Give you a perfect and steady light at uniform pressure.

Accept the 30 Days Trial and Save Money.

Your burners will be fixed free if you desire it; will also read your meter and teach you how to do it.

DON'T EXPERIMENT with burners before making a call on O. Guldin, at MADDEN & COX'S,

Plumbers and Gas Fitters, 101 Calhoun street.

Geo. R. Bowen.

Plumbing,

Steamfitting,

Sewering.

Particular attention given to

Sanitary Plumbing and Sewering.

Bath Tubs, Boilers, Water Closets, Sinks, Hydrants, Yard Hose, Brass Trimmings for Engines, Etc.

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GAS FIXTURES

Main Street, East of Clinton Fort Wayne, Ind.

Brass Work Iron and Lead Pipe

Lift and Force Pumps,

Water Head, Bath Tubs, Wash Bowls Rubber Hose, etc.

Old gas fixtures regilt, bronsed and made equal to new.

G. E. BURSLEY AND COMPANY,

Wholesale Grocers

129, 131 and 133 Calhoun St.

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Dr. T. J. DILLS.

No. 40 West Berry Street,

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. 1:30 to 4 p. m.

WANTED.

WANTED.—Two girls at the Wayne hotel. 3-tf

WANTED.—Agents in every town in Indiana to sell "The Universe" or "The Wonders of Creation." 800 pages. 270 elegant engravings, greatest book ever published, only $3.00. Treasures of the infinitely great and infinitely small. $25 per day being easily made by our agents. Address C. H. Kepple, 33 Spann avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana. 22t

ANY MAN of ordinary ability who can furnish good reference can have steady employment with good pay, by address.ng S. A. McCOMBER & CO., Rochester, N. Y. 22-6w

WANTED—AN HONEST YOUNG MAN for a permanen position, with an old established firm as their representative in his own state. Salary, $70, with increase. References exacted, Gay's Manufacturing House, 32 Reade St., N. Y.

WANTED.—To rent a house, with all modern conveniences. Call or leave word at this office. 7-tf

WANTED—Two wagonmakers. None but first-class need apply. 8-3t. Fleming M'f'g Co.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT.—Store room No. 288 Calhoun street. For particulars apply at No. 11 Grand street. 10-5t

FOR RENT—Four (4) rooms in third story two in second story. No. 55 East Main St. Inquire of M. Glynn. 10-4

FOR RENT—Office at 82 Calhoun street. Inquire at Pyke's grocery, or 32 West Washington street.

LOST.—Large balck Newfoundland pup, six months old. Finder will be rewarded at 22 Summit street. 8-3t

FOR SALE.—House of ten rooms, all modern improvements. House built by day labor, lot 100 by 165. If sold at once at a bargain. Call on L. M. Jones, 26 Court street. 8-4t

FOR RENT.—A brick house with eight rooms and basement. Good barn for three horses. Water and gas all through the house. A good location for a physician. 123 E Main street. Enquire of J. D. Dickerson, No. 19 Lafayette. 6 tf

The vacant lot corner of Berry and Lafayette streets, will be leased for a term of years, or is for sale on very easy terms. Call on B. D. Angell, 52 Calhoun street. 29-tf

FOR RENT.—House No. 139 Griffith street. Would make a good boarding house. B. D. Angell, 52 Calhoun street. 29 tf

FOR RENT OR SALE.—Ten lots in west part of Bloomingdale. B. D. Angell, 52 Calhoun street. 29-tf

FOR RENT.—Store room corner Broadway and Jefferson street, formerly occupied by H N. Goodman, dry goods. For particulars enquire of C. Anderson, 123 West Wayne street. 5-tf

FOR RENT—Good house with six rooms, No. 343 West Jefferson street. Iuquire at Golden & Monahan's. 6-5t

FOR RENT.—Store room on Calhoun street, next to the Adams express office. $700 per annum, will give a lease for five years. Apply to J. B. White. 7-tf

FOR SALE.—If you intend buying a piece of property that is first class in every respect and in the best local ty in Fort Wayne, look at lots 4 and 5, Witts 3rd addition to Fort Wayne. Lot 4 is 20x150 feet fronting on Calhoun street. Lot 5 is 76x150 feet fronting on Harrison street Both lots within a stones throw of the south depot and are rapidly increasing in value, all assessments and taxes paid and title perfect. Terms to suit. For further porticulars, apply to C. D. Wilt, 79 State street, Chicago. 7-tf

WEAK, UNDEVELOPED PARTS of the body enlarged and strengthened. Full particulars sent sealed free. ERIE MED. CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Will Carleton on Sanctum Bores.

"The funeral reporter was the worst case I ever had," said another editor. "She was a middle-aged lady, who never missed a funeral; I used to wonder if she didn't sometimes get impatient waiting for her own. Only she could not write that up. She brought me a two-column account of every funeral she attended, which I had to condense and publish to please her and not offend the friends of the deceased. If I had let her, she would have turned my whole paper into a literary cemetery. She cared nothing for accuracy as long as she could fill space. She threw wreaths of praise indiscriminately upon every bier. If the dead man had no virtues, she invented some for him, and went right ahead. She badgered everybody in the office with her mortuary scribblings, and came very near being the death of me, in which case she would no doubt have written my own obituary with her usual placid sort of pleasure. Finally I restricted her to four lines per corpse, and she deserted me in a huff and went and contributed to the deaths and death of a rival paper."

"She was not so wearying," said another editor, "as the pretty young poetess who used to glide daintily into my dusty sanctum, with a sweet smile on her face and an immense bundle of doggerel under her arm. If she could have put as much taste and talent into her articles as she did into her attitudes and dresses, Sappho would have been nowhere. Her voice, too, was charming—her manner bewildering—everything about her was tiptop, except her poetry. The rhymes were bad, the measure limped and jumped and kicked over the traces of any metrical harness that ever was constructed. The sentiment was stuff that she never would have thought of airing in prose, for she was a good conversationalist and sensible enough till she got in the poetic frenzy.

"I spent hours with her in the semi-seclusion of my sanctum trying to convince her that 'violet' did not rhyme with 'twilight' or 'blossom' with much of anything except 'o'possum,' and that one of the requisites of a good poetical line was a certain regular number of feet; she would stamp one of her own shapely ones and insist upon it that I could edit stories and advertisements, but knew nothing about the afflatus industry.

"A nice but determined old lady with an epic poem on the subject of Noah and his adventure was the worst of my troubles for a long time," said another editor. "She came in on the cars from the country one day, and asked me if I would like to see the poem. I replied with all-starred politeness, 'Certainly,' and asked her how much there was of it. She replied about ten pounds, she guessed, stepped out into the hall and brought me the article, crammed into one of those old-fashioned oilcloth valises. She stated that her handwriting was not very good and thought she had better read it aloud, and actually commenced giving me the whole affair, done up in quadrains. Not having time or nerve to listen to it then, I unhappily told her to leave it, and I would look it over with a view to immediate publication if it proved worthy. She wrote me almost every day for two months, in a terrible, unreadable hand, and gave me the reputation in the office of receiving love-letters from somebody. When I tried to explain by showing the letters and the manuscript nobody could read either, and I was for some time under a cloud of ridicule from my fellow-editors.

"I was just about to bundle up the whole business and send it back to my good old lady friend by express, when there came a little blaze in our office and destroyed among many other valuable things, the oilcloth satchel, the ark, Noah and all the animals, male and female.

"The old lady came into town the next day to see if her epic was safe, and I shall never forget how sorry I was to be obliged to tell her it had vanished.

"She sat right down on the floor and wept piteously; it was her life work from a literary point of view. She had composed those lines amid the strokes of the churn, the feeding of the chickens and the cooking of boiled dinners, and had intended to go down through succeeding ages and weather the deluge of oblivion in that ark. She was perfectly overwhelmed with grief, but finally recovered sufficiently to demand $1,000 for her poetry—left in my care, and lost by carelessness, she said. She finally sued us; I could not testify to the value or worthlessness of the manuscript, never having been able to read it, and finally compromised by paying her $200, and my attorney $100 for getting me out of the scrape."

"The worst volunteer contributor I ever had to encounter," said another, was a poetical reformer. He was a little, old man, who, I am afraid, was liable to be called by the name attached to the business end of a windlass. He had a great many peculiar theories of his own in regard to poetry, and wanted me to devote a department to them in my paper. One of his poems I did publish, on account of its very absurdity.

"His theory, as illustrated by this 'poem,' was, that as many poets wrote four-line stanzas without rhyming the first and third, while the second and fourth were rhymed, it was just as proper to rhyme the first and third and let the others take care of themselves. The 'poem' commenced like this:

'It was a cold and winter night;
The wind blew fresh and shrill;
A woman sat by the dim fire-light;
No other light had she.

'Through poverty and sad distress
She'd struggled bravely on;

[illegible]

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[illegible]. The
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[illegible]n value.

Examples of Yankee Thrift.

A financial man tells some interesting stories of a venerable Boston capitalist, whose name, if published, would be "well known and widely recognized"—as the interviewers of anonymous persons always say—and which for that very reason will not be given here. The capitalist originated in a Massachusetts country district, where ideas of thrift are instilled into people's minds in their ultimate New England minuteness, and in this man's case the seeds of instruction in economy fell upon friendly ground. To what extent the improved upon his education in that direction one story will illustrate. He once visited a dentist, who filed down a tooth that had been given him trouble. Not long afterward another tooth began giving him pain in somewhat the same way, whereupon the capitalist went to a hardware store, bought a cheap file, took it home and had his son-in-law file long and patiently upon the tooth.

But there is another story that illustrates perhaps even more strikingly the old gentleman's thrift. He used to drive his own carriage, a two-horse top buggy. One day, just before Thanksgiving, he drove down to Faneuil Hall Market to bargain for and get his own turkey for the frugal but traditional feast at his house. As he drove up a boy started out as if to offer to hold his team. At the same moment he saw his cashier arriving on foot.

"Well, Smith," said the capitalist to the cashier, "where are you going?"

"Going to the market to get a turkey for Thanksgiving," said the cashier.

"Yes. Well, I'll tell you what we'll do. I know 'em in here, and if you'll hold my horses I think I can go in and buy two turkeys so that they'll come cheaper than if we bought separately."

"All right," said the cashier. He took up his station at the horses' heads while the old man went into the market. As he stood there, kicking his feet against the curbstone to keep them warm, a horrible suspicion came over him that his employer had no idea of buying two turkeys, but had simply adopted the plan as a ruse to get him to hold the horses and save the 5 cents that would be expected by a small boy as the minimum compensation for holding the horses. The old man was gone a long time, looking for a bargain no doubt. After a while he hove in sight through a door, and with but a single turkey, done up in brown paper, under his arm.

"No use, Smith," said he, "I couldn't make it go. We can do just as well to buy on our own account. Seein' that that was the case, I thought probably that you'd want to buy your turkey yourself."

He got into the carriage and drove away, leaving the cashier the happy consciousness that he had at the sacrifice of his time and comfort, saved a millionaire 5 cents.—*Boston Globe.*

Prudence! Prudence!

In medication, as in aught else, prudence should be our guide. Yet thousands cast it to the winds. Every new nostrum finds its patrons, the medical empirics of every false school have their gulls. Every change in the gamut of humbug is rung successfully—for a time at least—the notes being furnished by the credulous. In happy contrast to the many advertised impostures of the day stands Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, now in its third decade of popularity, approved and recommended by physicians, indorsed by the press of many lands, sought and prized by invalids everywhere. It is an ascertained specific for and preventive of malarial diseases, chronic indigestion, liver complaint, and constipation, checks the growth of rheumatism and neuralgia, is a peerless invigorant and useful diuretic. Nervous people benefit by it.

Three Kinds of Kentucky Kisses.

Outside of those kisses bestowed by affectionate relatives, there can be but three recognized classes of the genus kisswas viewed from a mail standpoint. The first comes upan your lips as if they were touched by a smooth-planed, cool and insensate board, without life or animation — unproductive of any agreeablo sensation whatever, and not worth being garnered with the heart's mementoes of golden, happy hours. The second is a gentle, velvety kiss, very sweet and pleasant, but vexatiously unsatisfying to an ardent nature, and put little more pronounced than a fascinating cousin would likely bestow. The third is such as coral, tempting, passionate lips bestow, for about ten seconds, upon your lips—"a lingering sweetness long drawn out"—that not only steals your breath, but seems to be drawing your very soul from out your body. A fellow may forget his mother—and about the time he is harvesting such a kiss he is sure to forget her—but the recollection of that undwarfed, honest kiss will abide with him a source of joy, and be commensurated with life itself. — *Union Local.*

The People of Oakland County Wild with Excitement.

PONTIAC, Mich., March 16th, 1887.

On the 9th of December, 1886, I came from Orion to Pontiac, to visit my parents, and was taken suddenly ill. Dr. Galbreith of this place was called, and after making a careful examination of my case, desired council, and named as councilor Dr. McGraw, of Detroit. They met in council December 15, made a careful examination, and pronounced my disease as Cancer of the Liver, and stated that there was no hope for me, as it was impossible to cure me. The pain was very severe and Dr. Galbreith continued his visits, administering quieting powders. A swelling or bunch had formed under my right ribs almost as large as my head, and I had given up all hopes of recovery. But having heard of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, I sent, February 1, 1887, and bought a bottle of the syrup from Mr. Peter Schmitz, a druggist of this place, and took it as directed. About March 1st something broke and the swelling commenced to go down, until it has almost disappeared. Up to this date I have taken two and one-half bottles of the syrup, and have so recovered as to be able to visit my neighbor, and am truly rejoicing that I am fast being relieved from such terrible pain, and desiring to acknowledge the benefit I have received in using your syrup, I send you this statement, hoping you will use it so that others who are afflicted may be benefited and relieved from pain as I have been.

Very truly,
CHARLES A. SPIER,
Of Orion, Mich.

PONTIAC, Mich., March 16th, 1887.

This is to certify that Mr. Charles A. Spier, my son, has made a correct statement of his case, as I have watched by his bedside during his entire illness. JOHN SPIER.

The undersigned certify that they are well acquainted with Charles A. Spier, whose signature appears above, and we have no hesitation in saying that any statement made by him can be relied upon as being true in every particular. BERRIDGE & BERRIDGE, Druggists, Orion, Mich.

J. A. NEAL,
Editor Weekly Review and Justice of the Peace, Orion, Mich.
J. S. KITCHER, Postmaster.
ORION, Mich., March 19, 1887.

SPRING DEBILITY.

The Best Spring Medicine Ever Discovered.

Every one needs a spring tonic—a remedy which will strengthen and invigorate the system and tone up the action of all the organs. The spring is the time above all others for the sick to get well; it is the time for the comparatively well to keep in good health by the use of a judiciously selected spring medicine.

With the advent of spring comes malaria, nervousness and debility. A weak and tired feeling, if neglected, always results in nervous and physical exhaustion. Cure these diseases, or guard against them by the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic, which is the greatest and best of all spring medicines. This wonderful remedy is recommended by physicians, druggists and the people everywhere as being the most marvelous in its effects of any known medicine. If you are nervous, irritable, depressed, and cannot sleep nights, use this remedy by all means, and your nerves will become strong and steady, and your sleep calm, natural and refreshing. If you wake tired mornings, with dull head, bad taste in the mouth, no appetite for breakfast, and feel weak, languid and exhausted, this remarkable remedy will clear your head, give you an appetite, and restore your strength, vigor and energies. If you have dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, constipation, kidney complaint, pain and weakness in the back, this remedy will give you sure relief and cure. It is a perfect specific for nervous debility, neuralgia, nervous or sick headache, heart disease, palpitation, paralysis, numbness, trembling and all nervous diseases.

Use this remedy and you will never regret it. It is purely vegetable, and its wonderful effects afford a safe, sure and positive cure. Do not be persuaded to take anything else, for this remedy has no equal. It is the greatest medical discovery of the age. All druggists keep it. Price $1 per bottle. If your druggist does not have it he will get it for you. Its discoverer, Dr. Greene, 35 West Fourteenth street, New York, the great specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, can be consulted free, personally or by letter.

The Tables Turned.

He is a bright, manly, cherry-faced little fellow, approaching the dignity of eight years, and as a rule well behaved. But the old Adam gets the upper hand now and again, and then his mother has to speak seriously. The other day he had disobeyed her, so she took him on her lap and told him how wrong it was and how badly it made her feel to have him do so. His lips trembled, the corners of his mouth came down, and his eyes began to fill with tears, signs which led her to think that moral suasion had done its work, and that her admonition had struck home, when, half sobbing, he said: "Well, any way, I th-thought you loved me." What could the mother say to that?—*Boston Herald.*

A Business-Like Offer.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have offered, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents. This wonderful remedy has fairly attained a world-wide reputation. If you have dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; if the eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; if there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is nasal changed and has a nasal twang; the breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility, you are suffering from nasal catarrh. The more complicated your disease, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

Diamond-Bearing Meteors.

Carbon has now been yielded by meteorites in three stages of development. Uncrystallized graphite has long been known as a constituent of meteoric irons and stones, and graphite crystals were recently found in a meteoric iron from western Australia, while the report has just been made that small diamond corpuscles have been obtained from a meteoric stone which fell in Russia in 1886. It is suggested that these discoveries may point out the road to the artificial production of the diamond.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

THE Omnipotent has sown his name on the heavens in glittering stars; but upon earth he planteth his name by trees and flowers.—*Richter.*

Tested by Time. For bronchial affections, Coughs, etc., BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years. Price 25 cts.

A Fearful Vengeance.

Tommy—Ma is getting crosser and crosser every day. She spanked me twice yesterday.

Sissy—So she did me, and hard too.

Tommy—I'll tell you how we can get even with her.

Sissy—How?

Tommy—Let's promise each other never to marry, and then she'll never be a grandmother. Won't that be fun? —*Texas Siftings.*

WHEN a threatening lung disorder,
Shows its first proclivity,
Do not let it cross the border—
Quell it with activity.
Many a patient, young or olden,
Owes a quick recovery
All to Dr. Pierce's Golden
Medical Discovery.

WHEN a candidate hasn't a ghost of a show, there is not much spirit in his canvass.

"ROUGH ON RATS," for rats, mice, bugs. 15c.
"ROUGH ON CATARRH." Only absolute cure. 50c.
"ROUGH ON CORNS." Hard or soft corns. 15c.
"ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE." Instant relief. 15c.

Makes the Weak Strong

If you feel tired, weak, worn out, or run down from hard work, by impoverished condition of the blood or low state of the system, you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The peculiar toning, purifying, and vitalizing qualities of this successful medicine are soon felt throughout the entire system, expelling disease, and giving quick, healthy action to every organ. It tones the stomach, creates an appetite, and rouses the liver and kidneys. Thousands who have taken it with benefit testify that Hood's Sarsaparilla "makes the weak strong."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I have taken not quite a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and must say it is one of the best medicines for giving an appetite, purifying the blood, and regulating the digestive organs that I ever heard of. It did me a great deal of good." MRS. N. A. STANLEY, Canastota, N. Y.

"I took Hood's Sarsaparilla for loss of appetite, dyspepsia, and general languor. It did me a vast amount of good, and I have no hesitancy in recommending it." J. W. WILLEFORD, Quincy, Ill.

At this season, as spring approaches, a good, reliable tonic and blood purifier is needed by nearly everybody. Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted for this purpose, and becomes more popular every year. Try it this spring.

"When I took Hood's Sarsaparilla that heaviness in my stomach left, the dullness in my head and the gloomy, despondent feeling disappeared. I began to get stronger, my blood gained better circulation, the coldness in my hands and feet left me, and my kidneys do not bother me as before." G. W. HULL, Attorney at Law, Millersburg, O.

Health and Strength

"A year ago I suffered from indigestion, had terrible headaches, very little appetite—in fact, seemed completely broken down. On taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I began to improve, and now I have a good appetite, and my health is excellent compared to what it was. I am better in spirits, am not troubled with cold feet or hands, and am entirely cured of indigestion." MINNIE MANNING, Newburgh, Orange County, N. Y.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

WOULD you know the keen delight
Of a wholesome appetite,
Unrestrained by colic's dire,
Headache's curse, or fever's fire,
Thoughts morose, or icy chills?
Then use Dr. Pierce's pills.

Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets—the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills; 25 cents a vial.

A DOUBTFUL state—wondering whether she will accept him or not.

For Rickets, Marasmus, and Wasting Disorders of Children.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is unequaled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful. Read the following: "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing, and have been more than pleased with the results, as in every case the improvement was marked."—J. M. MAIN, M. D., New York.

WHEN Boston girls go on the stage, they always appear in the spectacler drama.

SAFE, permanent and complete are the cures of bilious and intermittent diseases made by Prickly Ash Bitters. Dyspepsia, general debility, habitual constipation, liver and kidney complaints are speedily eradicated from the system. It disinfects, cleanses and eliminates all malaria. Health and vigor are obtained more rapidly and permanently by the use of this great natural antidote than by any other remedy heretofore known. As a blood purifier and tonic it brings health, renewed energy and vitality to a worn and diseased body.

THE lawyer and the saloon-keeper are great at a bar-gain.—*Boston Star.*

SOAP PEDDLERS IN WALTHAM.

A Sharp Trick Played by a Crowd of Itinerant Venders.

Two or three days ago Chief of Police Burleigh, of Waltham, learned that six or seven strangers were in the city peddling what purported to be Pearline, and that in connection therewith they were perpetrating what was practically a fraud. It seems that they had two teams and were canvassing the town very thoroughly. Going from house to house, they would offer packages of what they called Pearline, although in order to save themselves from the grip of the law, they had labeled them "Perline." With every eight packages, which they sold for $1, they gave eight bars of soap. The Chief encountered them on the street, and two of the men—one on each team—who seemed to have the handling of the business gave their names as Isaac G. Worcester and Hiram Belding. They claimed, in response to the charge that they were peddling without a license, that they were selling goods of their own manufacture and that they were giving the soap away. Before the case could be presented to Judge Luce and a warrant obtained they had all "skipped" the town, and numerous families are now bewailing the fact that they have a lot of worthless powder and light bars of poor soap, worth, all told, less than 25 cents, to show for a good dollar. The names of the party, as registered at the Prospect House, where they stopped while in Waltham, are E. H. Barnes, John Goodwin, C. D. Osgood, C. A. Frost, J. Malcolm, H. Carroll, and C. H. Haley.—*Boston Herald.*

"ROUGH ON ITCH" Ointment cures Skin Humors, Pimples, Flesh Worms, Ring Worm, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Itch, Ivy Poison, Barber's Itch, Scald Head, Eczema. 50c. Druggists or mail. E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N.J.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

LOOK YOUNG, prevent tendency to wrinkles or ageing of the skin by using LAURELLE OIL. Preserves a youthful, plump, fresh condition of the features. A transparent alabaster skin, $1. Druggists or exp. E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N.J.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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A WET HEN

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THE PULPIT

Matters of Interest to the Workers in the Lord's Vineyard.

LET'S KEEP A GOOD HEART.

A Man's Triumph—Hatred of Display—Wooden Swearing—Sunday Thoughts, Etc., Etc.

A Man's Triumph.

This is our doctrine, the permanent value of trial, that when a man conquers his adversaries and his difficulties, it is not as if he had never encountered them. This power, still kept, is in all his future life. They are not only events in his past history, they are elements in his personal character.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Hatred of Display.

Jesus must have hated anything like display. God's greatest work has never been done in crowds, but in closets; and when it works out from thence, it is not upon crowds, but upon individuals. A crowd is not a living thing. It is not a body. Its atoms are not members one of another.

A crowd is a chaos over which the Spirit of God has yet to move, ere each retires to his place to begin his harmonious work, and unite with all the rest in the organized chorus of the human creation. The crowd must be dispursed that the church may be formed.—*Geo. MacDonald.*

Sunday Thoughts.

THERE is an invisible pen always writing over our heads and making an exact register of all the transactions of our life.

IT is not said that men are to be finally judged according to their principles or belief, but according to their works.

WHAT avails it thee, O wise man of the world, to pass for a short time with fair colors before the eyes of men, if by the eye of God thou art already discovered, and shalt at last be discovered to the view of all mankind?

THE experience of all ages has shown that pain and pleasure, prosperity and adversity, are not at present distributed by Providence exactly according to the measure of men's probity and worth, but are apparently scattered with a promiscuous hand.—*Chicago Sunday National.*

Let's Keep a Good Heart.

What an important trifle may change the course of a man's life!

Once I was going thoughtfully along the highway. My soul was weighted down by heavy forebodings. I was overcome with despondency.

I raised my head; straight before me ran the road between the two stiff rows of poplars. And across the road, about ten paces in front of me, were hopping in single file, a family of sparrows, full of life, merriment, and courage.

One in particular, distinguished himself by his bold sideways hopping; he stuck out his little breast, and twitted as bravely as if he did not fear the devil himself. A true conqueror!

Meanwhile a hawk circled overhead whose destiny it was, perhaps, to devour this very hero.

I looked, was forced to laugh, and regained my self-possession. My gloomy thoughts had vanished; I felt again courage, energy, and life.

A hawk may be circling over me, but the devil take it!—let's keep a good heart!—*Turgenieff.*

Sabbath Reading.

Of course it should be in keeping with the day; differing as much from ordinary reading as our pursuits on this day differ from those of the secular days of the week. Could anything be plainer? God requires of us a portion of time for his service. It is the time, the Sabbath, that is required for his immediate service. Then all our pursuits on this day should be in obedience to the command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." If a student pursues his studies on this day, he is as surely violating the command as the wood-chopper who wields his ax; only that the latter may disturb others, and the former not. It has been proven, again and again, that it is a matter of business policy to keep the Sabbath. The laws of God are as cognizant of the physical as of the spiritual well-being. To obey as a matter of policy is not the highest style of obedience; but he who obeys so far is so far blessed. The body is not only refreshed, but recuperated also, by abstaining from physical labor on this day, whether we improve our spiritual advantages or not. Every one knows who has personally tested it with what renewed energy one goes forth on Monday morning to the daily business of life, after abstaining entirely on the Sabbath. It has a new interest, and one works better and more for the cessation. Those who have gone farther and rested in thought as in deed, turning entirely to spiritual things, are so much the more strengthened and the better furnished for continued secular work, in whatever department they are engaged. Thought is labor; so change of thought is change of labor, and as essential to the student or professional man as to the daily laborer who works with his hands. If we could fully understand the wisdom of obeying the laws of God; if only the youth could understand it in their youth, and to come early into the inheritance of the riches that fall to the lot of the obedient, what riches of knowledge, of health, wealth, and wisdom would fall to their lot. To keep the Sabbath because God, our Father, has ordered it; to go to church to worship, not to be entertained (the entertainment in a good sermon should be secondary to the worship); to put aside our week-day avocations, books, papers, and amusements; making it conscientiously the Lord's day; and so varying our service and occupation as to relieve weariness and monotony; then, indeed, will we find it a delight, holy to the Lord.—*Interior.*

Wooden Swearing.

The Sabbath-school in Rockville was assembled for their monthly concert. The lesson was about swearing, and when the children had repeated their verses the minister rose to talk to them.

"I hope, dear children," he said, "that you will never let your lips speak profane words. But now I want to tell you about a kind of swearing which I heard a good woman speak about not long ago. She called it 'wooden swearing.' It's a kind of swearing that many people beside children are given to, when they get angry. Instead of given vent to their feelings in oaths, they slam the doors, kick the chairs, stamp on the floor, throw the furniture about, and make all the noise they possibly can. 'Isn't this just the same as swearing?' said she. 'It's just the same kind of feeling exactly, only they do not like to say those awful words; but they force the furniture to make the noise, and so I call it wooden swearing.' I hope, dear children, that you will not do this kind of swearing either." It is better to let alone wooden swearing and all other kinds of swearing.—*The Little Christian.*

THE MODERN CHILD.

Are not children nowadays proverbially spoilt, and is not the innocent, loving child content with the simplest of pleasures and only anxious to share them with others, somewhat exceptional? Some young folks are scarcely emerged from the nursery precincts before we learn that they are "awfully bored" and find things very "dull." Far from contenting themselves with home amusements, they require to be taken from place to place in search of entertainment, a somewhat hopeless task where tastes are fastidious. These blase individuals, in short petticoats, or oftener in Eton jackets, are intensely selfish. They have lost the halo which in olden times, used to be thrown around persons and things in youthful days. They have little respect for parents, contribute nothing toward the happiness of home, and give no promise of turning out useful members of society when manhood or womanhood is reached.

They are not perhaps to be greatly blamed, for unconscious parents, teachers, servants, have all combined to make these young persons—misnamed children—imagine that their food, their clothing, their education and their amusements are the objects of the greatest importance in the whole universe, and it is possible that no one has ever tried to impress upon them the necessity of showing them a due regard for the welfare of others. Mercifully, what erring mortals mar, beneficent Providence moulds. Thus it may often come to pass that the discipline of life, its trials and crosses transform the spoilt child into the devoted man.

ILLUSTRIOUS DUNCES.

Isaac Newton, when a boy at the bottom of his class, was kicked by the boy above him. He fought the bully and beat him, out of which victory arose the thought that as he had beaten him with his fists he might also do it with his brains. And he did. Isaac Barrow, the divine, was a quarrelsome, idle boy. His father said of him that "If it pleased God to take away any of his children, he hoped it might be Isaac." Adam Clark was pronounced by his father to be "a grievious dunce;" but it is recorded of him that he "could roll large stones about." "Take note," writes Edward Butler, "of boys who can and do roll large stones about. They may take to rolling great ideas about." Dr. Chalmers was expelled from the parish school of St. Andrews as "an incorrigible dunce." Walter Scott, at Edinburgh University, was labelled by Professor Dalzell, "Dunce he is, and dunce he will remain." John Howard was an illustrious dunce, "learning nothing in seven years." And then Napoleon and Wellington were dull boys at school.

THE man who stoops to pick up a cent often ruins half-a-dollar's worth of suspenders.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon at the Tabernacle.

Jubilant Exercises at the Morning Service—The Right Hand of Fellowship Extended to Many New Members—Thousands to Hear the Great Divine.

BROOKLYN, March 4.—Exercises at the Tabernacle this morning were jubilant. One hundred and twenty new members were given the right hand of fellowship, making the communicant membership 1,450. Thousands of strangers were present. The ten great silver tankards and the long line of chalices made the sacramental table very impressive.

Before the sermon the congregation, led by cornet and organ, sang:

When earth shall pass away,
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine!

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., took as the subject of his discourse: "A Song Concerning My Beloved." His text was Isaiah v, 1: "Now will I sing to my well beloved a song of my beloved." Dr. Talmage said:

The most fascinating theme for a heart proper attuned is the Saviour. There is something in the morning light to suggest Him, and something in the evening shadow to speak His praise. The flower breathes Him, the star shines Him, the cascade proclaims Him, all the voices of nature chant Him. Whatever is grand, bright, and beautiful, if you only listen to it, will speak His praise. When I come in the summer time and pluck a flower, I think of Him who is "the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley. When I see in the field a lamb, I say, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." When, in very hot weather, I come under a projecting cliff, I say:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

Over the old-fashioned pulpits there was a sounding board. The voice of the minister rose to the sounding board, and then was struck back again upon the ears of the people. An so the ten thousand voices of earth rising up find the heavens a sounding board which strikes back to the ear of all nations the praises of Chrtst. The heavens tells His glory, and the earth shows His handiwork. The Bible thrills with one great story of redemption. Upon a blasted and faded paradise it poured the light of a glorious restoration. It looked upon Abraham from the ram caught in the thicket. It spoke in the bleating of the herds driven down to Jerusalem for sacrifice. It put infinite pathos into the speech of uncouth fishermen. It lifted Paul into the seventh Heaven; and it broke upon the ear of St. John with the brazen trumpets and the doxology of the elders, and the rushing wings of the seraphim.

Instead of waiting until you get sick and worn out before you speak the praise of Christ, while your heart is happiest, and your step is lightest, and your fortunes smile, and your pathway blossoms, and the overreaching Heavens drop upon you their benediction, speak the praises of Jesus.

The old Greek orators, when they saw their audience inattentive and slumbering, had one word with which they would rouse them up to the greatest enthusiasm. In the midst of their orations they would stop and cry out "Marathon!" and the people's enthusiasm would be unbounded. My hearers, though you may have been borne down with sin, and though trouble and trials and temptation may have come upon you, and you feel hardly like looking up, methinks there is one grand, royal, imperial word that ought to rouse your soul to infinite rejoicing, and that word is "Jesus."

Taking the suggestion of the text, I shall speak to you of Christ, our song. I remark, in the first place, that Christ ought to be the cradle song. What our mothers sang to us when they put us to sleep is singing yet. We may have forgotten the words; but they went into the fiber of our soul, and will forever be a part of it. It is not so much what you formally teach your children as what you sing to them. A hymn has wings and can fly everywhither. One hundred and fifty years after you are dead, and "Old Mortality" has worn out his chisel in recutting your name on the tombstone, your great-grandchildren will be singing the song which this afternoon you sing to your little ones gathered about your knee. There is a place in Switzerland where, if you distinctly utter your voice, there will come back ten or fifteen distinct echoes, and every Christian song sung by a mother in the ear of her child shall have ten thousand echoes coming back from all the gates of Heaven. Oh, if mothers only knew the power of this sacred spell, how much oftener the little ones would be gathered, and all our homes would chime with the songs of Jesus!

We want some counteracting influence upon our children. The very moment your child steps into the street he steps into the path of temptation. There are foul-mouthed children who would like to besoil your little ones. It will not do to keep your boys and girls in the house and make them house plants; they must have fresh air and recreation. God save your children from the scathing, blasting, damning influence of the streets! I know of no counteracting influence but the power of Christian culture and example. Hold before your little ones the pure life of Jesus; letthat name be the word that shall exorcise evil from their hearts. Give to your instruction all the fascination of music, morning, noon, and night; let it be Jesus, the cradle song. This is important if your children grow up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the dwelling, and the youthful pulse will begin to flutter, and little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pinch at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the nursery will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No quick following from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss; but only a grave, and a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it; and bitter desolations, and a sighing at nightfall with no one to put to bed, and a wet pillow, and a grave, and a wreath of white blossoms on top of it. The heavenly Shepherd will take that lamb safely anyhow, whether you have been faithful or unfaithful; but would it not have been pleasanter if you could have heard from those lips the praises of Christ? I never read anything more beautiful than this about a child's departure. The account said: "She folded her hands, kissed her mother good-by, sang her hymn, turned her face to the wall, said her little prayer, and then died."

Oh, if I could gather up in one paragraph the last words of the little ones who have gone out from all these Christian circles, and I could picture the calm look and the folded hands and sweet departure, methinks it would be grand and beautiful as one of Heaven's great doxologies!

I next speak of Christ as the old man's song. Quick music looses its charm for the aged ear. The school-girl asks for a schottische or a glee, but her grandmother asks for "Balerma" or the "Portuguese Hymn." Fifty years of trouble have tamed the spirit, and the keys of the music-board must have a solemn tread. Though the voice may be tremulous, so that grandfather will not trust it in church, still he has the Psalm book open before him and he sings with his soul. He hums his grandchild asleep with the same tune he sang forty years ago in the old country meeting house. Some day the choir sings a tune so old that the young people do not know it; but it starts the tears down the cheek of the aged man, for it reminds him of the revival scene in which he participated, and of the radiant faces that long since went to dust, and of the gray-haired minister leaning over the pulpit and sounding the good tidings of great joy.

I was one Thanksgiving day in my pulpit in Syracuse, N. Y., and Rev. Daniel Waldo, at 98 years of age, stood beside me. The choir sang a tune. I said: "I am sorry they sang that new tune; nobody seems to know it." "Bless you, my son," said the old man, "I heard that seventy years ago!"

There was a song to-day that touched the life of the aged with holy fire, and kindled a glory on their vision that our younger eyesight cannot see. It was the song of salvation—Jesus, who fed them all their lives long; Jesus, who wiped away their tears; Jesus, who stood by them when all else failed; Jesus, in whose name their marriage was consecrated, and whose resurrection has poured light upon the graves of their departed. Blessed the Bible in which spectacled old age reads the promise, "I will never leave you, never forsake you!" Blessed the staff on which the worn-out pilgrim totters on toward the welcome of his Redeemer! Blessed the hymn book in which the faltering tongue and the failing eyes find Jesus, the old man's song.

I speak to you again of Jesus as the night song. Job speaks of Him who giveth songs in the night. John Welch, the old Scotch minister, used to put a plaid across his bed on cold nights, and some one asked him why he put that there. He said: "Oh, sometimes in the night I want to sing the praise of Jusus, and to get down and pray; then I just take that plaid and wrap it around me, to keep myself from the cold." Songs in the night! Night of trouble has come down upon many of you. Commercial losses put out one star, slanderous abuse put out another star, domestic bereavement has put out a thousand lights, and gloom has been added to gloom, and chill to chill, and sting to sting, and one midnight has seemed to borrow the fold from another midnight to wrap itself in more unbearable darkness; but Christ has spoken peace to your heart, and you can sing:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, oh, my Saviour hide
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the sick, who have no one to turn the hot pillow, no one to put the taper on the stand, no one to put ice on the temple, or pour out the soothing anodyne, or utter one cheerful word—yet songs in the night! For the poor, who freeze in the winter's cold and swelter in the summer's heat, and munch the hard crusts that bleed the sore gums, and shiver under blankets that cannot any longer be patched, and tremble because rent day is come and they may be set out on the sidewalk, and looking into the starved face of the child and seeing famine there and death there, coming home from the bakery, and saying, in the presence of the little famished ones, "Oh, my God, flour has gone up!" Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the widow who goes to get the back pay of her husband, slain by the "sharp-shooters," and knows it is the last help she will have, moving out of a comfortable home in desolation, death turning back from the exhausting cough and the pale cheek and the lusterless eye, and refusing all relief. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the soldier in the field hospital, no surgeon to bind up the gun-shot fracture, no water for the hot lips, no kind hand to brush away the flies from the fresh wound, no one to take the loving farewell, the groaning of others poured into his own groan, the blasphemy of others plowing up his own spirit, the condensed bitterness of dying away from home among strangers. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! "Ah!" said one dying soldier, "tell my mother that last night there was not one cloud between my soul and Jesus." Songs in the night! Songs in the night!

The Sabbath day has come. From the altars of ten thousand churches has smoked up the savor of sacrifice. Ministers of the Gospel are now preaching in plain English, in broad Scotch, in flowing Italian, in harsh Choctaw. God's people have assembled in Hindoo temple, and Moravian church, and Quaker meeting house, and sailor's bethel, and king's chapel, and high towered cathedral. They sang, and the song floated off amidst the spice groves, or struck the icebergs, or floated off into the Western pines, or was drowned in the clamor of the great cities. Lumbermen sang it, and the factory girls, and the children in the Sabbath class, and the trained choirs in great assemblages. Trappers, with the same voices with which they shouted yesterday in the stag hunt, and mariners with throats that only a few days ago sounded in the hoarse blast of the sea hurricane, they sang it. One theme for the sermons. One burden for the song. Jesus for the invocation. Jesus for the Scripture lesson. Jesus for the baptismal font. Jesus for the sacramental cup. Jesus for the benediction. But the day will go by. It will roll away on swift wheels of light and love. Again the churches will be lighted. Tides of people again setting down the streets. Whole families coming up the church aisle. We must have one more sermon, two prayers, three songs, and one benediction. What shall we preach to-night? What shall we read? What shall it be, children? Aged men and women, what shall it be? Young men and maidens, what shall it be? If you dared to break the silence of this auditory, there would come up thousands of quick and jubilant voices crying out: "Let it be Jesus! Jesus!"

We sing His birth—the barn that sheltered Him, the mother that nursed Him, the cattle that fed beside Him, the angels that woke up the shepherds, shaking light over the midnight hills. We sing His ministry—the tears He wiped away from the eyes of the orphans; the lame men that forgot their crutches; the damsel who from the bier bounded out into the sunlight, her locks shaking down over the flushed cheek; the hungry thousand who broke the bread as it blossomed into larger loaves—that miracle by which a boy with five loaves and two fishes became the sutler for a whole army. We sing His sorrows—His stone-bruised feet, His aching heart, His mountain loneliness, His desert hunger, His storm-pelted body, the eternity of anguish that shot through His last moments, and the immeasurable ocean of torment that heaved up against His cross in one foaming, wrathful, omnipotent surge, the sun dashed out, and the dead, shroud-wrapped, breaking open their sepulchers, and rushing out to see what was the matter. We sing His resurrection—the guard that could not keep Him; the sorrows of His disciples; the clouds piling up on either side in pillared splendors as He went through, treading the pathless air, higher and higher, until He came to the foot of the throne, and all Heaven kept jubilee at the return of the Conqueror.

I say once more, that Christ is the everlasting song. The very best singers sometimes get tired; the strongest throats sometimes get weary, and many who sang very sweetly do not sing now; but I hope by the grace of God we will, after a while, go up and sing the praises of Christ where we will never be weary. You know there are some songs that are especially appropriate for the home circle. They stir the soul, they start the tears, they turn the heart in on itself, and keep sounding after the tune has been stopped, like some cathedral bell which, long after the tap of the brazen tongue has ceased, keeps throbbing on the air. Well, it will be a home song in Heaven; all the sweeter because those who sang with us in the domestic circle on earth shall join that great harmony.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace in thee?

On earth we sang harvest songs as the wheat came into the barn, and the barracks were filled. You know there is no such time on a farm as when they get the crops in; and so in Heaven it will be a harvest song on the part of those who on earth sowed in tears and reaped in joy. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the sheaves come in! Angels shout all through the Heavens, and multitudes come down the hills crying: "Harvest home! harvest home!"

There is nothing more bewitching to one's ears than the song of sailors far out at sea, whether in day or night, as they pull away at the ropes; the music is weird and thrilling. So the song in Heaven will be a sailor's song. They were voyagers once, and thought they could never get to shore, and before they could get things snug and trim the cyclone struck them. But now they are safe. Once they went with damaged rigging, guns of distress booming through the storm; but the pilot came aboard, and he brought them into the harbor. Now they sing of the breakers past, the lighthouses that showed them where to sail, the pilot that took them through the straits, the eternal shore on which they landed.

Ay, it will be the children's song. You know very well that the vast majority of our race die in infancy, and it is estimated that eighteen thousand millions of the little ones are standing before God. When they shall rise up before the throne to sing, the millions and the millions of the little ones—ah! that will be music for you. These played in the streets of Babylon and Thebes; these plucked lilies from the foot of Olivet while Christ was preaching about them; these waded in Siloam; these were victims of Herod's massacre; these were thrown to crocodiles or into the fire; these came up from Christian homes, and these were foundlings on the city commons—children everywhere in all that land; children in the towers, children on the seas of glass, children on the battlements. Ah, if you do not like children do not go there. They are in vast majority, and what a song when they lift it around about the throne.

The Christian singers and composers of all ages will be there to join in that song. Thomas Hastings will be there. Lowell Mason will be there. Bradbury will be there. Beethoven and Mozart will be there. They who sounded the cymbals and the trumpet in the ancient temples will be there. The forty thousand harpers that stood at the ancient dedication will be there. The two hundred singers that assisted on that day will be there. Patriarchs who lived amidst threshing floors, shepherds who watched amidst Chaldean hills, prophets who walked, with long beards and coarse apparel, pronouncing woe against ancient abominations, will meet the more recent martyrs who went up with leaping cohorts of fire; and some will speak of the Jesus of whom they prophesied, and others of the Jesus for whom they died. Oh, what a song! It came to John upon Patmos; it came to Calvin in the prison; it dropped to John Knox in the fire; and sometimes that song has come to your ear, perhaps, for I really do think it sometimes breaks over the battlements of Heaven.

A Christian woman, the wife of a minister of the Gospel, was dying in the parsonage near the old church, where, on Saturday night the choir used to assemble and rehearse for the following Sabbath: "How strangely sweet the choir rehearses to-night; they have been rehearsing that for an hour." "No," said some one about her, "the choir is not rehearsing to-night." "Yes," she said, "I know they are; I hear them sing; how very sweetly they sing!" Now it was not a choir of earth that she heard, but the choir of Heaven. I think that Jesus sometimes sets ajar the door of Heaven, and a passage of that rapture greets our ears. The minstrels of Heaven strike such a tremendous strain the walls of jasper cannot hold it.

I wonder, will you sing that song? Will I sing it? Not unless our sins are pardoned, and we learn how to sing the praise of Christ, will we ever sing it there. The first great concert that I ever attended was in New York, when Julien, in the Crystal Palace, stood before hundreds of singers and hundreds of players upon instruments. Some of you may remember that occasion; it was the first one of the kind at which I was present, and I shall never forget it. I saw that one man standing, and with the hand and foot wield that great harmony, beating the time. It was to me overwhelming. But oh, the grander scene when they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, "a great multitude that no man can number," into the temple of the skies, host beyond host, rank beyond rank, gallery above gallery, and Jesus shall stand before that great host to conduct the harmony, with his wounded hands and his wounded feet. Like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings they shall cry, "Worthy is the lamb that was slain to receive blessings, and riches, and honor, and glory, and power, world without end. Amen and amen!" Oh, if my ear shall hear no other sweet sounds, may I hear that! If I join no other glad assemblage, may I join that?

I was reading of the battle of Agincourt, in which Henry V. figured; and it is said after the battle was won, gloriously won, the King wanted to acknowledge the divine interposition, and he ordered the chaplain to read the Psalm of David, and when he came to the words, "Not unto us, oh Lord, but unto thy name be the praise," the King dismounted, and all the cavalry dismounted, and all the great host, officers, and men, threw themselves on their faces. Oh, at the story of the Saviour's love and the Saviour's deliverance, shall we not prostrate ourselves before Him now, hosts of earth and hosts of Heaven, falling upon our faces and crying: "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory!"

Found in a Cow's Stomach.

George Morgan butchered a cow the other day and took out of her stomach the following articles, which have been examined by a reporter: Forty-two nails and pieces of nails, four buttons, one brass safety-pin, one pin with black rubber head, one copper cent, three pieces of watch chain—one piece six inches, one four inches, and the other one an inch long; three large pieces of glass, one piece of oyster shell, four pieces of brass wire, three pieces of iron, three pieces of brass and a piece of hoop-skirt. If anybody can kill a cow with more articles inside of her than this we should like them to trot her out.—*Tuscaloosa* (Ala.) *Gazette.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Notes on the Lesson for March 11—"Christ Entering Jerusalem."

[From the Chicago Standard.]

The lesson for above date may be found in the first sixteen verses of the twenty-first chapter of Matthew.

DAILY READINGS.

M.—Connection in Matthew. Matt. 20: 30–34.
T.—Connection in Luke. Luke 18: 35; 19: 27.
W.—The Lesson.
T.—Mark's account. Mark 11: 1–11.
F.—Luke's account. Luke 19: 28–44.
S.—John's account. John 12: 12–19.
S.—The prediction. Zech. 9: 9.

BREAKFAST VERSES.

M.—"Lift up your heads, O ye gates." Ps. 24: 7.
T.—"Behold, thy King cometh." Zech. 9: 9.
W.—"Every tongue should confess." Phil. 2: 11.
T.—"Withsinging unto Zion." Isa. 51: 11.
F.—"The presence of his glory." June 24.
S.—"The path of life." Ps. 16: 11.
S.—"They shall see his face." Rev. 22: 4.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

They drew nigh unto Jerusalem. One needed hardly to be told that. It could be read in all the air. There was a strange, sensitive alertness everywhere. In the faces of the people at the city gates, in the postures of the pilgrim throngs upon the way, in the varied movements within the city itself. Something, someone, was coming. In the foggy obscurity of a London gathering-place the silent railway thoroughfare begins suddenly to snap and flash, and the people know that the train is just at hand. In the suspense of the early morning upon the wharf there is all at once a mysterious movement in the throng, a sort of awed expectancy everywhere. A ball drops, or an unseen bell rings, and suddenly from out of the gloom the great ship moves in. To waiting Jerusalem at last her King "drew nigh." He was never very far off. Alas! that she knew it not; and when at last he came, in truth, alas, that his own received him not.

Straightway ye shall find. It is the open vision of faith. The church has lost much of this ready eyesight. It gropes about feeling with lame hands and in a sort of spectacled half-blindness. Is it not because the Christ has been left so far back upon the way? We have not been with him of late, and when we go to look for those things that are of service to the kingdom, lo, they are not there. Once in a while a soul like Muller, of Bristol, or Pastor Harris, of Hermannsburg, goes, as it were, into the village over against him and straightway finds. But they are so few. God give us all grace to find our Lord's waiting helpers and to do our part toward hastening the coming of the King. According to our faith, shall it not be unto us?

The Lord hath need of them. It is the sufficient answer. Not, can I spare it now? Nor, will something else do? Simply the Lord hath need; and, brother, if you yourself are the Lord's, you will straightway send. That is what your property, your strength, your life is for, that you may loose them and let them go at the Lord's requirement. We are all his stewards, we hold possessions in trust for him to deliver at his call; instantly and gladly. Gladly? Yes. Is there anything that should thrill our hearts more than to hear regarding these things of earth, which we have in charge, the word, "The Lord hath need of them." It is a message from the King. Arise and obey.

All this was done that it might be fulfilled. Human doing—divine fulfilling. The faithful act is more than an earthly deed done; it is a heavenly purpose fulfilled. In a peculiar sense this was true of the events of Christ's life. "All these things"—yea, even the death itself had their roots away back in the counsels of eternity. In such a sense even the wicked, though all unwilling, "work the righteous will of heaven." But in a larger and happier way the Christian life is a divine fulfilling. As John fulfilled his course, so does the child of God track out the ways of Providence. Let it be in the spirit of the meek Nazarene, and it will be well.

The king cometh unto thee, meek. A sweet song. It was a strange collocation of words. The Jew had never grasped the thought. He could have understood a king riding in his chariot, or astride of his charger, the sword of physical conquest in his hand; but "meek, sitting upon an ass, and a colt, the foal of an ass," the sign of lowliness and humility. It was unheard of. No wonder at such a spectacle, they asked in astonishment, "Who is this?" That lowly figure upon the foal broke in upon the Jewish fancy like a startling apparition. How does it come to you?

And the disciples went and did as Jesus commanded. It is perhaps well to observe that the disciples did not stop and call a convention to consider the situation or to devise ways and means. They simply went and did what they were commanded. They got their orders straight from Christ and moved straight to their execution. Perhaps this is the way to make God's marvels to appear on the earth. Perhaps we are too much of the mass-meeting order and too little of the *go and do.* Bishop Taylor, over there in Africa, like his predecessor, General Gordon, has learned the lesson. They call him "Bishop" now. His Methodist brethren could not do otherwise than grant him the freedom of the name—a freedom which as Baptists we all (at least in theory) possess. He received his orders direct from God, and he must needs be loosed and let go. So long as Jesus commands us, we are safe in the doing.

Put on them their clothes. It was the climax of humility. He condescended to the use of borrowed garments. Thus does Jesus put himself on terms of closest intimacy, indeed almost of dependence, upon his disciples. We are with him in the work. We can help him in the progress of the kingdom with whatever we have. He disdains not our slightest overtures; he despises not our smallest gifts.

Others cut down branches from the trees. Yes, there is a part for every one in Messiah's homage. If you cannot spread down garments before him, cut down branches from the trees. Praise him with anything that comes to hand. It is the spirit that sanctifies. The poor foreigner converted in Moody's meetings in Chicago asked for something to do to help on the good work. He could not sing, he could not speak, he could not read the Bible intelligently to inquirers. And so, says Moody, he was sent out on the street with cards of announcement. If any one swore at him it made no difference, he could not understand a word. He just kept on handing out his cards and he served and honored his Master there.

The multitudes that went before and that followed. A place for every one. It is not probable that any one refused to sing "Hosanna" because he was in the rear rank instead of up in front. It would have been a pity to allow that choir in the foreground to monopolize all the praises of song, while the great congregations came along in their turn silent as death. No, it was a jubilating procession, and so long as they were in that mood they all sang and could not be stilled. It was one grand "Hosanna in the Highest."

All the city was moved. The coming of Christ always produces a similar effect. There may be no great commotion, but, be assured, the depths of human life are mightily stirred. The King of the soul is near; why should it not be deeply moved? God grant we may see it in this wise in many a city and many a hamlet over the land, for that the King is nigh.

Next week, "The Son Rejected."—Matt. 21: 33–46.

OH! brethren, learn that inspired words were not meant as premises for syllogisms, not as ready-made weapons against heretics, not as barriers against free thought and feeling, but as torches that kindle souls; for the heart of man is still young, the Spirit of God has not died out.—*F. W. Newman.*

IF we did some little act of kindness every day what a beautiful record our years would present.

THE darkest night was never yet longer than the brightest day.

ALL

LADIES

like to see something new and especially so in

ART GOODS

To-morrow,

Saturday Morning,

COME TO OUR

CLOAK ROOM.

We are going to make a

Special Exhibit

—OF—

Japanese Goods,

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Something you don't see every day. They are not expensive. The exhibit will please you, as it is rare.

BANCO POTS.
TOPIO BOTTLES.
DROP WATER BOTTLES.
TOKIO ROSE JARS.
SEDJI ROSE JARS.
SEDJI TEA POTS.
IMAINI VASES.
JAP. BROOMS.
JAP. FANS.
TOKIO TEA POTS.

And many, many other novelties. We want you all to come, if only to look.

Root & Company

WEAK MEN! Debilitated thro' Indiscretions or Excesses, WE GUARANTEE TO CURE by this NEW IMPROVED Electric Belt & Suspensory, or REFUND MONEY. Made for this specific purpose, CURE OF GENERATIVE WEAKNESS, giving continuous, mild, soothing currents of electricity directly through all weak parts, restoring them to health and Vigorous Strength. Electric Current felt instantly or we forfeit $5,000 in cash. Greatest Improvements over all other belts. Worst cases permanently cured in three months. Sealed pamphlet &c. stamp The Sanden Electric Co. 169 LaSalle st., Chicago

Boston T Store!

We extend to the trading public an invitation to visit us and we will show a choice line of fruits, nuts, raisins, confections, etc., for the spring trade. We have without a doubt as fine an assortment of Jams, Preserves and Canned goods as you will find. Our Teas and Coffees, as always, are the best the market affords. Dressed poultry a specialty.

A. J. Dittoe & Co.,

20 West Berry St.

Frank B. Kendrick,

ARCHITECT,

No. 138 Calhoun Street,

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—THE LARGEST AND—

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C Choice only $10. Spring Overcoats included.
C What ou want, in the best stock of
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We Move to 58 Calhoun Street, March 20. Until Then, Will Close Out our Present Stock.

At -:- Cost -:- Everything!

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We Mean Business.

☞Open Daily Till 9 at Night—Saturdays Till 11 p. m.

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1888.

LOCAL NEWS.

The city council wtll meet Thursday evening.

The Bicycle club will give a reception to-night.

The Berghoff brewery will make its first brew Tuesday.

Miss Blanche Evers, of Coshocton, Ohio, is in the city.

C. W. Ludwick, of this city, was yesterday granted a pension.

Mr. W. S. Oppenheim returned last evening from Indianapolis.

The Fort Wayne Jenney company will light Saginaw, Mich.

Austin Finan has accepted a position on one of the Hartford city papers.

The apple jack distilleries, at Leo, this county, were started up yesterday.

The Business Men's exchange will meet in regular session Monday evening next.

Mr. John Spice, the ex-superintendent of the county farm, is going to Hudson, Mich.

Mr. Charley Knight has returned home from an extensive trip for the Fort Wayne Electric Light company.

Dr. Geo. W. Loag has been chosen a member of the state central committee from this district. The doctor is a worker.

Union assembly, K. of L., had a rousing meeting last night, and it is reported that there were many new applicants for membership.

The Huntington weekly *Democrat*, edited by Mr. Will R. Emery, will begin the publication of a daily edition Monday next.

The Berry Street M. E. Sunday school has raised $80 this conference year for missions, an increase of $20 over last year.

Dr. and Mrs. S. B. Brown visited at Indianapolis this week. Mr. John McCurdy, a graduate in dentistry, returned home with Dr. Brown.

It is stated that J. F. Miller, now general superintendent, will succeed W. A. Baldwin as manager of the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburg.

The Huntington *Herald* says: "Dr. C. S. Stults, who is enjoying a splendid practice in his profession in Fort Wayne, is in the city on a brief visit."

While C., B., Q., officials swear
At Arthur, day by day,
He calmly sits back in his chair
And laughs as they rail'way.

Mr. George DeWald, at the head of the dry goods firm of George DeWald & Co., will leave for New York on his annual business pilgrimage to-night.

Miss Millie McCurdy is at Indianapolis visiting the family of her uncle, George W. McCurdy. A brilliant party was given in her honor Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Scholes, of St. Joe, Ind., are in the city, visiting at the residence of their sons, Frank and Joseph Scholes, on Jefferson street. They will remain over Sunday.

The Lafayette *Courier* says: "Capt. Barney Shaw will be ordered to turn his guns over to Major Kreuzburg, who will forward them to Captain Eastwood, of Fort Wayne. Battery "C" will disband."

Reginald Varvasour, of Portland, Maine, formerly an engineer on the Allan line of European steamers, was in the city yesterday. He was on his way to San Francisco, where he will ship in a similar capacity on one of the Pacific Mail steamships running between California and Australia.

Dr. White Cloud's entertainments, at the Princess rink, draw large crowds nightly. These entertainments are not "old chestnuts" by any means; but the program is changed each evening. The company, composed of the finest Negro, Irish and Dutch comedians, and refined society and sketch artists. This entertainment, we are assured, will be strictly moral in every particular and nothing to offend the most fastidious.

C 1-4 Off—Our superb stock of clothing, etc., at less than cost.
21-eod-tf SAM, PETE & MAX.

See "Voyage en Suisse" and laugh.

The circuit court was not in session to-day.

Elder Lynch will preach at Decatur to-morrow night.

Mr. Frank E. Stevens, of Fort Wayne, was at Muncie yesterday.

Mr. J. F. Wm. Meyer, the water works trustee, is quite ill.

The mayor disposed of two unimportant drunks this morning.

John M. Muhn and Ella Hensinger have been licensed to wed.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kienke, a fourteen pound girl baby.

The rains of to-day have spoiled the bicycle riding on Calhoun street.

The sale of seats for the "Shadows of a Great City," opened this morning.

"Shadows of a Great City," which comes Monday, is handsomely billed.

Mr. Si Lucas, the dry goods merchant, went to Chicago this morning.

Ten of the discharged Pittsburg employs have secured positions elsewhere.

Mr. Harry Greeg, city editor of the *Gazette*, has recovered from a slight illness.

Wayne lodge No. 25, F. and A. M., will this evening confer the M. M. degree on two candidates.

Miss Flora Falsenthal, of Chicago, is the guest of her friend, Miss Belle Levi, of West Main street.

The new "Voyage en Suisse" play in Milwaukee to-morrow evening and at Elkhart Monday evening.

The Hanlon Brothers present the new "Voyage en Suisse," at the Temple Tuesday and Wednesday next.

Prof. Ernst Buddemeyer and the Sængerbund society gave an enjoyable concert at Arion hall last night.

"The Shadows of a Great City" carry all their own scenery and the same Irish woman that appeared here before.

Rhinesmith & Simonson sue Clinton L. Hollopeter et al. to recover $460. G. D. Crane is attorney for the plaintiff.

Wm. Stuermer has been granted a permit to build a one-story frame house on lot 80, Chute's addition, to cost $500.

Congratulations are being bestowed upon Rev. and Mrs. F. G. Browne over the arrival at their home of a bright boy baby.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Brown, of Taylor street, a daughter. The parents are receiving the congratulations of friends,

Charles Gross is again at work in the finishing room of the Olds wheel works. Charley has given up the idea of being a tragedian.

Mr. Henry Stier, the popular salesman at Root & Company's dry goods store, has been confined to his bed the past few days with lung fever.

Mayor Muhler is at home from Grand Rapids. He called to see City Clerk Rockhill at St. Louis, Mich., and reports him regaining his health nicely.

Thomas Tombaugh, of Creighton avenue, was adjudged insane this morning and arrested by the sheriff. This makes three insane cases in two days.

A tramp made things lively for a few minutes, in the west end, the other night. He frightened some young ladies by shooting a revolver near them.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Majors, 69 Melita street, died this morning. The funeral will be private and take place from the house to-morrow afternoon.

Rev. J. A. Stepan, director of the bureau of Catholic Indian missions, and Rev. Geo. L. Willard, the vice director, are guests of Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger. The distinguished priests are en route to Chicago.

Miss Kineman will give her first lesson next Tuesday afternoon, at the Old ladies' home, from 2 to 4 o'clock. It is a good opportunity for young housekeepers and beginners. The terms will be $4 for eight lessons.

Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, Rev. and Mrs. Woolpert, at Huntertown, Ind., on Wednesday, March 7, 1888, Mr Herbert Williams, of Dakota, to Miss Lizzie Woolpert, of Fort Wayne, Rev. D. C. Woolpert, the bride's brother, performed the ceremony.

This morning Wing & Mahurin, the architects, received a telegram from Mr. E. P. Williams, instructing them to proceed at once with the plans for a three-story business block, to be erected on his lot adjoining the Fruit House. The store is to be 60x145, with a pressed brick front. It will be occupied by the Yankee Grocery.

The celebrated society belle, Mrs. James Brown Potter, who lately adopted the stage as a profession, will appear at the Masonic Temple Thursday next in Shakespeare's great play, "Romeo and Juliet." The sale of seats opens Tuesday, and the following prices have been arranged: Parquet and three rows dress circle, $1 50; circle rear, $1; balcony, 50 and 75 cents.

The Indianapolis *Journal* says: "Miss Haloie McCurdy gave a dancing and card party last night in honor of her cousin, Miss Millie McCurdy, of Fort Wayne. There were about twelve couples present, and the music was furnished by Italians. The evening proved a very enjoyable one.—Miss Millie McCurdy, of Fort Wayne, is visiting her uncle, Mr. Geo. W. McCurdy, on North Alabama street."

C 1-4 Off—Our superb stock of clothing, etc., at less than cost.
21-eod-tf SAM, PETE & MAX.

Miss C. Belle Phillips left for Columbus, Ohio, to-day, where she remains for some time. This will be sad news to many of our local sports, for whose benefit this important item of social news is published.

We will not be able to open our New Store before March 24th, so we will continue the great "One-Fourth Off" Cost Sale at our present quarters till March 23nd. SAM, PETE & MAX.
deodawtf.

The Tiffin (Ohio) *Daily Advertiser* says: "Jesse C. Marquardt is spending the week at Kendallville and Fort Wayne, Ind."

Mr. Christie, living at 105 John street, was run over by Sullivan's coal wagon, breaking his left leg below the knee. Drs. Meyers, Chambers, Miller and many others were called to set it.

The jury in the Baltimore and Ohio damage suit brought here from Steuben county, failed to agree after being out twenty-four hours and Judge Chapin discharged them this morning. They stood six to six.

Miss Alice M. Leron, formerly of this city, but now residing at Red Wing, Minn., will be married the latter part of April, to Albert Lausda, a railway conductor. Miss Leron has many friends here, who will rejoice to hear of her approaching nuptials.

Sam Rogers, the tall fellow who assaulted Jim Wright, the soldier, so outrageously brutal, on Clinton street, one night last week, was fined $17 by the mayor this morning. Charles Youngker, who was with them, was also fined. Wright exhibited the scars on his face.

REDUCING FORCES.

It Seems to be Going On All Along the Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad System.

The discharge of the 224 employes of the Pittsburg shops of this city continues to be the theme of conversation among shop men and the question is asked scores of times every day of those who are supposed to be in a position to know, "Do you think the company will take the men back again?" Such it is hoped will be the case, but there are probably few outside of the leading officials of the company at Pittsburg who know whether the shops will resume their old-time activity or not.

There was, and has been for a year past, a rush of work in all the departments of all the shops of the Pennsylvania company. This has been the case to such an extent that during most of the winter the men have worked overtime, and night work was in progress here in many of the departments of the shops. And yet in the midst of this activity, unparalleled almost in the history of locomotive and car building, comes the order to reduce the number of employes.

This was done here and at Allegheny City and Pittsburg, where 1,300 of the employes of the company were dismissed. The reason assigned is that it is necessary to reduce the expenses of the company on account of the great falling off in business and the work of reduction seems to be going on at other places, as will be noticed by the following dispatches:

RICHMOND, Ind., March 10.—Yesterday General Superintendent Miller sent a private dispatch to Superintendent Turner, telling him to reduce at once the force at the Indianapolis shops to the lowest possibility, and to cut down the working force in the maintenance of way department as much as it will stand.

This will be the first intimation that the Indianapolis men will have that such an order is issued, as it will not be made public for several days.

In every branch in the Pennsylvania company's lines the cutting is to be done. The dispatchers and operators are to be trimmed, the station agents allowed only the men necessity compels them to have, the large green houses and the flower beds at the stations are to be done away with, and the word seems to be economy with a big E.

DENNISON, March 10.—The employes of the Panhandle shops here were treated to a genuine surprise, when 111 of them were presented with tickets of indefinite suspension. No reason is assigned for the suspension, other than a curtailing of expenses. The suspended men are principally single men, heads of families receiving the preference.

So the work of reducing forces seems to be going on all along the line, and it is impossible to say whether the men will be taken back again or not. If it was only temporary it is fair to presume that the company would have retained the men and inaugurated a system of working shorter hours.

GEORGE S. KNIGHT.

Magnificent Success of "Rudolph"—"Over the Garden Wall" To-night.

The celebrated actor and America's recognized comedienne, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight, appeared at the Temple last evening in their great play, "Rudolph," Baron Von Hollenstein, before a large and appreciative audience. Since last seen here the piece has been somewhat re-written and now fits Mr. Knight better than ever. At the close of each act Mr. Knight was re-called before the curtain and scored a big hit.

To-night, "Over the Garden Wall" will be presented and is an entirely different sort of play. The house should be packed.

These is a man in Berlin township, Ohio, that has never been sick a day, and does not know what a cold is, yet he would never allow himself to be without a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, "for no man knoweth what the morrow may bring forth."

The policy of promoting employes in direct succession which is so strictly adhered to by the Bee Line has, after a long trial, proven thoroughly successful. It gives the employes from the lowest rank up to the highest something to look forward to. It is a constant reminder to them that if they are competent and pay strict attention to business there is something better in store for them. The result of this is a better and more competent set of employes than can be secured by roads which have not adopted this plan.

C 1-4 Off—Till we move March 20th, being below cost.
21-eod-tf SAM, PETE & MAX.

Fresh Eggs per dozen 14c.
PARK HOUSE.

SIXTY MEN SUSPENDED.

The Great Bass Works Have Discharged That Number Since the First of the Month.

The Bass foundry and machine works, one of the busiest and largest manufacturing establishments of this city, employing, as they have been doing, over 1,100 men, is gradually reducing its force of moulders. The reduction in the labor force commenced with the first of the month. Fifteen men were suspended last evening and an equal number will be lain off to-night, with the close of the week's work, which will make sixty men that have been discharged in all since the first of the month.

This reduction is made necessary by the decrease in the amount of work and is due to a great extent to the railroad troubles on the Burlington road. The works is engaged largely in the manufacture of car wheels and castings for the railroad shops of the country and their partial suspension has resulted in a limited demand and a countermanding of a number of orders which had already been given.

Mr. T. R. Pickard, the superintendent of the works, hopes the suspension of the men will only be temporary, but says he does not know how long it will last. He regrets that such a move has has been made necessary, but the business interests of the company and the lack of work demanded it.

In the suspension of the men the young and unmarried ones were chosen as much as possible and the old employes were retained. It is to be hoped the railroad troubles will be soon settled and that this great establishment and the Pittsburg works will again resume their old-time activity.

C 1-4 Off—Our superb stock of clothing, etc., at less than cost.
21eod-tf SAM, PETE & MAX.

In a recent decision Judge Gresham, of the federal court, holds that if an unstamped ticket is accepted by a railroad gate-keeper and a baggage-master, that the conductor of the train cannot refuse said ticket on the ground that it has not been stamped.

It's Funny, Isn't It?

OUR GREAT

COST SALE!

—THE—

Talk of the Town!

To simplify our coming removal we will sell everything during the next twenty-five days at

1-4 OFF

—BEING—

Less Than Cost!

Open -:- Every -:- Day -:- & -:- Evening.

Sam Pete & Max.

EXPRESS TO-DAY!

100 Dozen

Suspenders!

GOOD WEBB.
BRAIDED ENDS.

WORTH 50 AND 35 CENTS.

We will sell them while they last at

19 Cents.

Spring Overcoats at

$6.00.

WORTH $10 00, AT THE

C. O. D.

73, 75 AND 77 CALHOUN STREET.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

The Only First-class Theatre in the City

MONDAY, MARCH 12,

Greatest Production of the Season

L. R. Shewell's Famous American Melo-Drama

Shadows

—OF A—

Great City.

Under the management of

CHA'S & THO'S JEFFERSON,

Presented by

THE "ORIGINAL" CAST

MAGNIFICENT SCENIC EFFECTS.

Including Localities in and about New York City.

☞Sale of seats Saturday. Prices, 35, 50 and 75 cents.

O. D. WEISELL
DENTIST
34 Calhoun St.

JUDICIOUS AND PERSISTENT Advertising has always proven successful. Before placing any Newspaper Advertising consult

LORD & THOMAS,
ADVERTISING AGENTS,
45 to 49 Randolph Street, CHICAGO.

VISIT THE PRINCESS RINK,

Where a Moral Indian and Novelty Entertainment will be given every evening.

Consultation and advice free on all Chronic and Acute Diseases. Special attention given to Private Diseases.

General admission, 10 cents; reserved seats for ladies and escorts without extra charge. Grand Family Matinee Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, for ladies and children. Admission for Matinee, 10 cents. No children under the age of 18 admitted at evening performance.

Dr. - White - Cloud's

Office Hours 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Until 4 p. m.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

VOL. XXVIII—NO. 68. SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1888. PRICE TWO CENTS

Twenty - Five!

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Different -:- Kinds

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CORSETS!

TO SELECT FROM AT

GEORGE DEWALD

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COMPANY.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Bids will be received by the chairman of the building committee of the St. Paul German Lutheran congregation, March 24th, at 4 o'clock p. m., at the architects' office, and be opened on the 26th inst., at 2:30 p. m., in the congregational meeting for the building of a brick church according to plans and specifications that may be seen at the office of Wing & Mahurin, architects, No. 27 Calhoun street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

6-10-15-20 BUILDING COMMITTEE.

Window Draperies,

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Toilet Sets,

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Furniture,

Lamps!

The above are six lines of goods in which we are, doubtless, the largest dealers in the state.

The Assortment we show, the Designs and Quality of the goods, and the Prices at which we sell, Cannot be Beaten, even in the largest cities of the country.

The rapid extension of our business is the best indication you can have that when you want any of the above lines of goods, your interests will be best and most satisfactorily served by making your purchases at one of our establishments. We are now shipping goods into nearly every county in the state.

Where bills amount to $25 and upward, we pay the freight to surrounding towns and make no charges for packing and shipping.

Foster Furniture Co.

Fort Wayne, Lafayette and

Terre Haute.

THE DEAD EMPEROR.

The Preparations Regarding the Funeral —The New Emperor on His Way to Berlin.

BERLIN, March 10.—Regarding the funeral and other ceremonies of the late emperor nothing has been settled yet, as it all depends upon the orders of the new emperor. The will will not be opened before the emperor's arrival here, but it has transpired that Emperor William expressed a wish that the funeral should be without any pomp.

SAN REMO, March 10.—Emperor Frederick III passed a good night last night. He feels extremely well. He drove to the station at 9 this morning, accompanied by Empress Victoria, to take the special train in waiting to convey him to Berlin. The largest crowd ever seen in San Remo gathered to witness his departure. The new emperor was enthusiastically cheered by the crowd and he repeatedly bowed his acknowledgements of their greeting.

BERLIN, March 10.—The body of Emperor William has been embalmed and now lies in the state hall of the palace. The weather is warm and favorable for a return of Emperor Frederick from San Remo.

PARIS, March 10.—With a few exceptions, which meet with general contempt, both newspapers and the citizens here have done themselves credit by the dignity with which they received the news and the moderation with which they judge the death of the emperor. There is a further feeling of satisfaction in seeing the crown prince ascend the throne, whose heroic sufferings have made him an object of interest even to his adversaries.

BERLIN, March 10.—Before the reichstag opened to-day, Bundesrath met Prince Bismarck and, with great emotion, alluded to the death of the emperor in terms similar to those which he used in the reichstag yesterday.

He specially confirmed his statements made yesterday in regard to the emperor's dying allusions to Russia and Austria. He said that the new emperor, like his late father, would take as his guiding principle the conscientious maintenance of the constitution of the empire and the treaties on which it is based, and in which Emperor Frederick will count upon the co-operation of his allies.

The funeral services were held over the remains of Emperor William in the mortuary chamber in the palace last evening. The chamber was profusely decorated with flowers. The dowager, Empress Augusta, the grand duke and grand duchess of Baden, the crown prince and crown princess of Sweden and other royal personages attended the services.

The body of the emperor lay in the same position which the monarch occupied when he expired. A crucifix lay upon his breast and an ivory cross was in his right hand.

After services at the palace the body of the emperor will lie in state at the cathedral.

DEMOCRATIC LEAGUE.

The Democratic Association of the Northwest Meets for Organization.

CHICAGO, March 10.—For the purpose of co-operating in the coming campaign the Democratic association of the Northwest was organized by the chairmen of the northwestern democratic state central committees here. The states that are to be members are Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas. The head-quarters of the association are to be in Chicago The president, secretary and treasurer, with two other members, shall constitute the executive committee.

I. M. Weston, of Michigan, was made president, and Mr. Mize, of Illinois, secretary and treasurer. The additional members of the executive committee are Messrs. Edward H. Hunter, of Iowa, and Ellis B. Usher, of Wisconsin. Adjournment was taken until March 16th.

The business of the association will be to prepare and distribute campaign documents, besides such other work as may be deemed necessary.

Those present from abroad were interviewed on their presidential preferences. All were for Cleveland. Some of them favored General Black for the vice presidential nomination, while others had no preferences.

SWITCHED.

Ordinance to Devote Proceeds of Whisky Tax Killed.

ATLANTA, Ga., March 10.—At the last meeting of city council an ordinance was passed appropriating one-fourth of the revenue from whisky and beer licenses over and above $30,000 to the purchase of free school books for school children. The ordinance was adopted by a strictly party vote, the anti-prohibitionists favoring it, while the prohibitionists opposed it. It was evident that the antis wanted to fix things so there could be no hope for the prohibs in the future by placing them in the attitude of attacking the school fund. To-day the board of alderman had a stormy session, the result of which was that the ordinance was killed.

Miss Krudopp has resumed her millinery and fancy store to 27 West Main street, where she will be glad to meet all her old customers. She is selling goods at the lowest prices.

KIDNAPPED.

The Young Daughter of an Ohio Lawyer is Stolen For the Purpose of Getting Extortion Money.

NEW YORK, March 10.—Six weeks ago Leslie McCune, the ten-year-old daughter of Mrs. Libbie McCune, was forcibly taken by her mother from a school at Ironton, Ohio. On Thursday the child was kidnapped in broad daylight from in front of her mother's residence, 140 East Twelfth street, in this city.

Mrs. McCune is almost heart-broken, and has implored Inspector Byrnes and other police officials to recover the child for her. Mrs. McCune is the widow of Walter S. McCune, a distinguished Ohio lawyer, whom she married twelve years ago. The girl, Leslie is their only offspring.

Mrs. McCune thinks the child has been abducted by a detective named Leslie for the purpose of extorting money from her, or securing a reward from the child's grandmother. Mrs. McCune thinks the little girl is either kept a prisoner in this city or on the way to Ohio.

LIKE A NOVEL.

Contest of a Will Involving a Valuable Estate.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 10.—A young girl's contest for an estate of $150,000 will come up in the probate court here Monday. The facts in the case are as romantic as the incidents in a novel. Carolina C. Sankey, eighteen years old contests the will of her adopted father, Samuel Sankey, who disinherited her just before his death. She was the daughter of a Pennsylvania farmer, and when six years old her parents died. Samuel Sankey, who was eccentric and childless, and who was on a visit to his relatives, was greatly pleased with the child and wanted to adopt her, but the relatives objected.

Then he tried to abduct her, but was caught. Finally he secured letters of adoption and came out to his home with little Carrie. He gave her a good education, but he was extremely penurious and at last grew so harsh in his treatment that Carrie had him arrested for beating her. He was convicted and fined $40.

At this time his wife died, and he became still more brutal to Carrie, so that she left his house and went to live with a neighbor. Sankey then went east, and died in Illinois at the home of his brother. Just prior to his death he made a will disinheriting Carrie, and in a codicil executed on his death-bed he left $40 to her to buy a grave stone.

The relatives of Sankey in Illinois, Michigan and Pennsylvania wrote letters to Carrie urging her not to contest the will but to accept her father's share, which would be one ninth of the estate. Her guardian, however, began a contest to the probate of the will in Chicago and was successful. The relatives carried the fight to Pennsylvania, where they claimed the adoption was illegal, because Sankey was not a resident of the state. On this ground they were knocked out and the fight was transferred to this city, with the chances decidedly in favor of the girl.

CONDUCTOR HAYWOOD.

Death of the Hero Who Rescued Alice Fischer, of the Mayo Party, from Death.

LAFAYETTE, March 10.—A man to whom Miss Alice Fischer, an actress of fame and the pride of Indiana, owes her life died here yesterday at 8:37 a. m. His name is William B. Haywood, for nine years a trusted passenger conductor on the Lake Erie and Western railroad. While at the Tippecanoe club room Sunday night a small blood vessel burst on his right temple. He became unconscious, and paralysis of the entire right side followed.

The cause of his death is traced to injuries received some time ago by the wrecking of his train near Lima, Ohio. The Frank Mayo "Nordeck" party were passengers. When the ladies' car overturned Miss Alice Fischer, who sat near the stove, became fastened between two seats. Hot coals from the overturned stove threatened her with a terrible death, but she could not move her foot. Conductor Haywood rescued her. In this effort and while assisting others, he was severely burned and bruised.

He was a Knight Templar, a member of the Order of Railway Conductors, and a member of the Sons of Veteran Camp at Bloomington, Ill. A widow and three small children survive him. He was thirty-eight years old, and a general favorite. The remains were taken to his birthplace, Leoni, Mich., this afternoon for interment.

Weekly Bank Statement.

NEW YORK, March 10.—The weekly bank statement is as follows: Reserve, decrease, $1,257,400; loans, increase, $1,896,300; specie, decrease, $917,400; legal tenders decrease, $187,000, deposits increase, $603,400; circulation, increase, $30,000. Banks now hold $11,492,300 in excess of 25 per cent. rule.

Two little boys, whose homes are on Gay street, got lost this morning on Broadway and were taken to their homes by Officer Patton. The little fellows had wandered away from home and were in great trouble when found on Broadway.

THE SLUGGERS MEET

The Fight Between Sullivan and Mitchell Results in a Draw After Thirty-nine Rounds.

CHANTILLY, March 10.—The fight between Sullivan and Mitchell resulted in a draw after thirty-nine rounds had been fought. The time was three hours and eleven minutes. Mitchell improved at the finish, but the referee declared it a draw. The fight was a desperate one, and both received fearful black eyes.

THE LOYAL LEADERS.

Meeting of the Democratic County Central Committee—The Convention June 23d.

At 1:30 this afternoon Hon. Charles McCulloch, the chairman, called the democratic county central committee to order, with Mr. H. C. Rockhill at the secretary's desk.

Mr. McCulloch briefly addressed the convention, impressing them with the importance of the elections this year and the need of union, harmony and good will. He urged that the democrats look carefully to the township elections and see to it that the victories remain within the party lines. He dwelt with eloquent force on the mission of the democratic party, the grandeur of its achievements and the glorious nature of its possibilities. He paid a handsome compliment to President Cleveland, characterizing his administration as one of the ablest, cleanest and brilliant in the history of the nation. It was a magnificent address, and the speaker was frequently applauded. The name of Mr. Cleveland was enthusiastically cheered and the best of feeling prevailed.

The roll call showed every township and ward precinct represented.

The delegates to the state convention were ordered to be chosen at the various township primaries.

The date of the county convention was fixed for June 23, the delegates to be elected the previous evening.

The fixing of the dates for the election of delegates to the Twelfth district congressional convention, the joint senatorial convention and the joint representative convention were left to the chairman to arrange in accordance with the dates of the said conventions.

After apportioning delegates to the county convention, as previously fixed, it was again announced and endorsed, giving Wayne township and the city seventy delegates and the county outside of the city and Wayne township 113 delegates, leaving the county precincts a handsome balance of power.

The committee voted hearty thanks to Chairman McCulloch and adjourned.

THE "Q." STRIKE.

The Attitude Taken by the Engineers at Topeka, Kan.

KANSAS CITY, MO., March 10.—Last night the engineers and firemen on the Athison, Topeka and Santa Fe road at Topeka, Kan., through their general grievance committee, notified the manager at that point that if they persisted in violating their pledge of non-intercourse with the Burlington road that at 12:05 a. m. Sunday they would leave their engines in a body.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 10.—Postmaster General Dickinson has directed General Superintendent Nash, of the railway mail service, to proceed at once to Chicago, there to remain during the present railroad trouble.

KANSAS CITY, March 10.—Sixty members of the Switchmen's union have left their posts and refuse to work with Burlington engineers.

CHICAGO, March 10.—The yards of the Fort Wayne road at Sixteenth street are blockaded, and still the Burlington road persists in sending them freight. The switchmen refused to handle the forty cars sent them Thursday. The officials of the Fort Wayne road have been notified of the state of affairs.

NEW SWINDLE.

Citizens of Southern States Caught for Big Sums of Money by a Trick.

ATLANTA, Ga., March 10.—Some time ago E. T. Loomis came to Atlanta and started the Loomis National Library association The object of the association was to aid its members, each of whom paid $9.75 for membership, to purchase books, furniture and other articles at reduced cost.

Loomis sold the states of Georgia, Alabama and South Carolina to C. O. Wynn, of Milner, Ga., the consideration being $10,000, $1,800 of which was paid. A few days ago Loomis disappeared. Wynn swore out a warrant charging him with cheating and swindling. The matter was kept quiet, and Wynn succeeded in recovering his money, but agents throughout Georgia and Alabama are left in the lurch. Loomis' whereabouts are unknown.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, March 10.—Wheat, weaker, at 75 9-16c, Corn, easy, at 48½c, Oats, steady; May, 31 5-16c, Rye, 62c May. Prime timothy, $2.53@2 55. Flaxseed, $1.45. Whisky, $1.15. Pork, steady, at $14.05. Lard, steady, at $7.65 May. Short ribs, $7.27½.

POPE LEO XIII.

The Illness of the Great Head of the Catholic Church Causes Apprehension.

ROME, March 10.—The pope has been slightly indisposed for the past two days. No serious symptoms have manifested themselves, but a certain degree of apprehension exists in consideration of his age and lassitude. It was caused by the exertions he was subjected to during the jubilee festivities.

IN HER STOMACH.

A Young Lady Vomits Up a Crawfish Which Was in Her Stomach For Three Years.

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio, March 10.—An extraordinary story is made public here. For three years a daughter of Mr. Joe Hicks has suffered great pain in the stomach. As time went on she grew weaker and weaker, and consumption was feared. From the nature of the pain the young lady became convinced that there was some reptile in her stomach. At times she could feel it crawling around in her stomach.

The doctors doubted that this could be the fact at first, but finally decided to administer powerful cathartics. This was done, and for a day Miss Hicks felt the creature crawling in her stomach, and suffered great pain. On examination of the fecal matter passed, a well-developed crawfish was found, which showed signs of having been recently alive. Miss Hicks believes she swallowed the creature when small while drinking at a spring three years ago.

WESTERN JUSTICE.

Three Men Burned Out of their Log Cabin and Shot by a Mob of Cow Boys.

CHICAGO, March 10.—A dispatch from Wichita, Kan., says: Three men living in Indian Territory—Julius Quinn, Wm. Antwerp and Joseph George—were burned out of a log cabin Sunday night and shot down by a mob of cow boys concealed in the underbrush. The murdered men recently went to the western part of the territory and took up a site for a claim on Rabbit Ear creek, which they expected to make entry upon when the territory is opened for settlement. The land they squatted upon was in the range of a cattleman, George H. Delaney. Delaney tried many ways to get the squatters to leave the country, but failed. People in that vicinity charge Delaney's men with complicity in the murder.

INTO DEATH'S DARK VALLEY.

The Grim Reaper Continues the Call and Adds New Names to the List.

The following deaths have been reported to the city undertakers during the week:

Theresa Delagrange, 80 years, old age.

Thomas Smead, 45 years, consumption.

Child of Jeff Toler, 1 day, exhaustion.

Hedwig Toutreck, 10 months, spasms.

William H. Gaffney, 18 years, lung fever.

Frank Lerrh, 8 years, typhoid pneumonia.

William Crotts, 2 months, exhaustion.

Roman Ehinger; 52 years, dropsy.

August Diederjohn, 28 years, consumption.

Samuel C. Freeman, 75 years, Bright's disease.

Walter G. Archer, 2 years, bronchitis.

Catherine McGuire, 11 years, inflammation of the bowels.

James Wright, 52 years, liver complaint.

Spencer Teagarden, 9 months, diphtheria.

Cleveland Teagarden, 3 years, diphtheria.

Herman Lange, 16 days, liver disease.

Ann Reilley, 77 years, paralysis.

Viola Peterman, 1½ years, inflammation of the bowels.

Edward Freese, 2 years, bronchitis.

Chas. Bierman, 3 years, lung fever.

Chas. Garken, 2 months, cramps.

Sarah A. Williams, 59 years, spinal meningitis.

Nathaniel Lingel, 24 years, consumption.

Henry F. Stellhorn, 5 years, croup.

Diederich Humeke, 1 month, spasms.

Wm. Bierman, 4½ years, measles.

Neuralgia, rheumatism, erysipelas, tumors, swellings, sore throat, toothache and all other pains and aches are promptly cured by Salvation Oil. Price twenty-five cents. Sold everywhere.

C 1-4 Off—Till we move March 20th, being below cost.

21eod-tf SAM, PETE & MAX.

Foreign.

TANGIER, March 10.—The United States war ship, Enterprise, carrying six guns, has arrived here. The captain demands the immediate release of the Moor, who is under American protection and who is imprisoned at Rabat. He also demands satisfaction from the Moorish government for the man's illegal arrest.

C 1-4 Off—Till we move March 20th, being below cost.

21eod-tf SAM, PETE & MAX.

BATTLING FOR GOD!

His Champions Stand on the Outer Wall and Do Valiant Service for Their High King.

Services and Sabbath school at the First Presbyterian church, at the usual hours.

Services at the Church of God Sunday evening at 7:30, by Rev. Jones. Sunday school at 9:15 a. m. No services in the morning.

Simpson M. E. church, C. H. Wilkinson, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Mr. Hayes, of the Y. M. C. A. will preach in the evening. Sabbath school 2:30 p. m.

"The Redemptive Scheme" is the subject of the morning at the Trinity M. E. church, north side. Sunday school, at 2:30 p. m. Services as usual at 7:30 p. m. L. H. Murlin, pastor.

St. Paul's M. E. church, Rev. Cooper, pastor. Preaching to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 in the afternoon. The public is most cordially invited to attend.

Pulpit theme at the Grace church, East Washington street: At 10:30 a. m., "The Covenant of Grace," At 7:30 p. m., "The Person of Christ." Come and welcome. T. J. Rasher, pastor.

Services at the Free Methodist church, East Creighton avenue, near Thomas street, every Sunday. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. John Harden, pastor.

The usual services for men only will be held at the rooms of the R. R. Y. M. C. A., Sunday afternoon, at 2:30, standard time. Good singing, good music and short talks. All men are cordially invited.

Services at the Evangelical church, corner of Clinton and Holman streets, at the usual hours. Sunday school, at 2:30 p. m. German at morning service and English in the evening. Rev. Miller, pastor.

Preaching at the Nebraska Mission, corner of Boon and Fry streets, to-morrow, at 10:30 a. m. by Rev. J. Miller, jr. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. At the close of the school, Rev. E. Connseilor will preach. Welcome to all.

Berry Street M. E. church, Rev. D. C. Woolpert, pastor. Public services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30. Morning theme, "The Transfiguration." Evening theme, "The Seeker Sought." Sunday school at 2:15 p. m. All invited.

Congregational church, corner of Washington and Fulton streets. The pastor will be assisted in both morning and evening services by Rev. Theo. F. Gardner, of Elyria, Ohio. A cordial welcome to all. J. C. Cromer, pastor.

Services at the Second Presbyterian church, to-morrow, at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, at 9:30 a. m. J. M. Fulton, pastor. In the evening, the fourth lecture on "Pilgrim's Progress" will be given. All invited.

Preaching at the Wayne Street M. E. church to-morrow: At 10:30 a. m.; subject, "Christians God's Temples." Sunday school, at 2 p. m. Preaching, at 7:30 p. m., theme, "A Well in the Wilderness." Welcome. F. G. Browne, pastor.

Services at the Third Presbyterian church to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Rev. David Kennedy, pastor. Morning theme: "The Americans Choose a Leader in the Advance of Christ's Kingdom." Evening: "The Query box." All welcome.

Thrice welcome to strangers and citizens. Those who are not members of any church are kindly urged to attend the 7:30 service. Free seats and good music and no long sermon. Come promptly and secure a seat at the Baptist church.

Christian church, corner Jefferson and Griffith streets, preaching by the pastor, M. L. Stanley: At 10:30 a. m., subject, "What Have We Done and What are We Going to Do?" 7:30 p. m., subject, "The Baptism That Saves." Sunday school, at 9:15 a. m.

Quarterly meeting at the First U. B. church, on East Lewis street, this evening at 7:30. Preaching to-morrow at 10:45 a. m. and 7 p. m. by Rev. E. Counseller, presiding elder. Following the evening sermon, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated. Come and welcome.

C 1-4 Off—Our superb stock of clothing, etc., at less than cost.

21eod-tf SAM, PETE & MAX.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—Indiana: Warmer, with light rain or snow, followed by colder, fair weather.

C 1-4 Off—Till we move March 20th, being below cost.

SAM, PETE & MAX.

Fruits Lower.

Valencia Oranges, doz. 20c.
California Oranges, doz. 45c.
Choice Lemons, doz. 25c.
Malaga Grapes, pound 18c.

FRUIT HOUSE.

Dr. G. P. Barnum, the East Columbia street livery stable man, is letting funeral hacks for $2.50 and they are the finest vehicles in the city. Call on or telephone No. 48. 9-3t

Fresh Vegetables.

New Cabbage, pound 4c.
Fresh Lettuce, quarter pound 7c.
Radishes, bunch 4c.
Onions, bunch 2½c.
Spinach, peck 35c.

FRUIT HOUSE.

LIBBY PRISON.

Story of the Escape of 109 Union Officers from the Famous Bastile.

One of the Most Remarkable Incidents of the War of the Rebellion.

How the Work of Constructing the Celebrated Tunnel Was Conceived and Executed.

An Engineering Blunder Came Near Defeating the Whole Plan of Escape.

BY GEN. HARRISON C. HOBART.

THE battles of Chickamauga were fought on the 19th and 20th of September, 1863; the Twenty-first Wisconsin, which I then commanded, formed a part of Thomas' memorable line, and fought through the battles of Saturday and Sunday. At the close of the second day the tide of battle was turning against us. To avoid a flank movement our brigade was ordered to leave the breastworks and fall back to a second position, where only a few men were rallied. Being the ranking officer among those who rallied, I directed the men to cut their way through to our retreating line. I was on the left of this movement to the rear, and, to avoid the approach of horsemen, rapidly passed to the left, through a dense cluster of small pines, and instantly found myself in the immediate front of a rebel line of infantry. I halted, being dismounted, and an officer advanced and offered his hand, saying that he was glad to see me, and proposed to introduce me to his commander, General Cleburne. I replied that I was not particularly glad to see him, but, under the circumstances, should not decline the invitation.

It was now after sun-down, and the last guns of the terrible battle of Chickamauga were dying away along the hills of Mission Ridge. A large number of prisoners of war were soon gathered and marched to the enemy's rear, across the Chickamauga. Here we witnessed the fearful results of the battle. The ground strewed with the dead and wounded, the shattered fragments of transportation, and a general demoralization among the forces, told the fear-

LIBBY PRISON.

ful price which the enemy had paid for their victory. More than 1,500 soldiers, prisoners of war, camped by a large spring to pass the remainder of a cold night, some without blankets or overcoats, and all without provisions.

The next day we marched thirty miles to Tunnel Hill, where we obtained our first rations from the enemy. On the march our only food was from a field of green sorghum. At Tunnel Hill we took box-cars for Atlanta, and were marched to an open field outside the city.

The next morning we were ordered to take the cars and proceed on our way to Richmond.

On the last day of September, after traveling more than eight hundred miles from the battle-field of Chickamauga, we arrived at Richmond, and the officers of the Cumberland army, to the number of about two hundred and fifty, were marched to Libby Prison. This building has a front of about 140 feet, with a depth of about 185. There are nine rooms, each 102 feet long by 45 wide. The height of the ceiling from the floor is about seven feet. The building is divided into three apartments by brick walls, and there is a basement below. On entering the prison everything of value was taken from us. We saved some money by sewing it in the seams of our clothes before reaching Richmond. The whole number of officers of the army and navy in prison at this time was about 1,100—all having access to each other, except those in the hospital. There were no beds or chairs, and all slept on the floor. I shared a horse blanket with Surgeon Dixon, of Wisconsin, which was the only bedding we had for some time. Our bread was made of unbolted corn, and was cold and clammy. We were sometimes furnished with fresh beef, corn beef, and sometimes with rice and vegetable soup. At one time we had no meat for nine days. There was no glass in the windows. Everything was overrun with vermin. Officers were permitted to write home three times a week. Everything was resorted to to kill time. We played chess, cards, opened a theater, organized a band of minstrels, delivered lectures, established schools for teaching dancing, singing, the French language and military tactics, read books, published a manuscript newspaper, held debates. Our sick were removed to the room set apart, on the ground floor, for a hospital; and, when one died, he was put in a box of rough boards, placed in an open wagon and rapidly driven away over the stony streets.

Many schemes of escape were devised. One was for a few persons at a time to put on the dress of a citizen, and attempt to pass the guard as visitors. A few actually recovered their liberty in this manner. Another plan was to dig a tunnel into the city sewer, which was understood to pass under the street in front of the prison, and escape through that to the river. This project might have succeeded had not the water interfered. The final and successful plan was as follows:

On the ground floor of the building, on a level with the street, was a kitchen containing a fire-place, at a stove con-

GEN. HOBART 1862.

nected with which the prisoners inhabiting the rooms above did their cooking. Beneath this floor was a basement, one of the rooms in which was used as a store room. This store room was under the hospital and next to the street, and though not directly under the kitchen, was so located that it was possible to reach it by digging downward and rearward through the masonry work of the chimney. From this basement room it was proposed to construct a tunnel under the street to a point beneath a shed, connected with a brick block upon the opposite side, and from this place to pass into the street in the guise of citizens. A knowledge of this plan was confided to about twenty-five, and nothing was known of the proceedings by the others until two or three days before the escape.

A table knife, chisel, and spittoon were secured for working tools when operations commenced. Sufficient of the masonry was removed from the fire place to admit the passage of a man through a diagonal cut to the storeroom below; and an excavation was then made through the foundation wall toward the street, and the construction of the tunnel proceeded night by night. But two persons could work at the same time. One would enter the hole with his tools and a small tallow candle, dragging the spittoon after him attached to a string. The other would fan air into the passage with his hat, and with another string would draw out the novel dirt car when loaded, concealing its contents beneath the straw and rubbish in the cellar.

Each morning before daylight the working party returned to their rooms, after carefully closing the mouth of the tunnel and skillfully replacing the bricks in the chimney. An error occurred during the prosecution of this work that nearly proved fatal to the enterprise. After a sufficient distance was supposed to have been made, an excavation was commenced to reach the top of the ground. The person working carefully felt his way upward, when suddenly a small amount of the top earth fell in, and through this he could plainly see two sentinels apparently looking at him. One said to the other, "I have been hearing a strange noise in the ground there!" After listening a short time, the other replied that it was "nothing but rats." The working party had not been seen. After consultation, this opening was carefully filled with dirt and shored up. The work was then recommenced, and after digging about fifteen feet further the objective point under the shed was successfully reached.

This tunnel required about thirty days of patient, tedious, and dangerous labor. It was eight feet below the street, between sixty and seventy feet in length, and barely large enough for a full-grown person to crawl through, by pulling and pushing himself along with his hands and feet. Among the officers entitled to merit in the execution of this work Col. T. E. Rose, of Pennsylvania, deserves particular mention.

When all was complete the company was organized into two parties—the first under the charge of Major McDonald, of Ohio, and the second was placed under my direction. The parties having provided themselves with citizens' clothing, which had at different times been sent to the prison by friends in the North, and having filled their pockets with bread and dried meat from their boxes, commenced their escape about 7 p. m. Feb. 9, 1864, Major McDonald's party leaving first. In order to distract the attention of the guard a dancing party with music was extemporized in the same room. As each one had to pass out in the immediate presence of these Confederate soldiers, when he stepped into the streets from outside the line, and as the guard were under orders to fire upon a prisoner escaping without even calling upon him to halt, the first men who descended wore that quiet gloom so often seen in the army before going into battle. It was a living drama; dancing in one part of the room, dark shadows

GEN. HOBART 1888.

disappearing through the chimney in another part, and the same shadows reappearing on the opposite walk, and the sentinel at his post, with a voice that rang out upon the evening air, announcing: "8 o'clock, post No. 1," and "All is well!" and at the same time a Yankee soldier was passing in his front and a line of Yankee soldiers were crawling under his feet. The passage was so small that the process of departure was necessarily slow; a few inches of progress only being made at each effort, and to facilitate locomotion outside garments were taken off and pushed forward.

By this time the proceeding had become known to the whole prison, and as the first men emerged upon the street and quietly walked away, seen by hundreds of their fellows, who crowded to the windows, wild excitement and enthusiasm were created, and they rushed down to the chimney, clamoring for the privilege of going out. It was the intention of the parties, organized by those who constructed the tunnel, that no others should leave until the next night, as it might materially diminish their own chances of escape. But the thought of liberty and pure air, and the death damp, of the dark, loathsome prison, would not allow them to listen to any denial.

The men swarmed into the room and threatened to force their way into the tunnel. An outbreak was imminent. Each of the original party was to select a companion to go out, and then the tunnel was to be closed until the next week, when it was to be opened as a free-for-all. Major McDonald and myself then held a parley, and it was arranged that the rope upon which we descended into the basement, after the last of the two parties had passed out, should be pulled up for the space of one hour; then it should be free to all in prison. This we did, and 109 prisoners escaped through this tunnel that night, of whom fifty-seven reached our lines. Having joined my fortunes with Colonel T. S. West, of Wisconsin, we were among the last of the second party who crawled through. After six days of wandering we found our way back to our lines.

It will remain a matter of doubt in history as to who first suggested the tunnel method of escape. It has been claimed that Col. Streight, of Indiana, first suggested the plan. This has been denied by the friends of Col. Rose, of Pennsylvania, who was one of the most active leaders in its construction. Col. Rose, acting in conjunction with the following persons, Maj. A. G. Hamilton, of Kentucky; Maj. Geo. H. Fitz Simmons, Indiana; Capt. Terence Clark, Illinois; Capt. John F. Gallagher, Capt. W. S. Randall, Maj. B. B. McDonald, Ohio; Capt. J. N. Johnson, Kentucky; Lieut. J. C. Fislar, Indiana; Lieut. John Mitchell, Illinois; Lieut. John D. Simpson, Indiana; Lieut. D. Garbett, Lieut. Foster, Capt. N. S. McKean, and Capt. John Lucas, Kentucky, claims to have done the most if not all of the work in the execution of the tunnel, and he also claims to have originated the project.

JOSEF HOFMANN AND ALBERT WEINSTEIN, THE TWO MUSICAL PRODIGIES.

TWO MUSICAL PRODIGIES.

Two Youthful Performers Who Play Marvelously on the Pianoforte.

Hofmann, the Ten-Year-Old Mozart, and Weinstein, a Remarkable Imitator.

Josef Hofmann, the marvelous boy pianist, who plays from memory with the technical skill of a master, and with wonderful feeling and breadth of conception, is in everything save music a thorough child. He is ten years old, the picture of health and perfectly unconscious of what a genius he is. His performances at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York have created an unprecedented sensation. Whenever they occur, thousands are unable to get into the building, vast as it is. Not a little of the enthusiasm he has aroused is due to his delightful childish manners.

Owing to the boy's tender years his public appearances are at long intervals. Some idea of his range may be gathered from his part of the programme at the most recent concert. He played the Beethoven C-Minor Concerto, Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso, a gavotte by Pirani, Mendelssohn's "Skimnerlied," and, together with his father, Weber's "Aufforderung hum Tanz." As a theme for improvisation he was given some measure of the larghetto movement from Beethoven's Second Symphony. The technical skill, the ripe understanding and the feeling which marked Hofmann's performances carried the audience by storm. In the illustration he appears leaning against the piano.

In the background is another 10-year-old boy, Albert Weinstein, who was discovered by the manager of a New York minstrel troupe, who advertised for a "musical prodigy," with the idea of burlesquing young Hofmann. Among the applicants was Prof. Ludwig Weinstein, who, mistaking the object of the advertisement, offered the service of his son. The lad was given a trial, and with such precocious brilliancy did he play that he was engaged not to burlesque, but to emulate young Hofmann's playing.

The two boys have listened one to the other, and are very good friends, though they are not to be considered together as performers, Hofmann being immeasurably superior. He is a youthful genius to be ranked with the history of piano music, while Weinstein is only remarkably clever for his years.

Wonderful as young Hofmann's playing seems to those who hear it, he is not without many precedents in precocity. Mozart when 3 years old amused himself picking out thirds while his sister was practicing; at 4 he could remember melodies and had composed little pieces, and at 5 he played in concerts and before the royal family of Germany. When 8 he was a composer whose productions were eagerly sought. Beethoven began at the harpsichord at 4, at 11 was beyond the teaching of the time, and at 14 was court organist. Mendelssohn at 9 was a public performer, and at 11 was producing fifty or sixty compositions a year. Robert Schumann began playing the compositions of others at 5, and at 6 he was making his own. Liszt began his successful career at the piano at 9 years of age, and Rubenstein at 10. Wilhelmj, Camilla Urso, and other wonderful violinists began playing in babyhood. The list of child musicians might be extended at great length, for it is a fact that the great masters generally began their careers almost as soon as they could talk.

With such instances in history, it is reasonable to expect that young Hofmann will one day be another like Mozart, or Liszt. And young Weinstein will probably develop into an excellent, if not a great pianist.

The elder Hofmann is leader of an orchestra in Cracow, Poland, and the boy's mother is a prima-donna.

HOFMANN WAS OVERWORKED.

The Father of the Musical Prodigy Has to Cancel His Engagements.

[New York special.]

It seems, after all, as if Mr. Gerry had not been wholly wrong in his surmises regarding the condition of little Josef Hofmann's health, for now comes the startling news that the concert given by the young virtuoso Saturday night marked also the end of his appearances in this country, so far, at least, as the present season is concerned. It is said that Casimir Hofmann, the child's father, wrote a letter to Mr. Abbey, saying that his son is being overworked, and that the doctors strongly advise his withdrawal from public life for a protracted period. The letter was not forwarded until after the concert, and, Mr. Abbey being away from home, the communication did not reach him until morning. It was, of course, a severe blow, the Hofmann concerts being the most successful of Mr. Abbey's present ventures. However, Mr. Abbey had a bonanza in little Hofmann. The concerts, of which fifty-six were given, netted the snug sum of $85,000. Of this the Hofmanns, besides traveling and living expenses, had received but $7,500. A much more favorable contract, it is said, has been made for next year.

During the burning of a mill at Carlton, Mich., recently, according to the *American Miller*, the big engine which drove the machinery continued to run all through the blaze, and by that means was saved from destruction, though there was not a wall standing on either side of it when the fire was finished. The pumps were also running, and kept the boiler supplied, so there could be no explosion. It was a peculiar spectacle to see the engine driving away at a slashing speed in the midst of the flames, but the motion somehow saved it from fire. All the rest of the machinery was a total loss.

Are Women Jealous?

There are two rare types of women who are never susceptible to jealousy. One is the perfectly human being, utterly devoid of individuality, who lives in a state of wondering amazement that she should be the recipient of her lover's least regard. She is grateful for a smile, and overwhelmed at a word of praise. She finds greater joy in loving than in being loved, and is a faint echo of the masculine mind in all her opinions and ideas. She is willing to be the mat beneath his feet, to eat the crumbs which fall from his table, to do his most menial labor. She has the nature of a serf, the devotion of a dog, and if he neglects her for other women (as he usually does) she never complains, as in his will she finds her only pleasure. Her nature is mild, patient and constant, and devoid of passion and intensity.

The other type of women who know no jealousy is quite her opposite. She is a radiantly happy creature, full of self-confidence, egotism, and satisfaction. She is pleased with life and with herself. She loves deeply, and demands as much as she gives. She expects to be told every day that she is the most adorable woman on earth, and she is sure to convince a man of the fact. It never enters her head that another woman could be as charming as herself, or that she could be displaced in the affections of any man she loves. She is a woman who has been accustomed to love and admiration all her life, and she knows how to keep her lover interested and amused. She is sure that he finds other women dull in comparison with herself, and she lends him freely to her friends, certain that he will return gladly to her.

The majority of women who lead a monotonous existence live in their imaginations, and grow morbidly sensitive.

Many a man ruins the peace of his household forever by neglecting to speak the word of praise which his hungry-hearted wife has yearned all day to hear, and bestowing it upon some chance caller or stranger.

The man who fails to notice the careful toilet his wife has made for his sake, and compliments the good taste exhibited by some neighbor, sows the seed of jealousy in a disappointed heart.

Woman was made to be loved, petted and appreciated by man. Whatever else she may achieve in life, she feels herself cheated out of her birthright unless this happiness has come to her. She is jealous of whatever may stand between her and that desired joy. I have known two mothers who were jealous of their own children. Unnatural and terrible as this may seem, I felt the greatest sympathy for both women. In each case the husband utterly ignored the wife for her offspring. She was a secondary consideration, neglected and rebuked where the children were caressed and appreciated.

I heard a woman who was a grandmother remark one day that she would never have lived with her husband an hour if he had once told her that he thought another woman beautiful or interesting. Poor man! of course such thoughts had entered his mind, and with what secrecy he must have guarded them all those years.

Jealousy of such a petty type as hers is surely the dwarfed and imbecile child of its parent. The woman whose life is full of sensible and noble duties is less given to unreasonable jealousy than the idler who dwells in a world of her own imagining.

And the woman who receives the love and devotion which is her birthright seldom feels the pangs of jealousy.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Verifying an Old Legend.

Readers of the saga of Burned Njal, translated by Sir George Dasent, can not have forgotten the terrible conclusion, the burning of old Njal's house with all his family. This deed was almost the last of a series of man-slayings, the result of an Icelandic vendetta or blood feud. The date was about the time of the conversion of Iceland to Christianity, that conversion having been rather incomplete so far. Now, people have often asked whether this event, so renowned in history, ever took place. According to *Nature*, a member of the Icelandic Archæological Society has excavated the site assigned to Bergthorsholl, Njal's house, by tradition. He found at a certain depth the ashes of a burned house and also some curious lumps of a fatty substance. Being analyzed these proved to be skyr, a kind of buttermilk, apparently, which had undergone the action of fire. Now, the saga expressly says that pailfulls of skyr were thrown by the women of the house on the fire in the attempt to extinguish it. This confirmation of tradition is very curious, if not, perhaps, very cogent.—*London Daily News.*

He Wanted to Use It Himself.

Mrs. McBride—Look a' that, now! Ain't that th' foine christenin' cup to be givin' a gossoon wid only foor wakes birth av loife in it? Pfwhat's this printed on th' soide?—"Tomy-father." (It's me that usty be th' divil's own wan to read; but O'ive rusted a bit.) Pfwhat's this shilf that do be runnin' acbrost th' top, Michael?

Mr. McBride—Th' foine little lad av a clerk at th' shtore gev it to me, Norah; an' he says they calls it a *mushryush* cup, an' it's th' nob's own shtyle now for childer. Mushtyash is Frinch for "May yez hev a long life!" So it is.—*Puck.*

Let Erin Boycott Potatoes.

A chemical explanation of Ireland's distress is that it is due to too exclusive subsistence upon potatoes. Though a healthful luxury, this food used alone supplies too little nutrition to support people in other than a half-starved and dissatisfied condition. It is probable, therefore, that Ireland's woes would be greatly reduced if the productive soil and climate were applied to the growth of nutritive cereals instead of the tubers.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Gold can buy nearly everything in this world except that which a man wants most—happiness.

How few are those who really understand what the mind is good for.

Genius beckons a man up, and if he attempts to climb, will help him.

Foreign Fads.

MY DEAR NEPHEW: Yes, you are right—Americans do a great deal of blowing about the progress we have made in manufacturing of all kinds, including everything from a ten-penny nail to an eight-day clock. But still, it seems to me, that these same people, when it comes to purchasing for their own use, always want the foreign-made commodity. And it appears, too, that instead of home-made products being better than those made abroad, they are not half so good; the latter being generally so much superior as to command a price which places them beyond the reach of any but the most wealthy classes. We have French wines and brandies, also French cooks; we import Irish whisky, and with it a good many Irishmen to help us drink it. The best cigars, so they say, come from Cuba, while anything English, from a lord to a coachman, commands a premium when brought to this side of the water.

Go along the streets of any American city. You are hunting a restaurant, the chances are it will be called an "English Kitchen." Hotels are conducted on the European, or rather the you're-roped-in style, and so it is every way you turn. Here is a sign: "John Jones, English Bootmaker, former Bootmaker to the Queen." Across the way is Cutem & Fitem, English tailors, and next door is an American doing business, but selling nothing but imported goods. It is rare that you see American goods of any description advertised as such. A lot of pickaxes made in Massachusetts but brought to Chicago would be advertised as a fresh importation. We have French clocks, Swiss watches, English cutlery, and German cheese. The clothes we wear are made from imported goods, and cut after Paris or London styles. I tell you, come to think of it, this country don't produce much to be proud of. But if our people ever get over this infernal craze for foreign stuff, and patronize home enterprise, America may some day amount to something. The other day I was going along the street in Chicago and I saw a tailoring establishment, and by the way, it seemed to be a big one, the proprietors of which advertise themselves as American Tailors. I tell you, I was astounded; I never saw anything like it before in my life. I put on my glasses, and took a second look to satisfy myself that I was not mistaken. I feel, since seeing that sign, that there is yet hope for this country. Yours sincerely,

UNCLE SAM.

Push.

"Push, eh? Well, I ain't overly strong, but I ain't goin' to let a little thing like that scare me off when I am dry."

HE PUSHED.

"Thunder and lightning! if the blamed thing was fastened. What in the nation did they put PUSH on it for?"

The Pig and the Lady.

A Lady who was Passing along a Lane came upon a Pig rolling in the Mud, and called out in Disgust:

"Wretched Creature, but What a Miserable Life you must lead!"

"On the Contrary, no one takes more Comfort," rejoined the Porker.

"But you roll in the Mud."

"Just like a Pig. Had Nature intended me to boss a Greenhouse I should not be here."

Moral: The above happened a hundred years ago. All of the pigs to-day want to be Canary Birds.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Race of Yankee Whittlers.

We whittle less, perhaps, than we used to, although the Athenian is personally acquainted with a number of good citizens in different small towns in New England who cannot discuss politics, religious affairs, nor the latest local gossip without mechanically chipping away at small pieces of wood. One estimable hardware merchant in Maine, whose store is the favorite "half-way" house for the older citizens of the town, of which he himself is one, keeps constantly on hand a small box of pine pegs, about the size of a large bung, for his own and the use of his friends.—*Boston Advertiser.*

THE STRICKEN PRINCE.

A Biography of Frederick William, Heir to the German Throne.

Incidents of His Happy Marriage to Princess Victoria.

Grief at the Death of an Idolized Son—Gallant Military Record.

THE world's interests and sympathies are once more bound up on the life of a single individual. This time it is the Crown Prince Frederick William of Germany who is stricken down by a disease which all men know must at last end in death. How long before the end comes, that we know not. Till it does, the bulletins from San Remo will be awaited with that cruel expectancy with which we are so familiar since the sad days that brought about the end of the great life on the heights of Mount McGregor. The two cases are very similar: The one, a ruler by heredity, the other by selection; both soldiers modest and brave, both stricken with the same dread disease—cancer of the throat. Both led great armies to many battles; both were silent, thoughtful men, both honored for their greatness of character, their magnanimity in victory, their lovableness in private life. In both cases medical science seems to be quite incapable of arresting the ravages of the terrible malady. Even nature herself has no remedy, and the unfortunate human being stricken by it has simply to wait for

THE CROWN PRINCE—THE NEXT EMPEROR.

death. In the case of the Crown Prince, the doctors disagree as to how long they think the illustrious sufferer may live. Dr., now Sir Morell Mackenzie, believes he may live from eighteen months to two years, while Drs. Schroeter and Howell think he may last for four or five years. But all agree that the disease is incurable. The Prince received his death warrant calmly. "I thank you, sir, for being so frank with me," he said to Mackenzie, when he heard the sentence. For a Hohenzollern, death comes to him early. He was born on the 18th of October, 1831, in the New Palace at Potsdam, and he is therefore in his 57th year. As a boy he was sickly, and his life was often despaired of, but he grew up to be strong and manly, and his life's

PRINCE WILLIAM, ELDEST SON OF CROWN PRINCE.
(The Future Emperor.)

story will be when it is written, a record of worthy deeds and generous aspirations. His death will be a sad blow to the hopes of non-military Germany. He seemed as if created to carry on the work of German unity to its completion, to inaugurate an era in German history that would be marked by a development of the higher capacities of her people, checked by the wars that were necessary to bring the empire to its present position in the world. In the hearts of millions there is a warm response to the words of the aged Kaiser reported by cable: "May this heavy affliction upon my house and our fatherland soon pass away, through God's omnipotence and grace."

The Crown Prince's present visit to Italy is in great contrast to his former sojourns in the land of sunshine. He has paid more visits to that country than any German ruler since the days of the Hohenstaufen Fredericks, who, however, generally crossed the Alps for the purpose of conquest by force of arms. Pegli was the favorite place of sojourn for the Prince and his family. He was also fond of Portosino, on the Riveria di Levante, a quiet idyllic hamlet to which he took a great fancy, and spent several summers there in a house built by Lord Carnarvon—a modest villa of two stories high, but commanding a beautiful view extending to the Gulf of Rapallo, Camogli, Sestri-Levante, and in clear days to the harbor of Spezzia. There he lived a calm, contemplative life in the midst of his family more like an artist than a prince. Among the simple fishermen he was a great favorite. They could hardly believe their senses, however, seeing this earnest, dignified man, the son of one of the greatest potentates of Europe, wandering around like a common mortal, smoking a short pipe, climbing over the rocks with his children on the sea shore, rowing about on the water in a small boat, or taking moonlight walks in the garden of his house or under the trees that surrounded it. "Look you," the Crown Prince said to Herr Bamberg, who visited him there, "I have never felt better and happier than I do here. This solitariness soothes and strengthens me." As a matter of fact, the Prince was always happiest away from Berlin, and there is reason to fear that his present malady has been developed earlier than might have been the case by the unpleasant state of affairs at the Berlin court, just as the unfortunate business affairs were of influence in hastening the death of General Grant by the same disease. A gentleman who attended one of the court balls in Berlin, a year ago, said: "The Crown Prince, who is now close on to 57 years of age, has considerably aged during the past two or three years. His look has lost the bright merry twinkle which was formerly its distinguishing feature, and his whole aspect bears traces of worry, annoyance and anxiety." He certainly has up to the present had anything but a pleasant time in Berlin. He has never been able to agree with Prince Bismarck and his policy, and is not in sympathy with the military party at the court, which knows that with his coming to power, he would devote more attention to the commercial, intellectual and artistic development of the empire, and to endeavor to relieve the country as much as possible from the present burden of militarism. Not that he would weaken the strength of the empire, but he certainly would strive to bring Germany more into harmony with the progressive spirit of the nineteenth century. Hitherto, with the exception of the brief time in which he was made regent, after Nobiling's attempt upon the life of the Kaiser, he has been kept as much as possible in the dark as to the policy of the government. As a matter of fact, the Crown Prince's eldest son, Prince Wilhelm, is the favorite, both with the Emperor and Prince Bismarck, who see in him the salvation of the empire by the means through which it was created, that is, by the sword. The excited state of the European bourses during the last few weeks shows in what light Europe would look upon the advent of this young, reckless, hot-headed Prussian junker to power in Germany.

Prince William is only 28 and fitted in no way to fill the imperial throne. He has shown no ability for anything but military matters and for the carrying on of scandalous amours, the results of which have brought agony to his wife. His life, in fact, has been a continuous scandal. Still, time may work changes even with him, as it has done with other members of Hohenzollern dynasty; but before that time comes he may work irreparable injury to the cause of German unity. Germany has willingly enough submitted to Prince Bismarck's tyranny and his attacks on constitutional government, remembering his great services and in the hope that with the Kaiser's death constitutional principles would, under the benign rule of Frederick William, be allowed to develop, but these sentiments of gratitude will have no *raison d'etre* under a young Prussian Lieutenant whose training has been in the spirit of an age long since past in German history.

A ROYAL WEDDING.

Marriage of the Crown Prince to Princess Victoria, in England.

It would take too much space to give all the details of the Crown Prince's life. Some events connected with it, however, are of more than ordinary interest. First, his marriage, which has had a remarkable influence upon his life. In 1858 (Jan. 21) the Prince left Berlin for England, where he was to wed Princess Victoria. He was accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Prussia, Princes Frederick Carl, Albrecht and Adelbert, the King of the Belgians, and the Duke of Coburg. The marriage took place on Jan. 25, and prosy Baron Stockmar was made happy in seeing his plan of the houses of Prussia and England joined in more intimate relationship. Prince Albert wrote, "The young people seem to be heartily in love with each other, and the innocence and unselfishness of the young man is very touching. Tears flowed freely." When the Prince took his bride away from England, "Farewell, Rose of England" was the inscription over the triumphal arch built at Dover. "Keep her well! Be true to her! God bless you!" were the words of greeting sent after him by the good men of Dover as the "Victoria and Albert" sailed away. In the first week in February the Prince entered Berlin in state with his bride. The Princess Hohenlohe wrote that no princess ever had such a hearty welcome given to her in Berlin. The Crown Prince himself telegraphed to Queen Victoria: "The whole royal family is enchanted with my wife. F. W." He did this probably to soothe the fears of the Prince Consort, who delighted in philosophizing, and had written to his daughter: "Just because they were so enchanted and enthusiastic, at first, the public will pass over to the sharpest criticism and anatomical dissection" It must be allowed that this philosophical remark bore much truth in it, for the Princess never became very popular with the Prussian aristocracy. Her

THE CROWN PRINCE IN THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

influence on the Prince, however, has been remarkable. To her must belong the credit of making him what he has long been, a model husband and father. which was not always the case with the Hohenzollerns. Soon after the marriage, it will be remembered that the Princess ran away from Berlin, on discovering some rich present that she

PRINCE HENRY, THE CROWN PRINCE'S SECOND SON.
(Future Admiral.)

had seen in her husband's secretaire, and which she had imagined was intended for herself as a birthday gift, worn by one of the fair ladies of the court. She got as far as Cologne, en route for England, before her flight was discovered, and there a telegram from the King ordered her to return at once to Berlin. She had reluctantly to obey the royal command. When she returned she was kindly received by the Empress, who is said to have made the remark: "My dear, you should not have married a Hohenzollern if you had expected otherwise."

THE MEETING ON THE FIELD OF KŒNIGGRATZ.
(Battle of Sadowa.)

The Princess, like a sensible woman, set to work earnestly to win a firm hold upon the Prince's affection and esteem, and she succeeded in making him what he now is, the noblest, gentlest, and most moral of the Hohenzollerns. They have now six children in life, and two are dead. Prince Wilhelm was born January 27, 1859. Princess Charlotte was born July 24, 1860; Prince Heinrich (the future Admiral of the German navy), August 24, 1862; Princess Victoria, April 12, 1866; Princess Sophie, June 14, 1870; Princess Margherita, April 22, 1872. Prince Waldemar, who was born February 10, 1868, died in 1878, and Prince Sigismund died two years before. On the 25th of January, 1883, the Crown Prince and Princess celebrated their silver wedding in Berlin amid great festivities.

PRINCE WALDEMAR'S DEATH.

First Great Sorrow of the Royal Couple—Touching Scenes.

One of the greatest sorrows of the Crown Prince's life was the death, in 1879, of Prince Waldemar (born February 10, 1868, therefore ten years old). He was greatly beloved by him and the Crown Princess, taking the place in their hearts of Prince Sigismund, who had been called away two years before. He was also a favorite of the Kaiser. On March 22 he had visited his imperial grandfather to congratulate him upon his birthday. Two days afterward he was suddenly attacked by inflammation of the throat, with signs of diphtheria. On the 27th the young Prince died. The Crown Princess was long inconsolable, and the Prince himself was almost heartbroken, for he was fond of his children, and Prince Waldemar had especially grown around his heart. The burial ceremonies at Potsdam were very touching. After the service the Crown Prince went up to the little coffin and knelt down beside it and prayed for a long time in silence. Then he kissed the burial pall and started to leave; but he could not go away from the spot; he turned to give one last look; then gathering himself together, passed out with firm trend. the tears coursing down his cheeks. Flowers were then placed upon the coffin and then the imperial and princely mourners passed out. A short time afterward, however, the Crown Prince again entered the silent church. This time he held by the hand the Crown Princess; and both together knelt at the side of the coffin and they waited until they had seen it placed beside that of Prince Sigismund. In response to an address of condolence sent by the municipal authorities of Berlin, the Crown Prince wrote: "God's hand has stricken us sorely, and death took from us the younger of our sons. His pure and strong nature rejoiced us every day; in him there seemed to be united all those talents that gave us

PRINCE WILLIAM, JUNIOR.
(Also a Future Emperor.)

three great wars—the Danish, Austrian, and French. In the former, however, he was only a spectator attached to the headquarters of Marshal Wrangel. His first leadership was given to him in the Austrian campaign. In that war the main thing to do was to prevent the forces of South Germany joining with those of Austria that had been gathered in Bohemia. King William led three separate armies, the first called the army of Bohemia, 100,000 men under Prince Frederick Charles; the second the army of Silesia, 116,000 men under the Crown Prince; the third the army of the Elbe, 40,000 men commanded by Herwarth von Bittenfeld. Moltke's plan was, "March separately—strike combined;" and in seven weeks the war was over. On the 23d of June Prince Frederick Charles crossed the Austrian frontier, and six days later he was joined by the army of the Elbe. They were at Gitschin. On his left the Crown Prince with his army was at Koeniginhof, a day's march away, while the Austrians had retired in Koeniggratz ready for battle. The plan of attack was very simple. Prince Frederick Charles with his three corps was to assault Benedeck with his five; while Bittenfeld was to fall upon the left flank of the Austrians and the Crown Prince attack their right. But the Crown Prince was twenty-five miles away, and it was four in the morning before Colonel von Frankenstein, after a terrible ride, arrived at the Crown Prince's headquarters with the King's command to join Prince Frederick Charles. The battle began at eight o'clock in the morning, the King, Moltke, and Bismarck being on the field. The needle-gun worked terrible havoc among the devoted battalions of Austria, but they kept their ground, and for a long time the scales of battle hung pretty evenly. For a time it seemed as if victory would rest on the standards of the Hapsburgs, and the Prussians looked for the coming of the Crown Prince as eagerly as Wellington had once looked for the coming of Blucher. "Would to God the Crown Prince would come!" Suddenly Bismarck lowered his glasses and drew attention to certain lines in the distance. All telescopes were pointed thither. At first the lines were pronounced to be furrows. "They are not furrows," said Bismarck, "the spaces are not equal; they are advancing lines." It was the Crown Prince's army, that had been delayed by the condition of the roads, which the rains had made all but impassable. Only twenty-five miles; but it took the army nine hours to do the distance, and the Crown Prince lost 25 per cent. of his men through exhaustion by the way. The Crown Prince lost not a moment in getting his forces into action. Violently assaulted on both flanks and fiercely pressed in the center, the Austrians began to slacken their fire, to give way, and then to retreat. The battle was won, and the honors of having decided it were the Crown Prince's. Bismarck himself admits how critical was the situation of the Prussians at one point of the battle. "He met Moltke and offered him a cigar," says a historian. "The strategist carefully selected the best weed in the Chancellor's case, and the latter took comfort, thinking to himself that if Moltke was still calm enough to make a choice of this kind, things could not be going so bad with them after all." After the victory, late in the evening, the Crown Prince met the King, who embraced him affectionately, and decorated him on the field with Prussia's highest military order, "Pour le Mérite." That meeting, which is the subject of one of our illustrations, has become as historical as that of Blucher and Wellington.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

"Unser Fritz's" Part in the Memorable March to the French Capital.

"Unser Fritz's" part of the Franco-German war is almost too well known to bear repetition. As in the Austrian campaign, the German forces were divided into three armies, under the command of General Steinmetz, Prince Frederick Charles and the Crown Prince. Under the Crown Prince's command were the two Bavarian army-corps and three Prussian ones, one division in Baden, one of Wurtemburg, and two cavalry divisions, over 200,000 men. He had the honor of striking the first blow by falling upon the French at Weissenburg on August 4, and two days later assaulting MacMahon at Worth and causing the Duke de Magenta's hosts to tumble back partly upon Strassburg and partly upon Chalons. To the Crown Prince was given the duty of pursuing the Duke de Magenta towards Chalons. With him co-operated the Crown Prince of Saxony at the head of the Fourth Army (of the Meuse), and between these two armies marched the royal headquarters. He arrived at Sedan in time to close up the ring formed by the German army on the 1st of September, and was with the Emperor on the hill when Baron de Raelh, Napoleon's aid-de-camp, arrived with the letter from the Emperor expressing his willingness to surrender his sword. On the following day he assisted at the celebrated meeting with Napoleon at the Chateau de Bellevue. From there he pressed on to Paris, making his headquarters first at St. Germain and later at the villa "Des Ombrages" at Versailles. "Unser Fritz" was immensely popular with his men, and especially with the Bavarians, and of this popularity many amusing anecdotes are told. After the battle of Weissenburg, he dismounted and asked Gen. Blumenthal if there was anything to eat. While the General was hunting up food, the Crown Prince was very much astonished to hear firing commence again. He sent his aid-de-camp to know what was the trouble. The officer returned and reported that it was only the Bavarians, who were shooting "Victoria." The Prince sent word back that when "Victoria" was to be celebrated he would send the orders to do so himself. A Bavarian General then put in an appearance and asked permission that his soldiers should be allowed to continue, because, he said, the Bavarians had a time-honored custom of shooting their guns off after every great victory. When the Bavarian General left, with the permission requested, the Crown Prince turned round and, laughing, said to Blumenthal: "I think they ought to have a chance at any rate, for it must have been in the thirty years' war when they had such an opportunity before."

THE CROWN PRINCE IN TYROL.

There is another anecdote told of how after the victory at Worth, and a Bavarian regiment was passing him, one of the men called out a "Nah Koeniglich Hoheit; if we had you with us in '66 we should never have been licked by the cursed Prussians." After the war the Crown Prince took prominent part in the triumphal entry of the Bavarian troops into Munich, where he was greeted with such immense enthusiasm that King Ludwig was greatly offended, and at the banquet given in the Rathhaus the same night failed to put in an appearance. The young dreamer was already far off on his way to his mountain retreat at Hohenschwangen. He was also present at the triumphal entry of the Prussian troops into Berlin, and sat beside his father, surrounded by the brilliant group of princes and generals who watched the victorious troops passing down the Unter den Linden. During the war the Prince was a favorite subject for painters and poets, and one of our pictures represents him as he was often seen when he was with his army at Versailles, with his pipe in his mouth and taking matters most philosophically.

Uses of Paint in Paris.

Business people in Paris have long since formed a color speech by which certain trades are easily recognized. First of all, the color-shops are distinguished by being painted outside in squares and stripes of the most brilliant colors. Viennese leather, bronze, and trinket shops have begun to use the American colors, yellow and black; then the Spanish wine shops use yellow and red, the Italian green, white, and red. The business places where furniture carts for removal are kept are painted yellow, as well as the wagons—why, not even the proprietors know. Pastry shops are light-brown outside, and within white and gold, so that one is involuntarily reminded of the pastry itself. Milk shops are white and blue both inside and out. The washerwomen now begin to paint the outside of their ironing shops a bright blue, while the carts that take the linen to the washhouses in the country are bright green. Wine houses are all painted brown, or a dull red, which is exactly the color of the vin ordinaire mixed with cranberry juice and logwood. Still darker is the color of the charcoal shops, which the dust soon renders completely dark. Bakers are fond of light brown and white, with much gilding and large mirrors. Many of their shops are decorated with paintings representing goddesses of plenty, gleaning, and similar subjects. —*London Daily News.*

Queer Things in Dresden.

The authorities of Dresden, Germany, will not allow a piano to be played in a private house after 10:30 at night, and they punish with a fine any person found throwing an article of refuse, however insignificant, into the street. Flagmen are stationed at the corners of streets intersected by horse-car lines to warn persons of the approach of a car. Drug stores are closed at sundown, and when a druggist is called up in the night he appears with all the politeness of a dancing master to thank the customer for his courtesy in patronizing his store. *Pittsburg Dispatch.*

At the Museum.

Mrs. N.—My dear, I wish you to observe this beautiful statue of Apollo; and this is his wife, Apollinaris."—*Life.*

Good things have to be engraved on the memory; bad ones stick there of themselves.

THE AUSTRIAN WAR.

Gallant Conduct of the Crown Prince on the Field of Koeniggratz.

The Crown Prince has taken part in

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GOOD SALESMEN would find advantageous employment in selling the well-known cigar of Messrs. Meyer, Moore & Co., who are continuing the business of the New York and Havana Cigar Co. Liberal terms. Salary or commission. Apply to Meyer, Moore & Co., 35 Stone st, N. Y.

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Classes of *1887* at Baltimore and *1005* at Detroit, large classes of Columbia law students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, etc., etc. Endorsed by Mark Twain, Richard Proctor, the scientist; Hons. W. W. Astor, Judah P. Benjamin, Judge Gibson, R. H. Cook, principal State Normal College, Dr. Brown, etc. Prospectus post free from PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth ave., N. Y.

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March 30-eod s w 1yr.

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Daily Sentinel

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E. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1888.

EMPEROR WILLIAM met with but one conqueror—death.

THE senate passed the Grand Army pension bill handsomely.

THE Allen county democrats met today to prepare for the coming battle.

Is it not possible that the republican municipal successes in Maine are due to Mr. Blaine's withdrawal?

A STRIKE among workmen employed in New York breweries is considered probable about April 1. This is no joke.

THE C., B. and Q. strikers offer to arbitrate, but the company is deaf to their appeals. This places the burden of the strike on the corporation.

THE New York legislature is now endeavoring to affect a reduction of telephone tolls. Indiana tried this experiment once upon a time and then apologized.

THE Standard Oil company has begun the preliminary work for the building of an immense pipe line from Lima, O., to Chicago, a distance of over 200 miles, for the purpose of transporting both crude and refined oil. The line is mapped out to pass through Fort Wayne.

THE *News* is vexed because the city papers give the strike news in detail. It is doubtful if the *News* can instruct or enlighten its cotemporaries in this particular, neither can it make them ignore the fact that the Pittsburg, Wabash and Nickel Plate engineers and firemen are closely allied to the strikers on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road and likely at any moment to be implicated with them. The truth is too apparent for suppression.

THE PENSION BILL.

The G. A. R. Dependent Pension Bill Passes the Senate.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—The senate passed the dependent pension bill which has been pending for two days. The bill as it came from the pension committee was the one recommended by the G. A. R. at its national encampment at St. Louis. Certain republican senators vigorously endeavored to amend it so as to make it substantially the bill that the president vetoed last year. The most persistent of these were Teller, of Colorado, Dawes, of Massachusetts; Wilson, of Iowa; Hiscock, of New York; Plumb and Ingalls, of Kansas, and others. They wanted to amend the bill so as to make all ex-soldiers who were partially disabled beneficiaries. Hawley and Manderson, both ex-soldiers and Grand Army men, contended for the G. A. R. bill which does not contain the objectionable features of the vetoed bill.

The bill was, however, amended in several immaterial particulars, but as it was, it substantially contains all the important features of the bill recommended by the G. A. R. The belief is that the president will sign it if the house concurs in it as it goes from the senate.

The vote on the bill on its passage in the senate this evening was forty-four ayes to sixteen in the negative. The democrats voting for the bill were Messrs. Blodgett, of New Jersey; Faulkner and Kenna, of West Virginia; George, of Mississippi; Gorman, of Maryland; Hampton, of South Carolina; McPherson, of New Jersey; Payne, of Ohio; Pugh, of Alabama; Turpie and Voorhees, of Indiana, and Walthall, of Mississippi.

It is noticed that nearly three times as many ex-confederate soldiers voted for the bill as there were union soldiers.

A Singular Co-incidence.

W. H. Vangorden, a conductor on the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad, and a brother-in-law of Mr. H. Stewart, of the Bargain Cash store, at this place, says the Monroeville *Breeze*, met with an accident, last Friday, by having one of his legs broken and otherwise, by a wreck on the road. The same day, Mrs. Fletter, mother of Mr. Stewart, had the misfortune to have three ribs broken, by falling down stairs, at her home in Fort Wayne. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart took the evening train for the bed-side of the suffering.

Mamie Armstrong Dead.

WABASH, Ind., March 9.—At 2 o'clock this afternoon pretty Mamie Armstrong, the sixteen-year-old girl who attempted suicide on Tuesday, died from the effects of the dose of arsenic. Before expiring she expressed regret for the rash act and a keen desire to live, and promised that she would never attempt suicide again. Wm. Armstrong, father of the girl, has not visited her bedside once during her illness, and is apparently as unconcerned as ever over her fate.

Card of Thanks.

To the Editor of the SENTINEL:

We wish to return our heartfelt thanks to our friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us in our sad affliction, and also to the Catholic Knights and the City band, hoping that God may reward them for their kindness.

MISS LOUISA ERINGER AND FAMILY.

Wayne lodge No. 25, F. & A. M., will meet this evening, to confer the master masons degree on two candidates.

Special Notice.

The Livery and Hackmen's Protective association have reduced the price of hacks for funerals and weddings to $3.50. 23-tf

ECHOES OF THE DAY.

Saturday's Budget as it Comes From the Railroads and Manufacturies of the City.

The trains were on time at the depots this morning.

The ticket agents report railroad travel as very light.

G. N. Rhodes, a popular Pittsburg engineer, is seriously ill.

It was a wet and muddy day around the shops and railroads.

The Bass foundry and machine works paid off their employes to-day.

J. S. Winnett, representing the Wisconsin Central, was in the city yesterday.

The Wabash had a force of men cleaning their tracks at the depot this morning.

J. C. Kensill, of the Pittsburg boiler shops, is still kept from duty on account of sickness.

James McCoy, the train dispatcher, of the Nickel Plate, is visiting friends at Buffalo, N. Y.

John Gilbert, traveling passenger agent of the C., M. and St. P. railroad, was in the city yesterday.

Charles E. Taylor, the machinist at the Bass works, was on night duty last night and is not working to-day.

News is very dull around the shops and railroads and it might be added that such is the case with business also.

This week the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad received twenty-five cars of steel rails. As far south as Ridgeville the old rails will be replaced by the new.

W. H. Greegoss, of Cincinnati, the traveling passenger agent of the Baltimore and Ohio, was in the city last evening looking after the interests of his road.

The Bass works sent a car load of wheels west to-day. They went to Chicago and from there will go over the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy to some point on its line.

S. B. Clay, who has been in Texas for the last few weeks, where he was called to testify in an important railroad suit, has returned home and will resume his position in the Bass machine shops.

Frank Mannix and E. C. Hill, two of the competent machinists of the Pittsburg shops, upon whom the discharge ax recently fell, have secured positions at Laporte, Ind., and left for that place to-day.

Over thirty roads in the United States on Sunday last put in force the new rules for the government of the movement of trains, which were adopted at the meeting of general superintendents some months ago.

J. B. Brown, the pleasant and popular employe of the Pennsylvania company, who looks after the purchase of castings at the Bass works, was being congratulated to-day over the arrival of a bright-eyed and beautiful girl baby at his home.

President Milliard, of the Indianapolis car works, thinks that this is to be a good year for car works, unless the strikes assume more serious phases than now seem probable. It is estimated that the car works and railroad shops of this country will build 150,000 to 200,000 cars, requiring 400,000 tons of bar iron and 600,000 tons of forged and cast iron.

The troubles on the Burlington road are far reaching in their influence and affect railroad business all over the country. It is hoped they will soon be settled, but while they last readers should be kept posted on affairs there, and if Fort Wayne papers refuse to publish the information, it will be sought after in the dailies of larger cities. Hence no harm can be done in giving facts.

Statistics gathered from several locomotive works in this country show that the average locomotive in use on the trunk lines, in the best locomotive works requires 1,800 days' labor, the average out-put per man; in another, 1,400 days; in another, 1,450 days, and in some of the shops, where the machinery is inferior, 1,900 days; and in one it takes 2,100 days, or, in other words, it will take the labor of one man from 1,800 to 2,100 days to build a first-class locomotive, the days of labor varying with the facilities of the respective shops.

Railroad officials are much elated because the Wabash and the Chicago and Alton have declared peace, for the time being, at least, and on next Monday, the 12th inst., will advance rates between St. Louis and Chicago to about the old basis. The war between the two roads for sixty days past has been a bitter one, and while not of so sensational character as that of the Northwestern lines, it has disturbed rates in this section as well as that traversed by the two roads. The belief prevails that this is the entering wedge of an adjustment of the troubles between other western and northwestern lines.

Results of High License.

[Chicago Tribune.]

High license has completely wiped out the hats in the family grocery stores, which were, as has been well said, "the pest of the home and the curse of the family." There is not one of them in existence in the city now.

March, April, May

Are the months in which to purify the blood, as the system is now most susceptible to benefit from medicine. Hence now is the time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, a medicine peculiarly adapted for the purpose, possessing peculiar curative powers. It expels every impurity from the blood, and also gives it vitality and richness. It creates an appetite, tones the digestion, invigorates the liver, and gives new life and energy to every function of the body. The testimony of thousands, as to the great benefit derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla, should convince everybody that it is peculiarly the best blood purifier and spring medicine.

TOOK POISON.

A Fort Wayne Girl Tries to Take Her Life.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* yesterday had this startling news:

"Miss Lizzie Starkey, seventeen years of age, lately arrived from Fort Wayne, Ind., and stopping at the Congress house, No. 322 State street, made an attempt at self destruction by taking a dose of Rough on Rats at 8 o'clock, Tuesday morning. After swallowing the drug the girl went to the house of her sister, close by, and informed her of her action. The sister sent for a doctor, who ordered her removal to the county hospital. It is thought her life will be saved. The young girl was about to become a mother."

The *Times* adds:

"Lizzie Starkey, seventeen years old, was taken to the county hospital, early yesterday morning, dying from the effects of rat poison taken with suicidal intent. The girl came to Chicago seven months ago from Fort Wayne, to join her sister and seek employment. She formed the acquaintance of a North Market street bartender, who accomplished her ruin and deserted her. She took the poison in the Congress house, on State street. She cannot recover."

An Imperative Necessity.

What pure air is to an unhealthy locality, what spring cleaning is to the neat housekeeper, is Hood's Sarsaparilla to everybody, at this season. The body needs to be thoroughly renovated, the blood purified and vitalized, the germs of disease destroyed. Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other blood disorders are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the most popular and successful spring medicine.

WABASH ENGINEERS

Threaten to Go Out if the Court Compels the Road to Haul Burlington Freight.

Orders have been received by the engineers on all divisions of the Wabash road, that if Judge Gresham decides that the Wabash will have to handle "Q" cars the men will at once go out. Engineer Meyers and his fireman of the first district, have been ordered to Chicago by the general superintendent via. Huntington and the Chicago and Atlantic railway. The case will be considered by Judge Gresham Monday next.

The extraordinary popularity of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the natural result of its use by all classes of people for over thirty years. It has proven itself the very best specific for colds, coughs and pulmonary complaints.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

I think Ely's Cream Balm is the best remedy for catarrh I ever saw. I never took anything that relieved me so quickly, and I have not felt so well for a long time. I used to be troubled with severe headaches two or three times a week, but since using the Balm have only had one and that was very light compared with other former ones. J. A. Alcorn, Agent U. P. R. R., Eaton, Colorado.

I find Ely's Cream Balm good for catarrh of long standing.—M. N. Lasley, 1,934 West Chestnut St., Louisville, Ky.

FITS: All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr Kline, 931 Arch St. Phila. Pa

Blew His Brains Out.

FINDLAY, O., March 9.—A fifteen year old son of John Hartman, of this county, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. He had been left at home with the younger children while his parents went to a neighbor's. He put the children to bed, kissed them good night, took up a rifle and went to his room, wrote a note that he was tired of life and then blew out his brains with the gun. His death was instantaneous, as life was extinct when the terrified children reached the room. No cause for the act is known beyond the fact that he was possessed of a suicidal mania, having made two previous attempts upon his life, once with paris green and another time by hanging.

D^r BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and relieves consumptive persons in advanced stages of the disease. Price 25 cts. Genuine. The Genuine *Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup* is sold only in white wrappers, and bears our registered Trade-Marks to wit: *a Bull's Head in an Circle, a Bell-strip Caution-label*, and the fac-simile signatures of John W. Bull & J. C. Meyer & Co. Sole Props, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

SALVATION OIL,
"The Greatest Cure on Earth for Pain,"
Will relieve more quickly than any other known remedy. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Lumbago, Sores, Frostbites, Backache, Wounds, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, &c. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 Cents a Bottle.

J. C. PELTIER,
UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER
17 W. Wayne St.
Telephone No. 174,
May 22 1y

EATEN BY WOLVES.

Two Men Said to be Devoured in Dakota Territory.

FARGO, Dak., March 9.—Word has reached here that a man and his son living at Poplar Grove, near Fort Totten, were eaten by a pack of wolves last week. The facts, as near as could be obtained, are that the father and son left their house with shovels to tear the snow from a hay-stack not more than twenty rods distant. The father and son were at once fiercely attacked by a pack of sixteen wolves, which literally ate them alive, while the wife and mother gazed through the window at the horrible sight, knowing it was certain death to go out. After the brutes had eaten all the flesh off they came up to the house, and ran around it several times and went away.

INFANTILE SKIN DISEASES

Our oldest child, now six years of age, while an infant six months old was attacked with a virulent, malignant skin disease. All ordinary remedies failing, we called our family physician, who attempted to cure it; but it spread with almost incredible rapidity, until the lower portion of the little fellow's person, from the middle of his back down to his knees, was one solid rash, ugly, painful, blotched, and malicious. We had no rest at night, no peace by day. Finally, we were advised to try the Cuticura Remedies. The effect was simply marvellous. In three or four weeks a complete cure was wrought, leaving the little fellow's person as white and healthy as though he had never been attacked. In my opinion your valuable remedies saved his life, and today he is a strong, healthy, child perfectly well, no repetition of the disease having ever occurred.

GEO. B. SMITH,
Att'y at Law and Ex-Pros. Att'y, Ashland, O.
Reference: J. G. Weist, Druggist, Ashland, O.

THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN.

Are born into the world every day with some eczematous affection, such as milk crust, scall head, scurf, or dandruff, sure to develop into an agonizing eczema, the itching, burning and disfiguration of which make life a prolonged torture unless properly treated.

A warm bath with Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, and a single application of Cuticura, the Great Skin Cure, with a little Cuticura Resolvent, the New Blood Purifier, is often sufficient to arrest the progress of the disease, and point to a speedy and permanent cure.

Hence, no mother who loves her children, who takes a pride in their beauty, purity and health, and is bestowing upon them a child's greatest inheritance,—a skin without a blemish and a body nourished by pure blood—should fail to make trail of the Cuticura Remedies.

Sold everywhere. Price: Cuticura, 50 cents; Cuticura Soap, 25 cents; Cuticura Resolvent, $1.00. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases." 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by Cuticura Medicated Soap

CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH.

No single disease has entailed more suffering or hastened the breaking up of the constitution than Catarrh. The sense of smell, of taste, of sight, of hearing the human voice, the mind,—one or more, and sometimes all, yield to its destructive influence. The poison it distributes throughout the system attacks every vital force, and breaks up the most robust of constitutions. Ignored, because but little understood, by most physicians, impotently assailed by quacks and charlatans, those suffering from it have little hope to be relieved of it this side of the grave. It is time, then, that the popular treatment of this terrible disease by remedies within the reach of all passed into hands at once competent and trustworthy. The new and hitherto untried method adopted by Dr. Sanford in the preparation of his Radical Cure has won the hearty approval of thousands. It is instantaneous in affording relief in all head colds, sneezing, snuffling and obstructed breathing, and rapidly removes the most oppressive symptoms, clearing the head, sweetening the breath, restoring the senses of smell, taste and hearing, and neutralizing the constitutional tendency of the disease towards the lungs, liver and kidneys.

Sanford's Radical Cure consists of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box of Catarrhal Solvent, and one Improved Inhaler, price $1.
POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

Kidney Pains,
Strains and Weaknesses,

Relieved in one minute by that marvelous Antidote to pain, Inflammation and Weakness, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only pain-killing strengthening plaster. Especially adapted to instantly relieve and speedily cure Kidney and Uterine Pains and Weakness. Warranted infinitely superior to all other plasters. At all druggists, 25 cents; five for $1.00; or, postage free, of Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston Mass.

Unprecedented Bargains.

Hanging Lamps, $2.50 each to $20 each
Decorated Chamber Sets, $3 to $30.
Dinner Sets, 140 pieces, only $10.
Best Iron Stone China Dinner Plates 70c per dozen.
Best Iron Stone China Cups and Saucers, 70c per dozen.
Best Iron Stone China Bowls and Pitchers, 75c.
Best Iron Stone China Covered Chambers, 60c each.
Good Lamp Chimneys, 3c each.
Decorated Chamber Sets, $3.00.
Bargains in Glassware at half price.
Fifty-six Pieces Tea Sets, $3.50.

SILVER PLATED
Castors, Tea Sets, Butter and Pickle Dishes,
1847 Roger Bro's.
Knives Forks & Spoons,
at
WARD'S
Cheap Crockery Store,
No. 8 West Columbia Street.

DON'T SCOLD

a man for groaning when he has Rheumatism or Neuralgia. The pain is simply awful. No torture in the ancient times was more painful than these twin diseases. But—oughtn't a man to be blamed if, having Rheumatism or Neuralgia, he wont use Ath-lo-pho-ros, when it has cured thousands who have suffered in the same way? It has cured hundreds after physicians have pronounced them incurable.

"The skill of five physicians could not cure me of Rheumatism which had settled in the hips, neck and shoulders. So intense was the pain that sleep was almost impossible. The first dose of Athlophoros gave me relief, and the third enabled me to sleep for four and a half hours without waking. I continued its use, and am now well."
REV. S. H. TROYER, New Albany, Ind.

Send 6 cents for the beautiful colored picture, "Moorish Maiden."
THE ATHLOPHOROS CO. 112 Wall St. N.Y.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY.

Under Schedule in Effect January 22, 1888.

Trains leave the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago station at Fort Wayne as follows:

(STANDARD TIME.)

EASTBOUND—For Pittsburg, Baltimore Washington, Philadelphia and New York, 5:30 a. m., *2:20 p. m., *8:00 p. m., *9:00 p. m. Crestline Accommodation, †7:00 a. m.

WESTBOUND—For Chicago, *5:00 a. m., †12:45 p. m., *5:20 p. m., *1:30 a. m. Chicago accommodation leaves at †8:30 a. m. ‡For Plymouth, *4:00 p. m.

*Daily.
†Daily, except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.
(Fort Wayne Division

FROM NORTH.		GOING NORTH
10 30 am—Ar—	Cincinnati Ex.....—Lv.	
	Detroit Ex..... "	4 40 pm
8 40 pm "	Detroit Ex..... "	11 30 am
5 20 pm "	Way Freight..... "	8 40 am

All trains daily except Sunday.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R.

GOING EAST.		GOING WEST
Lv. 2 00 pm	Express	Lv. 2 00 pm
Lv. 6 10 am	Accommodation.	Lv. 6 45 pm

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect Oct., 1887.

GOING NORTH.

For Grand Rapids and North.....	Lv.	2:40 am
" "	"	8:05 am
For Grand Rapids.....	"	2:10 pm
From Grand Rapids.....	Ar.	6:00 pm

GOING SOUTH.

For Richmond and Cincinnati....	Lv.	5:35 am
" "	"	1:00 pm
" "	"	12:20 a m
From "	Ar.	6:35 pm

Trains daily except Sunday.

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE

FROM SOUTH		GOING SOUTH
8 20 pm—Ar—	Ind. & Cin. Ex....Lv—	5 30 pm
4 10 pm "	Cin. & L. Mail..... "	10 50 am
5 50 pm "	Freight..... "	5 30 am
6 00 pm "	Freight..... "	4 00 pm

Trains daily except Sunday.

WABASH RAILWAY.

WESTWARD.

No.		Arrive	Depart
45..	Pacific Ex. daily.....	4 55am	5 00am
41..	Kansas City Ex.....	1 45am	1 50pm
43..	Fast Mail, daily.....	8 10pm	8 15pm
39..	Lafayette ac.....	10 30 am	4 30pm
35..	Toledo ac.....		

EASTWARD.

No.		Arrive	Depart
42..	N. Y. Ex. daily.....	2 30am	2 45am
46..	Cannon ball ex Sy..	1 45am	1 50pm
44..	Limited Ex'daily..	6 10pm	6 20pm
34..	Lafayette ac.....	11 00am	
32..	Toledo ac.....		4 00pm

Nos. 41 and 46 have new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

Through New York Palace Sleeping cars, Dining car and new free chair cars on 43 and 42.

Free chair cars, dining car and Buffalo sleeping car on 44 and 45.

MASONIC TEMPLE,
—TWO NIGHTS—
MARCH 9th AND 10th!
Engagement of the eminent character actor and the charming comedienne
MR. and MRS. GEORGE S.
KNIGHT.
FRIDAY EVENING
Mr. Knight's Great Creation,
:-: RUDOLPH :-:
(Baron Von Hollenstein.)
Bronson Howard and David Belasco's master production.
"A Character Born to Live."
SATURDAY EVENING
The Merry Musical Comedy
Over The Garden Wall.
The Funniest Play of all.
Sale of Seats Wednesday. Prices, 35, 50 and 75c.

The Grand Success this Season,
Fun, Mirth and Melody!
TWO NIGHTS,
Tuesday and Wednesday
MARCH 13 AND 14.
The world famed artists, the
Hanlons
In their great farcial comedy, an original European sensation,
—THE NEW—
VOYAGE EN SUISSE!
Halon Bros.,-Sole Props. and Managers.
Remodeled. Reconstructed.
The Funniest Play ever Witnessed.
Introducing the most realistic and wonderful mechanical stage effects ever produced. Replete with comedy, sensation, startling surprises catchy songs, bright and pretty music. The great railroad explosion. Fun in a sleeping car. The stage coach disaster. A brilliant company of artists.

That's So

Relief is certain for the despondent feelings of the dyspeptic, the constipated habit of the sedentary, the headaches of the nervous and bilious, by the simple use of Simmons Liver Regulator,—easy to take, not nauseating or disgusting, not more bitter than a glass of beer and far more grateful. It is no intoxicating beverage, but it tones up the system, settles the stomach, assists digestion, regulates the bowels, and stimulates the Liver. Take it once and and you will discard all other medicines.

"I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent that Simmons Liver Regulator has. I would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve."—F. M. JANNEY, Minneapolis, Minn.

The certainty with which this remedy acts has astonished the Medical Profession and secured for itself unbounded praise. Its virtues consist in being so gentle a cathartic, tonic and alterative, that in its operation it does not interrupt the usual duties of life, but acts so naturally that the system is not upset or afterwards constipated. It attacks all bilious disorders and sluggishness of the Liver; is harmless, and can be taken at any time without fear of injury.

"I have been a user of Simmons Liver Regulator for years, having made it my only family medicine. It is a sure, good and reliable medicine. My mother before she was very partial to it."—Rev. JAS. M. HOLLINS, Pastor M. E. Church, Fairfield, Va.

Sold by all Druggists. Prepared by J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

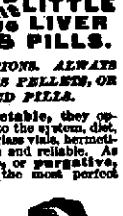
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative LITTLE LIVER PELLETS.

The Original

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a laxative, alterative, or purgative, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,



Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat; sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of Catarrh, "Cold in the Head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Headache.

Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of Ithaca, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., 2902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months I could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa., says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

LADIES

Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home, with

PEERLESS DYES.

They will die everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package—40 colors. They have no equal for strength, brightness, amount in packages or for fastness of color, or non-fading qualities. They do not crock or smut. For sale by Thieme & Gross, druggists and chemists, 94 Calhoun st., and H. W. Mordhurst, druggist and apothecary, 74 Calhoun st. 6b

PITH AND POINT.

NOTHING so vividly reminds us of the brevity of life as a thirty-day note.—*Drift.*

A MAN knocked senseless in a prize fight isn't knocked very far, generally.—*Siftings.*

THE man who only asked fair play, made his living by playing at fairs.—*Texas Siftings.*

YELLING at a street car for a hastening lady is a sort of charity bawl.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

LOVE is an old, old story, yet few of the girls murmur "chestnuts" when they hear it.—*The Epoch.*

WHEN a man owes a good round sum he sometimes finds it extremely hard to square up.—*New Haven News.*

A YOUNG woman wrapped up in herself is a delicate parcel, and it not infrequently happens that she is a pa sell.—*Pretzel's Weekly.*

THE clinic student knows that pills
Are not divisible from self;
The rule of medicine is this—
"Physician, heal thyself."
—*Tit Bits.*

TEACHER—Correct the sentence: The liquor which the man bought was drank. Smart Boy—The man which bought the liquor was drunk.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

MRS. CHARGEITPLEASE—Good morning, Mr. Tapemeasure. I should like to see something in the way of a small check. Mr. Tapemeasure (fervently)—So should I.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"THE Family Buttonhole Attachment" is being extensively advertised, and it comes across the sedge-grass of the average mind that something new has been invented for baby's mouth.—*Tid-Bits.*

WIFE (to unhappy husband) — I wouldn't worry, John; it doesn't do any good to borrow trouble. Husband—Borrow trouble? Great Cæsar, my dear, I ain't borrowing trouble. I've got it to lend.—*Epoch.*

A MATCH vender entered a butcher shop, when the following brief dialogue was heard: Vender—Hello, Chops! How's your liver to-day? Chops—Three cents a pound. How's your lights?—*Lowell Citizen.*

FORGOTTEN something: Waiter (holding out his hand in a meaning sort of way)—Haven't you forgotten something, sir? Departing guest (grasping hand and shaking it heartily)—Good-by—good-by!—*New York Sun.*

DR. BIGBILL—You may thank your stars, sir, that physicians in these days don't bleed patients afflicted with your malady as they used to. Patient dubiously—I'm not so sure they don't, doctor.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AUTHOR—Are you going to the theater to-night? Friend—Certainly; especially as they are to present the dramatization of your new book. By the way, it will be rather dull for you, won't it? Author—Lord bless you, no! I don't suppose I'll recognize all the characters!—*Detroit Free Press.*

A BRIGHT St. Paul boy of five summers took a notion the other day to read Shakespeare for amusement. When his sister asked him what play he had been reading he had to stop to think. Finally a light broke in upon his memory, and he answered—A great deal about not much.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

THE study of "Volapuk" is becoming a fashionable craze. The best method of learning to speak it is to fill your mouth with hot coffee and cold mush, while a cheap boy tickles your nose with a feather until you sneeze. The expression will be recognized by learned Volapukers wherever found.—*Arcola Record.*

A PHYSICIAN who had attended a man during several weeks of illness, called one day and presented his bill. "I can't pay this," said the ex-patient. "Why? It's correct." "I don't doubt that, but I haven't any money. Had to pay a life insurance assessment this morning and it took every cent I had." "What, is your life insured?" "Yes, and at one time when I did not expect to live but a few hours longer I told my wife to see that you were paid just as soon as the company paid the amount of the insurance." "My dear man," the doctor suggestively replied, "I wish I had known that. I think I would have gotten my pay."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

AN error gracefully acknowledged is a victory won.—*Gascoigne.*

THE INCURABLE CURED!

HOPKINSVILLE, KY., Feb. 24, 1887.

Gentlemen—Seven years ago a cancer developed on my nose from a finger nail scratch. I tried a few simple remedies, but the sore would not yield. I grew worse every year for seven years. Many thought I had a cancer. Over a year ago I commenced taking S. S. S., and two dozen bottles entirely cured me. When I began with S.S.S. I was in very poor health, and could hardly drag about. After I had finished the course of S. S. S. I was strong and buoyant, and had a good appetite. I regard it as a most valuable medicine for ladies in weak, delicate health. It is a household medicine with me. Yours respectfully,

MRS. R. W. WILSON.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., April 2, 1887.

Gentlemen—For twenty years I have had a sore on my left cheek. It had spread, and been growing worse. The many physicians whom I had consulted were unable to do me any good. Last fall a year ago I began using S. S. S. I felt that it inflamed the sore, and it became more virulent than ever; so much so, indeed, that my family insisted that I should discontinue the medicine, persisted in using the S. S. S. At the end of two months the sore was entirely healed. Thinking that the evil was out of my constitution, I left off the medicine; but in November, ten months after, a very slight breaking out appeared. I at once began again on S. S. S., and now this is also disappearing. I have every faith in S. S. S. It has done me more good than all the doctors and other medicines I ever took. Yours truly,

A. R. SHANDS.

WINSTON, N. C., April 12, 1887.

Gentlemen—Two or three years ago a cancer came on my face. It soon grew to be quite large. It wore on me, and my general health was very poor. Last September I began a course of S. S. S., which I have continued to the present time with the happiest result. The cancer has entirely disappeared, there being no evidence or symptom of a cancerous character left. My general health is good now, and my appetite better than it has been in years. I am 82 years old, and to day I am working in the field planting corn. Yours truly, JONAS LIMERICK.

Gentlemen—I had a sore on my upper lip for eight years. Seven different doctors attempted in vain to heal it. One gave me a small vial for five dollars, which was a "certain cure." It is needless to say that it did me no good. About two years ago I became quite uneasy, as people thought I had a cancer, and I took a course of eighteen bottles of S. S. S. The result has been a complete cure. The ulcer or cancer healed beautifully, leaving scarcely a perceptible scar. From that day I have been in excellent health, the Specific having purified my blood thoroughly, increased my appetite and perfected my digestion. In a word, I feel like a new woman, and, best of all, the eight year ulcer is gone entirely. Yours sincerely,

MRS. W. A. CANNON.

Trenton, Todd Co., Ky., Feb. 25, 1887.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Old-Time Treasuries.

Since the days of Clovis of France, in the fifth century, the fortune of the king was called "treasure" and the place where it was kept "the treasury." Then the Chancellor of the Exchequer had always to sleep beside his strong box. When Philippe-Auguste, in 1196, set out for the crusades he appointed several "first lords," each with a different key, to guard the State cash-box, in addition to setting a Knight Templar to watch over them. In 1302 the treasury was transferred to the Louvre, and it is in the new Louvre at present, since the communists burned down in 1871 the ministry of finance.

The ancient receiver-generals, or treasurers, had specific rights, such as to go in mourning on the sovereign's death, to speak standing up to the King, to sit in Parliament as councilors, to be judged only by their peers, and to be indicted solely by the Chancellor of France. These privileges were but peacock's feathers compared with the robust advantages of a receiver-general under the third republic.—*Notes and Queries.*

Novel Enough for a Fad.

"What curious substance have you in that vessel?" asked Society, meeting a stranger coming out of the dissecting-room.

"Brains," replied Truth. "Brains which I have just taken from a poor dead scholar."

"Let me look at them," said Society, eagerly. "I never saw any before. Let me look at them; how are they worn!"

"In the head," replied Truth.

"Out of sight?" asked Society.

"Entirely."

"Take them away; I have no use for such ornaments."

And so Truth went on into the college with her brains, and Society went on her way without any.

P. S.—She doesn't need any. They would be to her a fatal gift, more dreadful than the shirt of Nessus, shirtmaker to the Athletes.—*Bob Burdette*

That tired feeling and loss of appetite are entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the peculiar medicine. Try it and see.

Odd Incident in Court.

The result of the attachment for debt of the property of a Webster County, Ark., man brought out an odd incident in court. Among the property attached was a small herd of cattle, and to them the debtor's wife made claim. She swore that when she and her husband were engaged to be married he was not able to give her an engagement ring, and instead gave her a likely yearling heifer. The calf grew and prospered and multiplied, and the result was the herd of cattle to which the good wife laid claim.—*New York Sun.*

Ladies

In delicate health, and all who suffer from habitual constipation, will find the pleasant California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, more easily taken and more beneficial in effect than any other remedy. It acts promptly yet gently on the bowels, kidneys, liver and stomach and does not sicken or debilitate. For sale by Thieme & Gross.

Found in a Cow's Stomach.

George Morgan butchered a cow the other day and took out of her stomach the following articles, which have been examined by a reporter: Forty-two nails and pieces of nails, four buttons, one brass safety-pin, one pin with black rubber head, one copper cent, three pieces of watch chain—one piece six inches, one four inches, and the other one an inch long; three large pieces of glass, one piece of oyster shell, four pieces of brass wire, three pieces of iron, three pieces of brass and a piece of hoop-skirt. If anybody can kill a cow with more articles inside of her than this we should like them to trot her out.—*Tuscaloosa (Ala.) Gazette.*

Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in the spring of the year, to purify the blood, invigorate the system, excite the liver to action, and restore healthy tone and vigor to the whole physical mechanism. Remember that quality, not quantity, constitutes the value of medicine.

A Feat in Skating.

Luxemburg is a splendid country seat of the Emperor of Austria, located near Vienna. There is a magnificent park, with a spacious lake. The lake is now frozen and used for skating. The other day a Viennese went skating with an ink bottle attached to the back of his skate, the opening adjusted in a manner to allow the ink to flow out in a regular stream. With that weapon he skated the name of the Crown Princess on the ice in lines which a pupil of a Chicago business college might look upon with envy.—*Chicago News.*

Opinion of a Leading Editor.

Almost all the diseases that afflict us from infancy to old age have their origin in a disordered liver. A really good liver medicine is the most important in the whole range of pharmacy. We believe Simmons Liver Regulator to be the best among them all. We pin our faith upon the Regulator, and if we could persuade every reader who is in ill health to buy it, we would willingly vouch for the benefit each would receive.—*Ed. Cincinnati Gazette.*

IT IS better to go through life like a sunbeam than to chill those around us with the frost of ill nature.

Syrup of Figs.

Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Co., San Francisco, Cal., is Nature's own true laxative. This pleasant California liquid fruit remedy may be had of Theime and Gross, druggists, large bottles at fifty cents or one dollar. It is the most pleasant, prompt, and effective remedy known to cleanse the system; to act on the Liver, Kidneys, and bowels gently yet thoroughly; to dispel Headaches, Colds and Fevers; to cure Constipation, Indigestion, and kindred ills.

Notice.

All parties knowing themselves indebted to Drs. C. B. and Geo. C. Stemen will please call and settle on or before March 1, 1888. 16-tf

The Metal Workers' Wage Scale.

PITTSBURG, March 9.—Several lodges of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel workers are holding meetings to discuss suggestions for next year's wage scale. It is stated that so far there has been no tendency shown to ask for an advance of wages. People interested in the matter take this to indicate that the association generally will not demand any advance on the present scale. The amalgamated officials, however, refuse to say anything about what the opinion of the workmen or themselves are regarding next year's scale.

More of Ives' Transactions.

TERRE HAUTE, March 9.—Yesterday W. R. McKean bid in 11,160 shares of the Terre Haute and Indianapolis and 4,446 shares of the Terre Haute and Logansport stock pledged to secure the payment of a balance due on the Ives deal for the Vandalia for $450,000. He was the only bidder.

To Assist Nature

In restoring diseased or wasted tissue is all that any medicine can do. In pulmonary affections, such as Colds, Bronchitis, and Consumption, the mucous membrane first becomes inflamed, then accumulations form in the air-cells of the lungs, followed by tubercles, and, finally, destruction of the tissue. It is plain, therefore, that, until the hacking cough is relieved, the bronchial tubes can have no opportunity to heal. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Soothes and Heals

the inflamed membrane, arrests the wasting process, and leaves no injurious results. This is why it is more highly esteemed than any other pulmonary specific.

L. D. Bixby, of Bartonsville, Vt., writes: "Four years ago I took a severe cold, which was followed by a terrible cough. I was very sick, and confined to my bed about four months. My physician finally said I was in consumption, and that he could not help me. One of my neighbors advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and before I had taken half a bottle was able to go out. By the time I had finished the bottle I was well, and have remained so ever since."

Alonzo P. Daggett, of Smyrna Mills, Me., writes: "Six years ago, I was a traveling salesman, and at that time was suffering with

Lung Trouble.

For months I was unable to rest nights. I could seldom lie down, had frequent choking spells, and was often compelled to seek the open air for relief. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which helped me. Its continued use has entirely cured me, and, I believe, saved my life."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Intelligent Readers will notice that

Tutt's Pills

are not "guaranteed to cure" all classes of diseases, but only such as result from a disordered liver, viz:

Vertigo, Headache, Dyspepsia, Fevers, Costiveness, Bilious Colic, Flatulence, etc.

For these they are not warranted infallible, but are as nearly so as it is possible to make a remedy. Price, 25cts.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins by grocers, labeled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO.,
Homœopathic Chemists,
London, England.

March 12-mwadly

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FREE! A 26-PAGE ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

Descriptive of the Soil, Climate, Productions, Industries and Mineral Wealth of Virginia and other Southern States. Write to W. B. Bortlit, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Roanoke, Va.,

Enclosing 2-cent stamp.

"You Know"

Loss of Manhood, Impotence, Early Decay, Etc., Cured. A Treatise on the subject sent free to any address. THE VAN BUREN CO., P. O. Box 758, New London, Conn.

March Are the best months in which to purify your blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier. April May

At no other season does the human system so much need the aid of a reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla, as now. The impoverished condition of the blood, the weakening effects of the long, cold winter, the lost appetite, and that tired feeling, all make a good spring medicine absolutely necessary. Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted for this purpose, and increases in popularity every year. It is the ideal spring medicine.

"I must say Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine I ever used. Last spring I had no appetite, and the least work I did fatigued me ever so much. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and soon felt that I could do as much in a day as I had formerly done in a week. My appetite is voracious." MRS. M. V. BAYARD, Atlantic City, N. J.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Were all wise enough to heed this advice in season, a world of suffering would be avoided. If you suffer from impure blood, scrofula, dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

L. O. HULL,

Now Offers the Latest Novelties in

WALL PAPER

For Spring of 1888. See Them.

NO. 90 CALHOUN STREET.

TELEPHONE NO. 285.

The Union National

GAS :: GOVERNOR

WILL REDUCE YOUR GAS BILLS 15 to 40 Per Cent,

Give you a perfect and steady light at uniform pressure.

Accept the 30 Days Trial and Save Money.

Your burners will be fixed free if you desire it; will also read your meter and teach you how to do it.

DON'T EXPERIMENT with burners before making a call on O. Guldin, at MADDEN & COX'S, Plumbers and Gas Fitters, 101 Calhoun street.

Geo. R. Bowen.

Plumbing, Steamfitting, Sewering.

Particular attention given to Sanitary Plumbing and Sewering.

Bath Tubs, Boilers, Water Closets, Sinks, Hydrants, Yard Hose, Brass Trimmings for Engines, Etc.

NO. 110 CALHOUN ST.

A. HATTERSLEY & SON

PLUMBERS

Steam and Gas Fitters.

—DEALERS IN—

GAS FIXTURES

Main Street, East of Clinton Fort Wayne, Ind.

Brass Work Iron and Lead Pipe

Lift and Force Pumps,

Sheet Lead, Bath Tubs, Wash Bowls, Rubber Hose, etc,

Gas fixtures regilt, bronzed and made equal to new.

G. E. BURSLEY AND COMPANY,

Wholesale Grocers

129, 131 and 133 Calhoun St.

Fort Wayne - - Ind.

Dr. T. J. DILLS.

No. 40 West Berry Street,

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. 1:30 to 4 p. m.

WANTED.

WANTED.—Two girls at the Wayne hotel. 3-tf

WANTED.—Agents in every town in Indiana to sell "The Universe" or "The Wonders of Creation." 800 pages. 270 elegant engravings, greatest book ever published, only $3.00. Terms of the infinitely great and infinitely small. $25 per day being easily made by our agents. Address C. H. Keppler, 68 Spann avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana. 28f

ANY MAN of ordinary ability who can furnish good reference can have steady employment with good pay, by addressing S. A. McOMBER & CO., Rochester, N. Y. 23-6w

WANTED—AN HONEST YOUNG MAN for a permanent position, with an old established firm as their representative in his own state. Salary, $70, with increase. References exacted. Gay's Manufacturing House, 28 Reade St., N. Y.

WANTED.—To rent a house, with all modern conveniences. Call or leave word at this office. 7-tf

WANTED—Two wagonmakers. None but first-class need apply. 6-tf. Fleming M'f'g Co.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT.—Store room No. 129 Calhoun street. For particulars apply at No. 11 Grand street. 10-tf

FOR RENT—Four (4) rooms in third story two in second story. No. 55 East Main St. Inquire of M. Glynn. 10-4

FOR RENT—Office at 32 Calhoun street. Inquire at Pyke's grocery, or 59 West Washington street.

LOST.—Large black Newfoundland pup, six months old. Finder will be rewarded at 23 Summit street. 9-3t

FOR SALE.—House of ten rooms, all modern improvements. House built by day labor, lot 160 by 165. If sold at once at a bargain. Call on L. M. Jones, 36 Court street. 8-4t

FOR RENT.—A brick house with eight rooms and basement. Good barn for three horses. Water and gas all through the house. A good location for a physician. 133 E. Main street. Enquire of J. D. Dickerson, No. 19 Lafayette. 6 tf

The vacant lot corner of Berry and Lafayette streets, will be leased for a term of years, or is for sale on very easy terms. Call on B. D. Angell, 52 Calhoun street. 29-tf

FOR RENT.—House No. 139 Griffith street. Would make a good boarding house. B. D. Angell, 52 Calhoun street. 29-tf

FOR RENT OR SALE.—Ten lots in west part of Bloomingdale. B. D. Angell, 52 Calhoun street. 29-tf

FOR RENT.—Store room corner Broadway and Jefferson street, formerly occupied by H. N. Goodman, dry goods. For particulars enquire of C. Anderson, 123 West Wayne street. 5-tf

FOR RENT—Good house with six rooms, No. 843 West Jefferson street. Inquire at Golden & Monahan's. 5-tf

FOR RENT.—Store room on Calhoun street, next to the Adams express office. $700 per annum, will give a lease for five years. Apply to J. B. White. 7-tf

FOR SALE.—If you intend buying a piece of property that is first class in every respect and in the best local ty in Fort Wayne, look at lots 4 and 8, Witts 3rd addition to Fort Wayne. Lot 4 is 20x150 feet fronting on Calhoun street. Lot 8 is 50x150 feet fronting on Harrison street. Both lots within a stones throw of the south depot and are rapidly increasing in value, all assessments and taxes paid and title perfect. Terms to suit. For further particulars, apply to C. D. Witt, 79 State street, Chicago. 7-tf

Will Carleton on Sanctum Bores.

"The funeral reporter was the worst case I ever had," said another editor. "She was a middle-aged lady, who never missed a funeral; I used to wonder if she didn't sometimes get impatient waiting for her own. Only she could not write that up. She brought me a two-column account of every funeral she attended, which I had to condense and publish to please her and not offend the friends of the deceased. If I had let her, she would have turned my whole paper into a literary cemetery. She cared nothing for accuracy as long as she could fill space. She threw wreaths of praise indiscriminately upon every bier. If the dead man had no virtues, she invented some for him, and went right ahead. She badgered everybody in the office with her mortuary scribblings, and came very near being the death of me, in which case she would no doubt have written my own obituary with her usual placid sort of pleasure. Finally I restricted her to four lines per corpse, and she deserted me in a huff and went and contributed to the deaths and death of a rival paper."

"She was not so wearying," said another editor, "as the pretty young poetess who used to glide daintily into my dusty sanctum, with a sweet smile on her face and an immense bundle of doggerel under her arm. If she could have put as much taste and talent into her articles as she did into her attitudes and dresses, Sappho would have been nowhere. Her voice, too, was charming—her manner bewildering—everything about her was tiptop, except her poetry. The rhymes were bad, the measure limped and jumped and kicked over the traces of any metrical harness that ever was constructed. The sentiment was stuff that she never would have thought of airing in prose, for she was a good conversationalist and sensible enough till she got in the poetic frenzy.

"I spent hours with her in the semi-seclusion of my sanctum trying to convince her that 'violet' did not rhyme with 'twilight' or 'blossom' with much of anything except 'o'possum,' and that one of the requisites of a good poetical line was a certain regular number of feet; she would stamp one of her own shapely ones and insist upon it that I could edit stories and advertisements, but knew nothing about the afflatus industry.

"A nice but determined old lady with an epic poem on the subject of Noah and his adventure was the worst of my troubles for a long time," said another editor. "She came in on the cars from the country one day, and asked me if I would like to see the poem. I replied with ill-starred politeness, 'Certainly,' and asked her how much there was of it. She replied about ten pounds, she guessed, stepped out into the hall and brought me the article, crammed into one of those old-fashioned oilcloth valises. She stated that her handwriting was not very good and thought she had better read it aloud, and actually commenced giving me the whole affair, done up in quatrains. Not having time or nerve to listen to it then, I unhappily told her to leave it, and I would look it over with a view to immediate publication if it proved worthy. She wrote me almost every day for two months, in a terrible, unreadable hand, and gave me the reputation in the office of receiving love-letters from somebody. When I tried to explain by showing the letters and the manuscript nobody could read either, and I was for some time under a cloud of ridicule from my fellow-editors.

"I was just about to bundle up the whole business and send it back to my good old lady friend by express, when there came a little blaze in our office and destroyed among many other valuable things, the oilcloth satchel, the ark, Noah and all the animals, male and female.

"The old lady came into town the next day to see if her epic was safe, and I shall never forget how sorry I was to be obliged to tell her it had vanished.

"She sat right down on the floor and wept piteously; it was her life work from a literary point of view. She had composed those lines amid the strokes of the churn, the feeding of the chickens and the cooking of boiled dinners, and had intended to go down through succeeding ages and weather the deluge of oblivion in that ark. She was perfectly overwhelmed with grief, but finally recovered sufficiently to demand $1,000 for her poetry—left in my care, and lost by carelessness, she said. She finally sued us; I could not testify to the value or worthlessness of the manuscript, never having been able to read it, and finally compromised by paying her $200, and my attorney $100 for getting me out of the scrape."

"The worst volunteer contributor I ever had to encounter," said another, was a poetical reformer. He was a little, old man, who, I am afraid, was liable to be called by the name attached to the business end of a windlass. He had a great many peculiar theories of his own in regard to poetry, and wanted me to devote a department to them in my paper. One of his poems I did publish, on account of its very absurdity.

"His theory, as illustrated by this 'poem,' was, that as many poets wrote four-line stanzas without rhyming the first and third, while the second and fourth were rhymed, it was just as proper to rhyme the first and third and let the others take care of themselves. The 'poem' commenced like this:

"It was a cold and winter night:
The wind blew fresh and shrill;
A woman sat by the dim fire-light;
No other light had she.

"Through poverty and and distress
She'd struggled bravely on:
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Examples of Yankee Thrift.

A financial man tells some interesting stories of a venerable Boston capitalist, whose name, if published, would be "well known and widely recognized"—as the interviewers of anonymous persons always say—and which for that very reason will not be given here. The capitalist originated in a Massachusetts country district, where ideas of thrift are instilled into people's minds in their ultimate New England minuteness, and in this man's case the seeds of instruction in economy fell upon friendly ground. To what extent the improved upon his education in that direction one story will illustrate. He once visited a dentist, who filled down a tooth that had been given him trouble. Not long afterward another tooth began giving him pain in somewhat the same way, whereupon the capitalist went to a hardware store, bought a cheap file, took it home and had his son-in-law file long and patiently upon the tooth.

But there is another story that illustrates perhaps even more strikingly the old gentleman's thrift. He used to drive his own carriage, a two-horse top buggy. One day, just before Thanksgiving, he drove down to Faneuil Hall Market to bargain for and get his own turkey for the frugal but traditional feast at his house. As he drove up a boy started out as if to offer to hold his team. At the same moment he saw his cashier arriving on foot.

"Well, Smith," said the capitalist to the cashier, "where are you going?"

"Going to the market to get a turkey for Thanksgiving," said the cashier.

"Yes. Well, I'll tell you what we'll do. I know 'em in here, and if you'll hold my horses I think I can go in and buy two turkeys so that they'll come cheaper than if we bought separately."

"All right," said the cashier. He took up his station at the horses' heads while the old man went into the market. As he stood there, kicking his feet against the curbstone to keep them warm, a horrible suspicion came over him that his employer had no idea of buying two turkeys, but had simply adopted the plan as a ruse to get him to hold the horses and save the 5 cents that would be expected by a small boy as the minimum compensation for holding the horses. The old man was gone a long time, looking for a bargain no doubt. After a while he hove in sight through a door, and with but a single turkey, done up in brown paper, under his arm.

"No use, Smith," said he, "I couldn't make it go. We can do just as well to buy on our own account. Seein' that that was the case, I thought probably that you'd want to buy your turkey yourself."

He got into the carriage and drove away, leaving the cashier the happy consciousness that he had at the sacrifice of his time and comfort, saved a millionaire 5 cents.—*Boston Globe.*

Prudence! Prudence!

In medication, as in aught else, prudence should be our guide. Yet thousands cast it to the winds. Every new nostrum finds its patrons, the medical empirics of every false school have their gulls. Every change in the gamut of humbug is rung successfully—for a time at least—the notes being furnished by the credulous. In happy contrast to the many advertised impostures of the day stands Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, now in its third decade of popularity, approved and recommended by physicians, indorsed by the press of many lands, sought and prized by invalids everywhere. It is an ascertained specific for and preventive of malarial diseases, chronic indigestion, liver complaint, and constipation, checks the growth of rheumatism and neuralgia, is a peerless invigorant and useful diuretic. Nervous people benefit by it.

Three Kinds of Kentucky Kisses.

Outside of those kisses bestowed by affectionate relatives, there can be but three recognized classes of the genus kisswas viewed from a mail standpoint. The first comes upan your lips as if they were touched by a smooth-planed, cool and insensate board, without life or animation — unproductive of any agreeable sensation whatever, and not worth being garnered with the heart's mementoes of golden, happy hours. The second is a gentle, velvety kiss, very sweet and pleasant, but vexatiously unsatisfying to an ardent nature, and put little more pronounced than a fascinating cousin would likely bestow. The third is such as coral, tempting, passionate lips bestow, for about ten seconds, upon your lips—"a lingering sweetness long drawn out"—that not only steals your breath, but seems to be drawing your very soul from out your body. A fellow may forget his mother—and about the time he is harvesting such a kiss he is sure to forget her—but the recollection of that undwarfed, honest kiss will abide with him a source of joy, and be commensurated with life itself. — *Union Local.*

The People of Oakland County Wild with Excitement.

PONTIAC, Mich., March 16th, 1887.

On the 16th of December, 1886, I came from Orion to Pontiac, to visit my parents, and was taken suddenly ill. Dr. Galbraith of this place was called, and after making a careful examination of my case, desired council, and named as councilor Dr. McGraw, of Detroit. They met in council December 15, made a careful examination, and pronounced my disease as Cancer of the Liver, and stated that there was no hope for me, as it was impossible to cure me. The pain was very severe and Dr. Galbreith continued his visits, administering quieting powders. A swelling or bunch had formed under my right ribs almost as large as my head, and I had given up all hopes of recovery. But having heard of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, I sent, February 1, 1887, and bought a bottle of the syrup from Mr. Peter Schmitz, a druggist of this place, and took it as directed. About March 1st something broke and the swelling commenced to go down, until it has almost disappeared. Up to this date I have taken two and one-half bottles of the syrup, and have so recovered as to be able to visit my neighbor, and am truly rejoicing that I am fast being relieved from such terrible pain, and desiring to acknowledge the benefit I have received in using your syrup, I send you this statement, hoping you will use it so that others who are afflicted may be benefited and relieved from pain as I have been.

Very truly,
CHARLES A. SPIER,
Of Orion, Mich.

PONTIAC, Mich., March 16th, 1887.

This is to certify that Mr. Charles A. Spier, my son, has made a correct statement of his case, as I have watched by his bedside during his entire illness. JOHN SPIER.

The undersigned certify that they are well acquainted with Charles A. Spier, whose signature appears above, and we have no hesitation in saying that any statement made by him can be relied upon as being true in every particular. HERRINGE & HERRINGE, Druggists, Orion, Mich.

J. A. NEAL,
Editor Weekly Review and Justice of the Peace, Orion, Mich.

J. S. KITCHEN, Postmaster.
ORION, Mich., March 19, 1887.

SPRING DEBILITY.

The Best Spring Medicine Ever Discovered.

Every one needs a spring tonic—a remedy which will strengthen and invigorate the system and tone up the action of all the organs. The spring is the time above all others for the sick to get well; it is the time for the comparatively well to keep in good health by the use of a judiciously selected spring medicine.

With the advent of spring comes malaria, nervousness and debility. A weak and tired feeling, if neglected, always results in nervous and physical exhaustion. Cure these diseases, or guard against them by the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic, which is the greatest and best of all spring medicines. This wonderful remedy is recommended by physicians, druggists and the people every-where as being the most marvelous in its effects of any known medicine. If you are nervous, irritable, depressed, and cannot sleep nights, use this remedy by all means, and your nerves will become strong and steady, and your sleep calm, natural and refreshing. If you wake tired mornings, with dull head, bad taste in the mouth, no appetite for breakfast, and feel weak, languid and exhausted, this remarkable remedy will clear your head, give you an appetite, and restore your strength, vigor and energies. If you have dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, constipation, kidney complaint, pain and weakness in the back, this remedy will give you sure relief and cure. It is a perfect specific for nervous debility, neuralgia, nervous or sick headache, heart disease, palpitation, paralysis, numbness, trembling and all nervous diseases.

Use this remedy and you will never regret it. It is purely vegetable, and its wonderful effects afford a safe, sure and positive cure. Do not be persuaded to take anything else, for this remedy has no equal. It is the greatest medical discovery of the age. All druggists keep it. Price $1 per bottle. If your druggist does not have it he will get it for you. Its discoverer, Dr. Greene, 35 West Fourteenth street, New York, the great specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, can be consulted free, personally or by letter.

The Tables Turned.

He is a bright, manly, cherry-faced little fellow, approaching the dignity of eight years, and as a rule well behaved. But the old Adam gets the upper hand now and again, and then his mother has to speak seriously. The other day he had disobeyed her, so she took him on her lap and told him how wrong it was and how badly it made her feel to have him do so. His lips trembled, the corners of his mouth came down, and his eyes began to fill with tears, signs which led her to think that moral suasion had done its work, and that her admonition had struck home, when, half sobbing, he said: "Well, any way, I th-thought you loved me." What could the mother say to that?—*Boston Herald.*

A Business-Like Offer.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have offered, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents. This wonderful remedy has fairly attained a world-wide reputation. If you have dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; if the eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; if there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice being changed and has a nasal twang; the breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility, you are suffering from nasal catarrh. The more complicated your disease, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

Diamond-Bearing Meteors.

Carbon has now been yielded by meteorites in three stages of development. Uncrystallized graphite has long been known as a constituent of meteoric irons and stones, and graphite crystals were recently found in a meteoric iron from western Australia, while the report has just been made that small diamond corpuscles have been obtained from a meteoric stone which fell in Russia in 1886. It is suggested that these discoveries may point out the road to the artificial production of the diamond.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

THE Omnipotent has sown his name on the heavens in glittering stars; but upon earth he planteth his name by trees and flowers.—*Richter.*

Tested by Time. For bronchial affections, Coughs, etc., BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years. Price 25 cts.

A Fearful Vengeance.

Tommy—Ma is getting crosser and crosser every day. She spanked me twice yesterday.

Sissy—So she did me, and hard too.

Tommy—I'll tell you how we can get even with her.

Sissy—How?

Tommy—Let's promise each other never to marry, and then she'll never be a grandmother. Won't that be fun? —*Texas Siftings.*

WHEN a threatening lung disorder,
Shows its first proclivity,
Do not let it cross the border—
Quell it with activity.
Many a patient, young or olden,
Owes a quick recovery
All to Dr. Pierce's Golden
Medical Discovery.

WHEN a candidate hasn't a ghost of a show, there is not much spirit in his canvass.

"ROUGH ON RATS," for rats, mice, bugs. 15c.
"ROUGH ON CATARRH." Only absolute cure. 50c.
"ROUGH ON CORNS." Hard or soft corns. 15c.
"ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE." Instant relief. 15c.

WOULD you know the keen delight
Of a wholesome appetite,
Unrestrained by colic's dire,
Headache's curse, or fever's fire,
Thoughts morose, or icy chills?
Then use Dr. Pierce's pills.

Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets—the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills; 25 cents a vial.

A DOUBTFUL state—wondering whether she will accept him or not.

For Rickets, Marasmus, and Wasting Disorders of Children,

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is unequaled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful. Read the following: "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing, and have been more than pleased with the results, as in every case the improvement was marked."—J. M. MAIN, M. D., New York.

WHEN Boston girls go on the stage, they always appear in the spectacler drama.

SAFE, permanent and complete are the cures of bilious and intermittent diseases made by Prickly Ash Bitters. Dispepsia, general debility, habitual constipation, liver and kidney complaints are speedily eradicated from the system. It disinfects, cleanses and eliminates all malaria. Health and vigor are obtained more rapidly and permanently by the use of this great natural antidote than by any other remedy heretofore known. As a blood purifier and tonic it brings health, renewed energy and vitality to a worn and diseased body.

THE lawyer and the saloon-keeper are great at a bar-gain.—*Boston Star.*

SOAP PEDDLERS IN WALTHAM.

A Sharp Trick Played by a Crowd of Itinerant Venders.

Two or three days ago Chief of Police Burleigh, of Waltham, learned that six or seven strangers were in the city peddling what purported to be Pearline, and that in connection therewith they were palmetting what was practically a fraud. It seems that they had two teams and were canvassing the town very thoroughly. Going from house to house, they would offer packages of what they called Pearline, although in order to save themselves from the grip of the law, they had labeled them "Perline." With every eight packages, which they sold for $1, they gave eight bars of soap. The Chief encountered them on the street, and two of the men—one on each team—who seemed to have the handling of the business pro tem were Isaac G. Worcester and Hiram Belding. They claimed, in response to the charge that they were peddling without a license, that they were selling goods of their own manufacture and that they were giving the soap away. Before the case could be presented to Judge Lucs and a warrant obtained they had all "skipped" the town, and numerous families are now bewailing the fact that they have a lot of worthless powder and light bars of poor soap, worth all told, less than 25 cents, to show for a good dollar. The names of the party, as registered at the Prospect House, where they stopped while in Waltham, are E. H. Darney, John Goodwin, C. D. Osgood, C. A. Frost, J. Malcolm, H. Carroll, and C. H. Haley.—*Boston Herald.*

"ROUGH ON ITCH" Ointment cures Skin Humors, Pimples, Flesh Worms, Ring Worm, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Itch, Ivy Poison, Barber's Itch, Scald Head, Eczema. 50c. Druggists or mail. E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N.J.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease can have a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. C. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

LOOK YOUNG, prevent tendency to wrinkles or ageing of the skin by using LEAUREILLE OIL. Preserves a youthful, plump, fresh condition of the features. A transparent alabaster skin, $1. Druggists or GEO. E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N.J.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

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ROUGH ON PILES. Quick, complete cure. 50c.
BUCHU-PAIBA, Great Kidney Remedy. $1.
WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER for weak men.
WELLS' HAIR BALSAM. If gray, gradually restores color; elegant tonic dressing. 50c.

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PACIFIC LIVER PILLS
STRICTLY VEGETABLE.
Cure Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Piles, Sick Headache, Liver Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Nervousness, Jaundice, etc. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 Cents.
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CREAM BALM
Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.
TRY the CURE.
CATARRH
HAY-FEVER
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cts. at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROS., 235 Greenwich St., New York.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES Sure relief in ASTHMA. Price 25 cts. by mail, Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

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Makes the Weak Strong

If you feel tired, weak, worn out, or run down from hard work, by impoverished condition of the blood or low state of the system, you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the peculiar toning, purifying, and vitalizing qualities of this successful medicine are soon felt throughout the entire system, expelling disease, and giving quick, healthy action to every organ. It tones the stomach, creates an appetite, and rouses the liver and kidneys. Thousands who have taken it with benefit testify that Hood's Sarsaparilla "makes the weak strong."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I have taken not quite a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and must say it is one of the best medicines for giving an appetite, purifying the blood, and regulating the digestive organs that I ever heard of. It did me a great deal of good." MRS. N. A. STANLEY, Canastota, N.Y.

"I took Hood's Sarsaparilla for loss of appetite, dyspepsia, and general languor. It did me a vast amount of good, and I have no hesitancy in recommending it." J. W. WILLSFORD, Quincy, Ill.

At this season, as spring approaches, a good, reliable tonic and blood purifier is needed by nearly everybody. Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted for this purpose, and becomes more popular every year. Try it this spring.

"When I took Hood's Sarsaparilla that heaviness in my stomach left, the dullness in my head and the gloomy, despondent feeling disappeared. I began to get stronger, my blood gained better circulation, the coldness in my hands and feet left me, and my kidneys do not bother me as before." G. W. HILL, Attorney at Law, Millersburg, O.

Health and Strength

"A year ago I suffered from indigestion, had terrible headaches, very little appetite—in fact, seemed completely broken down. On taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I began to improve, and now I have a good appetite, and my health is excellent compared to what it was. I am better in spirits, am not troubled with cold feet or hands, and am entirely cured of indigestion." MINNIE MANNING, Newburgh, Orange County, N.Y.

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100 Doses One Dollar

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TRADE MARK
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The Case Stated.—Jan'y 17th, 1883. Messrs. George C. Osgood & Co., druggists, Lowell, Mass., wrote to the undersigned as follows: "Mr. Lewis Dennis, No. 136 Moody street, wishes to recommend St. Jacobs Oil, and desires especially to say that:

"ORIN ROBINSON, of Grantville, Mass., a boy of 12 years, came to his house *in the summer of* 1881 walking on crutches, his left leg being bent at the knee for over two months, and could not be bent back. Mr. Dennis had some St. Jacobs Oil in the house, and gave it to him to rub on his knee. In six days he had no use for his crutches, and went home well without them, as he has been ever since."

Corroborative and Conclusive Testimony.—Lowell, Mass., July 9, 1887.—Gentlemen: Mr. Lewis Dennis has just called upon me, and informs me that the boy Orin Robinson, who was a poor cripple on crutches, and was cured by St. Jacobs Oil in 1881: the cure has remained permanent. The young man has been and is now at work at manual labor; the case certainly proves the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil.—DR. GEO. C. OSGOOD, M. D.

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The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Billious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of
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GOLD is worth $20 per pound. Pettit's Eye Salve (if $1.00, but is sold at 25 cents a box by dealers.

Alas! too often

PERSONS will feel real sick, and yet receive no sympathy from their friends simply because by strong endeavor they drag themselves about, and accomplish their usual daily tasks. Miserable headaches, swollen limbs, aching joints, indigestion, constant fatigue cause physical distress and anxiety of mind. Don't let mind and body continue to suffer. DR. GUYSOTT'S YELLOW DOCK AND SARSAPARILLA is just the remedy you need. It enriches the blood, strengthens the urinary and digestive organs, causes a regularity of bodily functions, removes every indication of impure blood disease from a pimple to a cancerous humour, annihilates pain, infuses new life into every part, and is vastly superior to all other general restoratives. Give it a trial if you don't feel well. Do not delay. It costs only one dollar.

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KNOWING the value of wild cherry bark, used to, in olden times, prepare it in their primitive way as a cure for coughs and colds. The careful manner, however, in which DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY is prepared, makes it a much superior remedy, and far more effective. Its remarkable curative virtue is felt at once. The lungs grow stronger, the soreness begins to heal, expectoration and breathing more easy, irritation of the bronchial tubes accompanied by tickling or choking sensations producing a tendency to cough passes away, and the consumptive soon finds himself on the right path toward complete recovery and robust good health.

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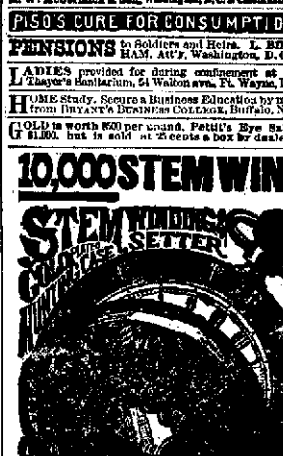

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A WET HEN
The man who has invested from three to five dollars in a Rubber Coat, and at his first half day's experience in a storm finds to his sorrow that it is hardly a better protection than a mosquito netting, not only feels chagrined at being so badly taken in, but also feels if he does not look exactly like a WET HEN
We offer the man who wants service (not style) a garment that will keep him dry in the hardest storm. It is called TOWER'S FISH BRAND "SLICKER," a name familiar to every Cow-boy all over the land. With them the only perfect Wind and Waterproof Coat is "Tower's Fish Brand Slicker."
Ask for the "FISH BRAND" Slicker, and do not be put off with any substitute. If your storekeeper does not have the FISH BRAND, send for descriptive catalogue. A. J. TOWER, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

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Ton Wagon Scales, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box for
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Every size, style and price. For prices and mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease.
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AGENTS WANTED to sell NOVELTY RUG MACHINES and RUG PATTERNS, for making Rugs, Pillow, Caps, Mittens, etc. Machine sent by mail for $1. Send for late reduced price-list.
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Wanted in every County. Shrewd men to act under instructions in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Particulars free. Graham Detective Bureau Co. 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

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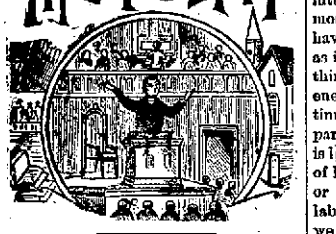

Matters of Interest to the Workers in the Lord's Vineyard.

LET'S KEEP A GOOD HEART.

A Man's Triumph—Hatred of Display—Wooden Swearing—Sunday Thoughts, Etc., Etc.

A Man's Triumph.

This is our doctrine, the permanent value of trial, that when a man conquers his adversaries and his difficulties, it is not as if he had never encountered them. This power, still kept, is in all his future life. They are not only events in his past history, they are elements in his personal character.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Hatred of Display.

Jesus must have hated anything like display. God's greatest work has never been done in crowds, but in closets; and when it works out from thence, it is not upon crowds, but upon individuals. A crowd is not a living thing. It is not a body. Its atoms are not members one of another.

A crowd is a chaos over which the Spirit of God has yet to move, ere each retires to his place to begin his harmonious work, and unite with all the rest in the organized chorus of the human creation. The crowd must be dispursed that the church may be formed.—*Geo. MacDonald.*

Sunday Thoughts.

THERE is an invisible pen always writing over our heads and making an exact register of all the transactions of our life.

IT is not said that men are to be finally judged according to their principles or belief, but according to their works.

WHAT avails it thee, O wise man of the world, to pass for a short time with fair colors before the eyes of men, if by the eye of God thou art already discovered, and shalt at last be discovered to the view of all mankind?

THE experience of all ages has shown that pain and pleasure, prosperity and adversity, are not at present distributed by Providence exactly according to the measure of men's probity and worth, but are apparently scattered with a promiscuous hand.—*Chicago Sunday National.*

Let's Keep a Good Heart.

What an important trifle may change the course of a man's life!

Once I was going thoughtfully along the highway. My soul was weighted down by heavy forebodings. I was overcome with despondency.

I raised my head; straight before me ran the road between the two stiff rows of poplars. And across the road, about ten paces in front of me, were hopping in single file, a family of sparrows, full of life, merriment, and courage.

One in particular, distinguished himself by his bold sideways hopping; he stuck out his little breast, and twitted as bravely as if he did not fear the devil himself. A true conqueror!

Meanwhile a hawk circled overhead whose destiny it was, perhaps, to devour this very hero.

I looked, was forced to laugh, and regained my self-possession. My gloomy thoughts had vanished; I felt again courage, energy, and life.

A hawk may be circling over me, but the devil take it!—let's keep a good heart!—*Turgenieff.*

Sabbath Reading.

Of course it should be in keeping with the day; differing as much from ordinary reading as our pursuits on this day differ from those of the secular days of the week. Could anything be plainer? God requires of us a portion of time for his service. It is the time, the Sabbath, that is required for his immediate service. Then all our pursuits on this day should be in obedience to the command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." If a student pursues his studies on this day, he is as surely violating the command as the wood-chopper who wields his ax; only that the latter may disturb others, and the former not. It has been proven, again and again, that it is a matter of business policy to keep the Sabbath. The laws of God are as cognizant of the physical as of the spiritual well-being. To obey as a matter of policy is not the highest style of obedience; but he who obeys so far is so far blessed. The body is not only refreshed, but recuperated also, by abstaining from physical labor on this day, whether we improve our spiritual advantages or not. Every one knows who has personally tested it with what renewed energy one goes forth on Monday morning to the daily business of life, after abstaining entirely on the Sabbath. It has a new interest, and one works better and more for the cessation. Those who have gone farther and rested in thought as in deed, turning entirely to spiritual things, are so much the more strengthened and the better furnished for continued secular work, in whatever department they are engaged. Thought is labor; so change of thought is change of labor, and as essential to the student or professional man as to the daily laborer who works with his hands. If we could fully understand the wisdom of obeying the laws of God; if only the youth could understand it in their youth, and to come early into the inheritance of the riches that fall to the lot of the obedient, what riches of knowledge, of health, wealth, and wisdom would fall to their lot. To keep the Sabbath because God, our Father, has ordered it; to go to church to worship, not to be entertained (the entertainment in a good sermon should be secondary to the worship); to put aside our week-day avocations, books, papers, and amusements; making it conscientiously the Lord's day; and so varying our service and occupation as to relieve weariness and monotony; then, indeed, will we find it a delight, holy to the Lord.—*Interior.*

Wooden Swearing.

The Sabbath-school in Rockville was assembled for their monthly concert. The lesson was about swearing, and when the children had repeated their verses the minister rose to talk to them.

"I hope, dear children," he said, "that you will never let your lips speak profane words. But now I want to tell you about a kind of swearing which I heard a good woman speak about not long ago. She called it 'wooden swearing.' It's a kind of swearing that many people beside children are given to, when they get angry. Instead of given vent to their feelings in oaths, they slam the doors, kick the chairs, stamp on the floor, throw the furniture about, and make all the noise they possibly can. 'Isn't this just the same as swearing?' said she. 'It's just the same kind of feeling exactly, only they do not like to say those awful words; but they force the furniture to make the noise, and so I call it wooden swearing.' I hope, dear children, that you will not do this kind of swearing either." It is better to let alone wooden swearing and all other kinds of swearing.—*The Little Christian.*

THE MODERN CHILD.

Are not children nowadays proverbially spoilt, and is not the innocent, loving child content with the simplest of pleasures and only anxious to share them with others, somewhat exceptional? Some young folks are scarcely emerged from the nursery precincts before we learn that they are "awfully bored" and find things very "dull." Far from contenting themselves with home amusements, they require to be taken from place to place in search of entertainment, a somewhat hopeless task where tastes are fastidious. These blase individuals, in short petticoats, or oftener in Eton jackets, are intensely selfish. They have lost the halo which in olden times, used to be thrown around persons and things in youthful days. They have little respect for parents, contribute nothing toward the happiness of home, and give no promise of turning out useful members of society when manhood or womanhood is reached.

They are not perhaps to be greatly blamed, for unconscious parents, teachers, servants, have all combined to make these young persons—misnamed children—imagine that their food, their clothing, their education and their amusements are the objects of the greatest importance in the whole universe, and it is possible that no one has ever tried to impress upon them the necessity of showing them a due regard for the welfare of others. Mercifully, what erring mortals mar, beneficent Providence moulds. Thus it may often come to pass that the discipline of life, its trials and crosses transform the spoilt child into the devoted man.

ILLUSTRIOUS DUNCES.

Isaac Newton, when a boy at the bottom of his class, was kicked by the boy above him. He fought the bully and beat him, out of which victory arose the thought that as he had beaten him with his fists he might also do it with his brains. And he did. Isaac Barrow, the divine, was a quarrelsome, idle boy. His father said of him that "If it pleased God to take away any of his children, he hoped it might be Isaac." Adam Clark was pronounced by his father to be "a grievious dunce;" but it is recorded of him that he "could roll large stones about." "Take note," writes Edward Butler, "of boys who can and do roll large stones about. They may take to rolling great ideas about." Dr. Chalmers was expelled from the parish school of St. Andrews as "an incorrigible dunce." Walter Scott, at Edinburgh University, was labelled by Professor Dalzell, "Dunce he is, and dunce he will remain." John Howard was an illustrious dunce, "learning nothing in seven years." And then Napoleon and Wellington were dull boys at school.

THE man who stoops to pick up a cent often ruins half-a-dollar's worth of suspenders.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon at the Tabernacle.

Jubilant Exercises at the Morning Service—The Right Hand of Fellowship Extended to Many New Members—Thousands to Hear the Great Divine.

BROOKLYN, March 4.—Exercises at the Tabernacle this morning were jubilant. One hundred and twenty new members were given the right hand of fellowship, making the communicant membership 1,450. Thousands of strangers were present. The ten great silver tankards and the long line of chalices made the sacramental table very impressive.

Before the sermon the congregation, led by cornet and organ, sang:

When earth shall pass away,
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine!

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., took as the subject of his discourse: "A Song Concerning My Beloved." His text was Isaiah v, 1: "Now will I sing to my well beloved a song of my beloved." Dr. Talmage said:

The most fascinating theme for a heart proper attuned is the Saviour. There is something in the morning light to suggest Him, and something in the evening shadow to speak His praise. The flower breathes Him, the star shines Him, the cascade proclaims Him, all the voices of nature chant Him. Whatever is grand, bright, and beautiful, if you only listen to it, will speak His praise. When I come in the summer time and pluck a flower, I think of Him who is "the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley. When I see in the field a lamb, I say, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." When, in very hot weather, I come under a projecting cliff, I say:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

Over the old-fashioned pulpits there was a sounding board. The voice of the minister rose to the sounding board, and then was struck back again upon the ears of the people. As so the ten thousand voices of earth rising up find the heavens a sounding board which strikes back to the ear of all nations the praises of Christ. The heavens tells His glory, and the earth shows His handiwork. The Bible thrills with one great story of redemption. Upon a blasted and faded paradise it poured the light of a glorious restoration. It looked upon Abraham from the ram caught in the thicket. It spoke in the blasting of the horns driven down to Jerusalem for sacrifice. It put infinite pathos into the speech of uncouth fishermen. It lifted Paul into the seventh Heaven; and it broke upon the ear of St. John with the brazen trumpets and the doxology of the elders, and the rushing wings of the seraphim.

Instead of waiting until you get sick and worn out before you speak the praise of Christ, while your heart is happiest, and your step is lightest, and your fortunes smile, and your pathway blossoms, and the overreaching Heavens drop upon you their benediction, speak the praises of Jesus.

The old Greek orators, when they saw their audience inattentive and slumbering, had one word with which they would rouse them up to the greatest enthusiasm. In the midst of their orations they would stop and cry out "Marathon!" and the people's enthusiasm would be unbounded. My hearers, though you may have been borne down with sin, and though trouble and trials and temptation may have come upon you, and you feel hardly like looking up, methinks there is one grand, royal, imperial word that ought to rouse your soul to infinite rejoicing, and that word is "Jesus."

Taking the suggestion of the text, I shall speak to you of Christ, our song. I remark, in the first place, that Christ ought to be the cradle song. What our mothers sang to us when they put us to sleep is singing yet. We may have forgotten the words; but they went into the fiber of our soul, and will forever be a part of it. It is not so much what you formally teach your children as what you sing to them. A hymn has wings and can fly everywhither. One hundred and fifty years after you are dead, and "Old Mortality" has worn out his chisel in recutting your name on the tombstone, your great-grandchildren will be singing the song which this afternoon you sing to your little ones gathered about your knee. There is a place in Switzerland where, if you distinctly utter your voice, there will come back ten or fifteen distinct echoes, and every Christian song sung by a mother in the ear of her child shall have ten thousand echoes coming back from all the gates of Heaven. Oh, if mothers only knew the power of this sacred spell, how much oftener the little ones would be gathered, and all our homes would chime with the songs of Jesus!

We want some counteracting influence upon our children. The very moment your child steps into the street he steps into the path of temptation. There are foul-mouthed children who would like to besoil your little ones. It will not do to keep your boys and girls in the house and make them house plants; they must have fresh air and recreation. God save your children from the scathing, blasting, damning influences of the streets! I know of no counteracting influence but the power of Christian culture and example. Hold before your little ones the pure life of Jesus; let that name be the word that shall exorcise evil from their hearts. Give to your instruction all the fascination of music, morning, noon, and night; let it be Jesus, the cradle song. This is important if your children grow up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the dwelling, and the youthful pulse will begin to flutter, and little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pinch at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the nursery will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No quick following from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss; but only a grave, and a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it; and bitter desolations, and a sighing at nightfall with no one to put to bed, and a wet pillow, and a grave, and a wreath of white blossoms on top of it. The heavenly Shepherd will take that lamb safely anyhow, whether you have been faithful or unfaithful; but would it not have been pleasanter if you could have heard from those lips the praises of Christ? I never read anything more beautiful than this about a child's departure. The account said: "She folded her hands, kissed her mother good-by, sang her hymn, turned her face to the wall, said her little prayer, and then died."

Oh, if I could gather up in one paragraph the last words of the little ones who have gone out from all these Christian circles, and I could picture the calm look and the folded hands and sweet departure, methinks it would be grand and beautiful as one of Heaven's great doxologies!

I next speak of Christ as the old man's song. Quick music loses its charm for the aged ear. The school-girl asks for a schottische or a glee, but her grandmother asks for "Balerma" or the "Portuguese Hymn." Fifty years of trouble have tamed the spirit, and the keys of the music-board must have a solemn tread. Though the voice may be tremulous, so that grandfather will not trust it in church, still he has the Psalm book open before him and he sings with his soul. He hums his grandchild asleep with the same tune he sang forty years ago in the old country meeting house. Some day the choir sings a tune so old that the young people do not know it; but it starts the tears down the cheek of the aged man, for it reminds him of the revival scene in which he participated, and of the radiant faces that long since went to dust, and of the gray-haired minister leaning over the pulpit and sounding the good tidings of great joy.

I was one Thanksgiving day in my pulpit in Syracuse, N. Y., and Rev. Daniel Waldo, at 98 years of age, stood beside me. The choir sang a tune. I said: "I am sorry they sang that new tune; nobody seems to know it." "Bless you, my son," said the old man, "I heard that seventy years ago!"

There was a song to-day that touched the life of the aged with holy fire, and kindled a glory on their vision that our younger eyesight cannot see. It was the song of salvation—Jesus, who fed them all their lives long; Jesus, who wiped away their tears; Jesus, who stood by them when all else failed; Jesus, in whose name their marriage was consecrated, and whose resurrection has poured light upon the graves of their departed. Blessed the Bible in which spectacled old age reads the promise, "I will never leave you, never forsake you!" Blessed the staff on which the worn-out pilgrim totters on toward the welcome of his Redeemer! Blessed the hymn book in which the faltering tongue and the failing eyes find Jesus, the old man's song.

I speak to you again of Jesus as the night song. Job speaks of Him who giveth songs in the night. John Welch, the old Scotch minister, used to put a plaid across his bed on cold nights, and some one asked him why he put that there. He said: "Oh, sometimes in the night I want to sing the praise of Jesus, and to get down and pray; then I just take that plaid and wrap it around me, to keep myself from the cold." Songs in the night! Night of trouble has come down upon many of you. Commercial losses put out one star, slanderous abuse put out another star, domestic bereavement has put out a thousand lights, and gloom has been added to gloom, and chill to chill, and sting to sting, and one midnight has seemed to borrow the fold from another midnight to wrap itself in more unbearable darkness; but Christ has spoken peace to your heart, and you can sing:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, oh, my Savior! hide
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the sick, who have no one to turn the hot pillow, no one to put the taper on the stand, no one to put ice on the temple, or pour out the soothing anodyne, or utter one cheerful word—yet songs in the night! For the poor, who freeze in the winter's cold and swelter in the summer's heat, and munch the hard crusts that bleed the sore gums, and shiver under blankets that cannot any longer be patched, and tremble because rent day is come and they may be cut out on the sidewalk, and looking into the starved face of the child and seeing famine there and death there, coming home from the bakery, and saying, in the presence of the little famished ones, "Oh, my God, flour has gone up!" Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the widow who goes to get the back pay of her husband, slain by the "sharp-shooters," and knows it is the last help she will have, moving out of a comfortable home in desolation; death tearing back from the exhausting cough and the pale cheek and the tasteless eye, and refusing all relief. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the soldier in the field hospital, no surgeon to bind up the gun-shot fracture, no water for the hot lips, no kind hand to brush away the flies from the fresh wound, no one to take the loving farewell, the groaning of others poured into his own groan, the blasphemy of others plowing up his own spirit, the condensed bitterness of dying away from home among strangers. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! "Ah!" said one dying soldier, "tell my mother that last night there was not one cloud between my soul and Jesus." Songs in the night! Songs in the night!

The Sabbath day has come. From the altars of ten thousand churches has smoked up the savor of sacrifice. Ministers of the Gospel are now preaching in plain English, in broad Scotch, in flowing Italian, in harsh Choctaw. God's people have assembled in Hindoo temple, and Moravian church, and Quaker meeting house, and sailor's bethel, and king's chapel, and high towered cathedral. They sang, and the song floated off amidst the spice groves, or struck the icebergs, or floated off into the Western pines, or was drowned in the clamor of the great cities. Lumbermen sang it, and the factory girls, and the children in the Sabbath class, and the trained choirs in great assemblages. Trappers, with the same voices with which they shouted yesterday in the stag hunt, and mariners with throats that only a few days ago sounded in the hoarse blast of the sea hurricane, they sang it. One theme for the sermons. One burden for the song. Jesus for the invocation. Jesus for the Scripture lesson. Jesus for the baptismal font. Jesus for the sacramental cup. Jesus for the benediction. But the day will go by. It will roll away on swift wheels of light and love. Again the churches will be lighted. Tides of people again setting down the streets. Whole families coming up the church aisle. We must have one more sermon, two prayers, three songs, and one benediction. What shall we preach to-night? What shall we read? What shall it be, children? Aged men and women, what shall it be? Young men and maidens, what shall it be? If you dared to break the silence of this auditory, there would come up thousands of quick and jubilant voices crying out: "Let it be Jesus! Jesus!"

We sing His birth—the barn that sheltered Him, the mother that nursed Him, the cattle that fed beside Him, the angels that woke up the shepherds, shaking light over the midnight hills. We sing His ministry—the tears He wiped away from the eyes of the orphans; the lame men that forgot their crutches; the damsel who from the bier bounded out into the sunlight, her locks shaking down over the flushed cheek; the hungry thousand who broke the bread as it blossomed into larger loaves—that miracle by which a boy with five loaves and two fishes became the sutler for a whole army. We sing His sorrows—His stone-bruised feet, His aching heart, His mountain loneliness, His desert hunger, His storm-pelted body, the eternity of anguish that shot through His last moments, and the immeasurable ocean of torment that heaved up against His cross in one foaming, wrathful, omnipotent surge, the sun dashed out, and the dead, shroud-wrapped, breaking open their sepulchers, and rushing out to see what was the matter. We sing His resurrection—the guard that could not keep Him; the sorrows of His disciples; the clouds piling up on either side in pillared splendors as He went through, treading the pathless air, higher and higher, until He came to the font of the throne, and all Heaven kept jubilee at the return of the Conqueror.

I say once more, that Christ is the everlasting song. The very best singers sometimes get tired; the strongest throats sometimes get weary, and many who sang very sweetly do not sing now; but I hope by the grace of God we will, after a while, go up and sing the praises of Christ where we will never be weary. You know there are some songs that are especially appropriate for the home circle. They stir the soul, they start the tears, they turn the heart in on itself, and keep sounding after the tune has been stopped, like some cathedral bell which, long after the tap of the brazen tongue has ceased, keeps throbbing on the air. Well, it will be a home song in Heaven; all the sweeter because those who sang with us in the domestic circle on earth shall join that great harmony.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace in thee?

On earth we sang harvest songs as the wheat came into the barn, and the barracks were filled. You know there is no such time on a farm as when they get the crops in; and so in Heaven it will be a harvest song on the part of those who on earth sowed in tears and reaped in joy. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the sheaves come in! Angels shout all through the Heavens, and multitudes come down the hills crying: "Harvest home! harvest home!"

There is nothing more bewitching to one's ears than the song of sailors far out at sea, whether in day or night, as they pull away at the ropes; the music is weird and thrilling. So the song in Heaven will be a sailor's song. They were voyagers once, and thought they could never get to shore, and before they could get things snug and trim the cyclone struck them. But now they are safe. Once they went with damaged rigging, guns of distress booming through the storm; but the pilot came aboard, and he brought them into the harbor. Now they sing of the breakers past, the lighthouses that showed them where to sail, the pilot that took them through the straits, the eternal shore on which they landed.

Ay, it will be the children's song. You know very well that the vast majority of our race die in infancy, and it is estimated that eighteen thousand millions of the little ones are standing before God. When they shall rise up before the throne to sing, the millions and the millions of the little ones—ah! that will be music for you. These played in the streets of Babylon and Thebes; these plucked lilies from the foot of Olivet while Christ was preaching about them; these waded in Siloam; these were victims of Herod's massacre; these were thrown to crocodiles or into the fire; these came up from Christian homes, and these were foundlings on the city commons—children everywhere in all that land; children in the towers, children on the seas of glass, children on the battlements. Ah, if you do not like children do not go there. They are in vast majority, and what a song when they lift it around about the throne.

The Christian singers and composers of all ages will be there to join in that song. Thomas Hastings will be there. Lowell Mason will be there. Bradbury will be there. Beethoven and Mozart will be there. They who sounded the cymbals and the trumpet in the ancient temples will be there. The forty thousand harpers that stood at the ancient dedication will be there. The two hundred singers that assisted on that day will be there. Patriarchs who lived amidst threshing floors, shepherds who watched amidst Chaldean hills, prophets who walked, with long beards and coarse apparel, pronouncing woe against ancient abominations, will meet the more recent martyrs who went up with leaping cohorts of fire; and some will speak of the Jesus of whom they prophesied, and others of the Jesus for whom they died. Oh, what a song! It came to John upon Patmos; it came to Calvin in the prison; it dropped to John Knox in the fire; and sometimes that song has come to your ear, perhaps, for I really do think it sometimes breaks over the battlements of Heaven.

A Christian woman, the wife of a minister of the Gospel, was dying in the parsonage near the old church, where, on Saturday night the choir used to assemble and rehearse for the following Sabbath: "How strangely sweet the choir rehearses to-night; they have been rehearsing that for an hour." "No," said some one about her, "the choir is not rehearsing to-night." "Yes," she said, "I know they are; I hear them sing; how very sweetly they sing!" Now it was not a choir of earth that she heard, but the choir of Heaven. I think that Jesus sometimes sets ajar the door of Heaven, and a passage of that rapture greets our ears. The minstrels of Heaven strike such a tremendous strain the walls of jasper cannot hold it.

I wonder, will you sing that song? Will I sing it? Not unless our sins are pardoned, and we learn how to sing the praise of Christ, will we ever sing it there. The first great concert that I ever attended was in New York, when Julien, in the Crystal Palace, stood before hundreds of singers and hundreds of players upon instruments. Some of you may remember that occasion; it was the first one of the kind at which I was present, and I shall never forget it. I saw that one man standing, and with the hand and foot wield that great harmony, beating the time. It was to me overwhelming. But oh, the grander scene when they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, "a great multitude that no man can number," into the temple of the skies, host beyond host, rank beyond rank, gallery above gallery, and Jesus shall stand before that great host to conduct the harmony, with his wounded hands and his wounded feet. Like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings they shall cry, "Worthy is the lamb that was slain to receive blessings, and riches, and honor, and glory, and power, world without end. Amen and amen!" Oh, if my ear shall hear no other sweet sounds, may I hear that! If I join no other glad assemblage, may I join that?

I was reading of the battle of Agincourt, in which Henry V. figured; and it is said after the battle was won, gloriously won, the King wanted to acknowledge the divine interposition, and he ordered the chaplain to read the Psalm of David, and when he came to the words, "Not unto us, oh Lord, but unto thy name be the praise," the King dismounted, and all the cavalry dismounted, and all the great host, officers, and men, threw themselves on their faces. Oh, at the story of the Saviour's love and the Saviour's deliverance, shall we not prostrate ourselves before Him now, hosts of earth and hosts of Heaven, falling upon our faces and crying: "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory!"

Found in a Cow's Stomach.

George Morgan butchered a cow the other day and took out of her stomach the following articles, which have been examined by a reporter: Forty-two nails and pieces of nails, four buttons, one brass safety-pin, one pin with black rubber head, one copper cent, three pieces of watch chain—one piece six inches, one four inches, and the other one an inch long; three large pieces of glass, one piece of oyster shell, four pieces of brass wire, three pieces of iron, three pieces of brass and a piece of hoop-skirt. If anybody can kill a cow with more articles inside of her than this we should like them to trot her out.—*Tuscaloosa (Ala.) Gazette.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Notes on the Lesson for March 11—"Christ Entering Jerusalem."

[From the Chicago Standard.]

The lesson for above date may be found in the first sixteen verses of the twenty-first chapter of Matthew.

DAILY READINGS.

M.—Connection in Matthew. Matt. 20: 30-34.
T.—Connection in Luke. Luke 18: 35; 19: 27.
W.—The Lesson.
T.—Mark's account. Mark 11: 1-11.
F.—Luke's account. Luke 19: 28-44.
S.—John's account. John 12: 12-19.
S.—The prediction. Zech. 9: 9.

BREAKFAST VERSES.

M.—"Lift up your heads, O ye gates." Ps. 24: 7.
T.—"Behold, thy King cometh." Zech. 9: 9.
W.—"Every tongue should confess." Phil. 2: 11.
T.—"With singing unto Zion." Isa. 51: 11.
F.—"The presence of his glory." Jude 24.
S.—"The path of life." Ps. 16: 11.
S.—"They shall see his face." Rev. 22: 4.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

They drew nigh unto Jerusalem. One needed hardly to be told that. It could be read in all the air. There was a strange, sensitive alertness everywhere. In the faces of the people at the city gates, in the postures of the pilgrim throngs upon the way, in the varied movements within the city itself. Something, someone, was coming. In the foggy obscurity of a London gathering-place the silent railway thoroughfare begins suddenly to snap and flash, and the people know that the train is just at hand. In the suspense of the early morning upon the wharf there is all at once a mysterious movement in the throng, a sort of awed expectancy everywhere. A ball drops, or an unseen bell rings, and suddenly from out of the gloom the great ship moves in. To waiting Jerusalem at last her King "drew nigh." He was never very far off. Alas! that she knew it not; and when at last he came, in truth, alas, that his own received him not.

Straightway ye shall find. It is the open vision of faith. The church has lost much of this ready eyesight. It gropes about feeling with lame hands and in a sort of spectacled half-blindness. Is it not because the Christ has been left so far back upon the way? We have not been with him of late, and when we go to look for those things that are of service to the kingdom, lo, they are not there. Once in a while a soul like Mullings, or Brindal, or Pastor Harris, of Hermansburg, goes, as it were, into the village over against him, and straightway finds. But they are so few. God give us all grace to find our Lord's waiting helpers and to do our part toward hastening the coming of the King. According to our faith, shall it not be unto us?

The Lord hath need of them. It is the sufficient answer. Not, can I spare it now? Not, will something else do? Simply the Lord hath need; and, brother, if you yourself are the Lord's, you will straightway send. That is what your property, your strength, your life is for, that you may bestow them and let them go at the Lord's requirement. We are all his stewards, we hold possessions in trust for him to deliver at his call; instantly and gladly. Gladly? Yes. Is there anything that should thrill our hearts more than to hear regarding these things of earth, which we have in charge, the word, "The Lord hath need of them." It is a message from the King. Arise and obey.

All this was done that it might be fulfilled. Human doing—divine fulfilling. The faithful act is more than an earthly deed "done," it is a heavenly purpose "fulfilled." In a peculiar sense this was true of the events of Christ's life. "All these things"—yea, even the death itself had their roots away back in the counsels of eternity. In such a sense even the wicked, though all unwilling, "work the righteous will of heaven." But in a larger and happier way the Christian life is a divine fulfilling. As John fulfilled his course, so does the child of God track out the ways of Providence. Let it be in the spirit of the meek Nazarene, and it will be well.

Tell ye the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, meek. A meek king. It was a strange collocation of words. The Jew had never grasped the thought. He could have understood a king riding in his chariot, or astride of his charger, the sword of physical conquest in his hand; but "meek, sitting upon an ass, and a colt, the foal of an ass," the sign of lowliness and humility. It was unheard of. No wonder at such a spectacle, they asked in astonishment, "Who is this?" That lowly figure upon the foal broke in upon the Jewish fancy like a startling apparition. How does it come to you?

And the disciples went and did as Jesus commanded. It is perhaps well to observe that the disciples did not stop and call a convention to consider the situation or to devise ways and means. They simply went and did what they were commanded. They got their orders straight from Christ and moved straight to their execution. Perhaps this is the way to make God's marvels to appear on the earth. Perhaps we are too much of the mass-meeting order and too little of the *go and do.* Bishop Taylor, over there in Africa, like his predecessor, General Gordon, has learned the lesson. They call him "Bishop" now. His Methodist brethren could not do otherwise than grant him the freedom of the name—a freedom which as Baptists we all (at least in theory) possess. He received his orders direct from God, and he must needs be loosed and let go. So long as Jesus commands us, we are safe in the doing.

Put on them their clothes. It was the climax of humility. He condescended to the use of borrowed garments. Thus does Jesus put himself on terms of closest intimacy, indeed almost of dependence, upon his disciples. We are with him in his work. We can help him in the progress of the kingdom with what-ever we have. He disdains not our slightest overtures; he despises not our smallest gifts.

Others cut down branches from the trees. Yes, there is a part for every one in Messiah's homage. If you cannot spread down garments before him, cut down branches from the trees. Praise him with anything that comes to hand. It is the spirit that sanctifies. The poor foreigner converted in Moody's meetings in Chicago asked for something to do to help on the good work. He could not sing, he could not speak, he could not read the Bible intelligently to inquirers. And so, says Moody, he was sent out on the street with cards of announcement. If any one swore at him it made no difference, he could not understand a word. He just kept on handing out his cards and he served and honored his Master there.

The multitudes that went before and that followed. A place for every one. It is not probable that any one refused to sing "Hosanna" because he was in the rear rank instead of up in front. It would have been a pity to allow that choir in the foreground to monopolize all the praises of song, while the great congregations came along in their turn silent as death. No, it was a jubilating procession, and so long as they were in that mood they all sang and could not be stilled. It was one grand "Hosanna in the Highest."

All the city was moved. The coming of Christ always produces a similar effect. There may be no great commotion, but, be assured, the depths of human life are mightily stirred. The King of the soul is near; why should it not be deeply moved? God grant we may see it in this wise in many a city and many a hamlet over the land, for that the King is nigh.

Next week, "The Son Rejected."—Matt. 21: 33-46.

OUR brethren, learn that inspired words were not meant as premises for syllogisms, not as ready-made weapons against heretics, not as barriers against free thought and feeling, but as torches that kindle souls; for the heart of man is still young, the Spirit of God has not died out.—*F. W. Newman.*

IF we did some little act of kindness every day what a beautiful record our years would present.

THE darkest night was never yet longer than the brightest day.

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Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1888.

LOCAL NEWS.

The city council will meet Thursday evening.

The Bicycle club will give a reception to-night.

The Berghoff brewery will make its first brew Tuesday.

Miss Blanche Evers, of Coshocton, Ohio, is in the city.

O. W. Ledwick, of this city, was yesterday granted a pension.

Mr. W. S. Oppenheim returned last evening from Indianapolis.

The Fort Wayne Jennsy company will light Saginaw, Mich.

Austin Finan has accepted a position on one of the Hartford city papers.

The apple jack distilleries, at Leo, this county, were started up yesterday.

The Business Men's exchange will meet in regular session Monday evening next.

Mr. John Spies, the ex-superintendent of the county farm, is going to Hudson, Mich.

Mr. Charley Knight has returned home from an extensive trip for the Fort Wayne Electric Light company.

Dr. Geo. W. Long has been chosen a member of the state central committee from this district. The doctor is a worker.

Union assembly, K. of L., had a rousing meeting last night, and it is reported that there were many new applicants for membership.

The Huntington weekly *Democrat*, edited by Mr. Will R. Emery, will begin the publication of a daily edition Monday next.

The Berry Street M. E. Sunday school has raised $90 this conference year for missions, an increase of $20 over last year.

Dr. and Mrs. S. B. Brown visited at Indianapolis this week. Mr. John McCurdy, a graduate in dentistry, returned home with Dr. Brown.

It is stated that J. F. Miller, now general superintendent, will succeed W. A. Baldwin as manager of the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburg.

The Huntington *Herald* says: "Dr. C. S. Stults, who is enjoying a splendid practice in his profession in Fort Wayne, is in the city on a brief visit."

While C., B., Q., officials swear
At Arthur, day by day,
He calmly sits back in his chair
And laughs as they rail'way.

Mr. George DeWald, at the head of the dry goods firm of George DeWald & Co., will leave for New York on his annual business pilgrimage to-night.

Miss Millie McCurdy is at Indianapolis visiting the family of her uncle, George W. McCurdy. A brilliant party was given in her honor Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Scholes, of St. Joe, Ind., are in the city, visiting at the residence of their sons, Frank and Joseph Scholes, on Jefferson street. They will remain over Sunday.

☞The Lafayette *Courier* says: "Capt. Barney Shaw will be ordered to turn his guns over to Major Kreusburg, who will forward them to Captain Eastwood, of Fort Wayne. Battery "G" will disband."

Reginald Varvasour, of Portland, Maine, formerly an engineer on the Allan line of European steamers, was in the city yesterday. He was on his way to San Francisco, where he will ship in a similar capacity on one of the Pacific Mail steamships running between California and Australia.

Dr. White Cloud's entertainments, at the Princess rink, draw large crowds nightly. These entertainments are not "old chestnuts" by any means; but the program is changed each evening. The company, composed of the finest Negro, Irish and Dutch comedians, and refined society and sketch artists. This entertainment, we are assured, will be strictly moral in every particular and nothing to offend the most fastidious.

C 1-4 Off—Our superb stock of clothing, etc., at less than cost.
21-eod-tf SAM, PETE & MAX.

Sam "Voyage en Suisse" and laugh.

The circuit court was not in session to-day.

Elder Lynch will preach at Decatur to-morrow night.

Mr. Frank E. Stevens, of Fort Wayne, was at Muncie yesterday.

Mr. J. F. Wm. Meyer, the water works trustee, is quite ill.

The mayor disposed of two unimportant drunks this morning.

John M. Muhn and Ella Hensinger have been licensed to wed.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kienke, a fourteen pound girl baby.

The rains of to-day have spoiled the bicycle riding on Calhoun street.

The sale of seats for the "Shadows of a Great City," opened this morning.

"Shadows of a Great City," which comes Monday, is handsomely billed.

Mr. S. Lucas, the dry goods merchant, went to Chicago this morning.

Ten of the discharged Pittsburg employs have secured positions elsewhere.

Mr. Harry Greeg, city editor of the *Gazette*, has recovered from a slight illness.

Wayne lodge No. 25, F. and A. M., will this evening confer the M. M. degree on two candidates.

Miss Flora Falsenthal, of Chicago, is the guest of her friend, Miss Belle Levi, of West Main street.

The new "Voyage en Suisse" play in Milwaukee to-morrow evening and at Elkhart Monday evening.

The Hanlon Brothers present the new "Voyage en Suisse," at the Temple Tuesday and Wednesday next.

Prof. Ernst Baddemeyer and the Saengerbund society gave an enjoyable concert at Arion hall last night.

"The Shadows of a Great City" carry all their own scenery and the same Irish woman that appeared here before.

Rhinesmith & Simonson sue Clinton L. Hollopeter et al. to recover $460. G. D. Crane is attorney for the plaintiff.

Wm. Stuermer has been granted a permit to build a one-story frame house on lot 80, Chute's addition, to cost $500.

Congratulations are being bestowed upon Rev. and Mrs. F. G. Browne over the arrival at their home of a bright boy baby.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Brown, of Taylor street, a daughter. The parents are receiving the congratulations of friends.

Charles Gross is again at work in the finishing room of the Olds wheel works. Charley has given up the idea of being a tragedian.

Mr. Henry Stier, the popular salesman at Root & Company's dry goods store, has been confined to his bed the past few days with lung fever.

Mayor Muhler is at home from Grand Rapids. He called to see City Clerk Rockhill at St. Louis, Mich., and reports him regaining his health nicely.

Thomas Tombaugh, of Creighton avenue, was adjudged insane this morning and arrested by the sheriff. This makes three insane cases in two days.

A tramp made things lively for a few minutes, in the west end, the other night. He frightened some young ladies by shooting a revolver near them.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Majors, 69 Melita street, died this morning. The funeral will be private and take place from the house to-morrow afternoon.

Rev. J. A. Stepan, director of the bureau of Catholic Indian missions, and Rev. Geo. L. Willard, the vice director, are guests of Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger. The distinguished priests are en route to Chicago.

Miss Kineman will give her first lesson next Tuesday afternoon, at the Old ladies' home, from 2 to 4 o'clock. It is a good opportunity for young housekeepers and beginners. The terms will be $4 for eight lessons.

Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, Rev. and Mrs. Woolpert, at Huntertown, Ind., on Wednesday, March 7, 1888, Mr. Herbert Williams, of Dakota, to Miss Lizzie Woolpert, of Fort Wayne, Rev. D. C. Woolpert, the bride's brother, performed the ceremony.

This morning Wing & Mahurin, the architects, received a telegram from Mr. E. P. Williams, instructing them to proceed at once with the plans for a three-story business block, to be erected on his lot adjoining the Fruit House. The store is to be 60x145, with a pressed brick front. It will be occupied by the Yankee Grocery.

The celebrated society belle, Mrs. James Brown Potter, who lately adopted the stage as a profession, will appear at the Masonic Temple Thursday next in Shakespeare's great play, "Romeo and Juliet." The sale of seats opens Tuesday, and the following prices have been arranged: Parquet and three rows dress circle, $1 50; circle rear, $1; balcony, 50 and 75 cents.

The Indianapolis *Journal* says: "Miss Haleie McCurdy gave a dancing and card party last night in honor of her cousin, Miss Millie McCurdy, of Fort Wayne. There were about twelve couples present, and the music was furnished by Italians. The evening proved a very enjoyable one.—Miss Millie McCurdy, of Fort Wayne, is visiting her uncle, Mr. Geo. W. McCurdy, on North Alabama street."

C 1-4 Off—Our superb stock of clothing, etc., at less than cost.
21-eod-tf SAM, PETE & MAX.

Miss C. Belle Phillips left for Columbus, Ohio, to-day, where she remains for some time. This will be sad news to many of our local sports, for whose benefit this important item of social news is published.

We will not be able to open our New Store before March 24th, so we will continue the great "One-Fourth Off" Cost Sale at our present quarters till March 22nd. SAM, PETE & MAX.
deodawtf.

The Tiffin (Ohio) *Daily Advertiser* says: "James O. Marquardt is spending the week at Kendallville and Fort Wayne, Ind."

Mr. Christie, living at 105 John street, was run over by Sullivan's coal wagon, breaking his left leg below the knee. Drs. Meyers, Chambers, Miller and many others were called to set it.

The jury in the Baltimore and Ohio damage suit brought here from Steuben county, failed to agree after being out twenty-four hours and Judge Chapin discharged them this morning. They stood six to six.

Miss Alice M. Leron, formerly of this city, but now residing at Red Wing, Minn., will be married the latter part of April, to Albert Lauada, a railway conductor. Miss Leron has many friends here, who will rejoice to hear of her approaching nuptials.

Sam Rogers, the tall fellow who assaulted Jim Wright, the soldier, so outrageously brutal, on Clinton street, one night last week, was fined $17 by the mayor this morning. Charles Youngker, who was with them, was also fined. Wright exhibited the scars on his face.

REDUCING FORCES.

It Seems to be Going On All Along the Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad System.

The discharge of the 224 employes of the Pittsburg shops of this city continues to be the theme of conversation among shop men and the question is asked scores of times every day of those who are supposed to be in a position to know, "Do you think the company will take the men back again?" Such it is hoped will be the case, but there are probably few outside of the leading officials of the company at Pittsburg who know whether the shops will resume their old-time activity or not.

There was, and has been for a year past, a rush of work in all the departments of all the shops of the Pennsylvania company. This has been the case to such an extent that during most of the winter the men have worked overtime, and night work was in progress here in many of the departments of the shops. And yet in the midst of this activity, unparalleled almost in the history of locomotive and car building, comes the order to reduce the number of employes.

This was done here and at Allegheny City and Pittsburg, where 1,300 of the employes of the company were dismissed. The reason assigned is that it is necessary to reduce the expenses of the company on account of the great falling off in business and the work of reduction seems to be going on at other places, as will be noticed by the following dispatches:

RICHMOND, Ind., March 10.—Yesterday General Superintendent Miller sent a private dispatch to Superintendent Turner, telling him to reduce at once the force at the Indianapolis shops to the lowest possibility, and to cut down the working force in the maintenance of way department as much as it will stand.

This will be the first intimation that the Indianapolis men will have that such an order is issued, as it will not be made public for several days.

In every branch in the Pennsylvania company's lines the cutting is to be done. The dispatchers and operators are to be trimmed, the station agents allowed only the men necessity compels them to have, the large green houses and the flower beds at the stations are to be done away with, and the word seems to be economy with a big E.

DENNISON, March 10.—The employes of the Panhandle shops here were treated to a genuine surprise, when 111 of them were presented with tickets of indefinite suspension. No reason is assigned for the suspension, other than a curtailing of expenses. The suspended men are principally single men, heads of families receiving the preference.

So the work of reducing forces seems to be going on all along the line, and it is impossible to say whether the men will be taken back again or not. If it was only temporary it is fair to presume that the company would have retained the men and inaugurated a system of working shorter hours.

GEORGE S. KNIGHT.

Magnificent Success of "Rudolph"—"Over the Garden Wall" To-night.

The celebrated actor and America's recognized comedienne, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight, appeared at the Temple last evening in their great play, "Rudolph," Baron Von Hollenstein, before a large and appreciative audience. Since last seen here the piece has been somewhat re-written and now fits Mr. Knight better than ever. At the close of each act Mr. Knight was re-called before the curtain and scored a big hit.

To-night, "Over the Garden Wall" will be presented and is an entirely different sort of play. The house should be packed.

These is a man in Berlin township, Ohio, that has never been sick a day, and does not know what a cold is, yet he would never allow himself to be without a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, "for no man knoweth what the morrow may bring forth."

The policy of promoting employes in direct succession which is so strictly adhered to by the Bee Line has, after a long trial, proven thoroughly successful. It gives the employes from the lowest rank up to the highest something to look forward to. It is a constant reminder to them that if they are competent and pay strict attention to business there is something better in store for them. The result of this is a better and more competent set of employes than can be secured by roads which have not adopted this plan.

C 1-4 Off—Till we move March 20th, being below cost.
21-eod-tf SAM, PETE & MAX.

Fresh Eggs per dozen 14c.
FRUIT HOUSE.

SIXTY MEN SUSPENDED.

The Great Bass Works Have Discharged That Number Since the First of the Month.

The Bass foundry and machine works, one of the busiest and largest manufacturing establishments of this city, employing, as they have been doing, over 1,100 men, is gradually reducing its force of moulders. The reduction in the labor force commenced with the first of the month. Fifteen men were suspended last evening and an equal number will be lain off to-night, with the close of the week's work, which will make sixty men that have been discharged in all since the first of the month.

This reduction is made necessary by the decrease in the amount of work and is due to a great extent to the railroad troubles on the Burlington road. The works is engaged largely in the manufacture of car wheels and castings for the railroad shops of the country and their partial suspension has resulted in a limited demand and a countermanding of a number of orders which had already been given.

Mr. T. R. Pickard, the superintendent of the works, hopes the suspension of the men will only be temporary, but says he does not know how long it will last. He regrets that such a move has has been made necessary, but the business interests of the company and the lack of work demanded it.

In the suspension of the men the young and unmarried ones were chosen as much as possible and the old employes were retained. It is to be hoped the railroad troubles will be soon settled and that this great establishment and the Pittsburg works will again resume their old-time activity.

C 1-4 Off—Our superb stock of clothing, etc., at less than cost.
21eod-tf SAM, PETE & MAX.

In a recent decision Judge Grosham, of the federal court, holds that if an unstamped ticket is accepted by a railroad gate-keeper and a baggage-master, that the conductor of the train cannot refuse said ticket on the ground that it has not been stamped.

It's Funny, Isn't It?

OUR GREAT COST SALE!

—THE—

Talk of the Town!

To simplify our coming removal we will sell everything during the next twenty-five days at

14 OFF

—BEING—

Less Than Cost!

Open -:- Every -:- Day -:- & -:- Evening.

Sam Pete & Max.

EXPRESS TO-DAY!

100 Dozen

Suspenders!

GOOD WEBB.
BRAIDED ENDS.

WORTH 50 AND 35 CENTS.

We will sell them while they last at

19 Cents.

Spring Overcoats at

$6.00.

WORTH $10 00, AT THE

C. O. D.

73, 75 AND 77 CALHOUN STREET.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

The Only First-class Theatre in the City

MONDAY, MARCH 12.

Greatest Production of the Season

L. R. Shewell's Famous American Melo-Drama

Shadows

—OF A—

Great City.

Under the management of

CHA'S & THO'S JEFFERSON,

Presented by

THE "ORIGINAL" CAST

MAGNIFICENT SCENIC EFFECTS.

Including Localities in and about New York City.

☞Sale of seats Saturday. Prices, 35, 50 and 75 cents.

O.D.WEISELL DENTIST

34 Calhoun St.

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Where a Moral Indian and Novelty Entertainment will be given every evening.

Consultation and advice free on all Chronic and Acute Diseases. Special attention given to Private Diseases.

General admission, 10 cents; reserved seats for ladies and escorts without extra charge. Grand Family Matinee Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, for ladies and children. Admission for Matinee, 10 cents. No children under the age of 18 admitted at evening performance.

Dr. White Cloud's

Office Hours are From 8 a. m. Until 4 p. m.